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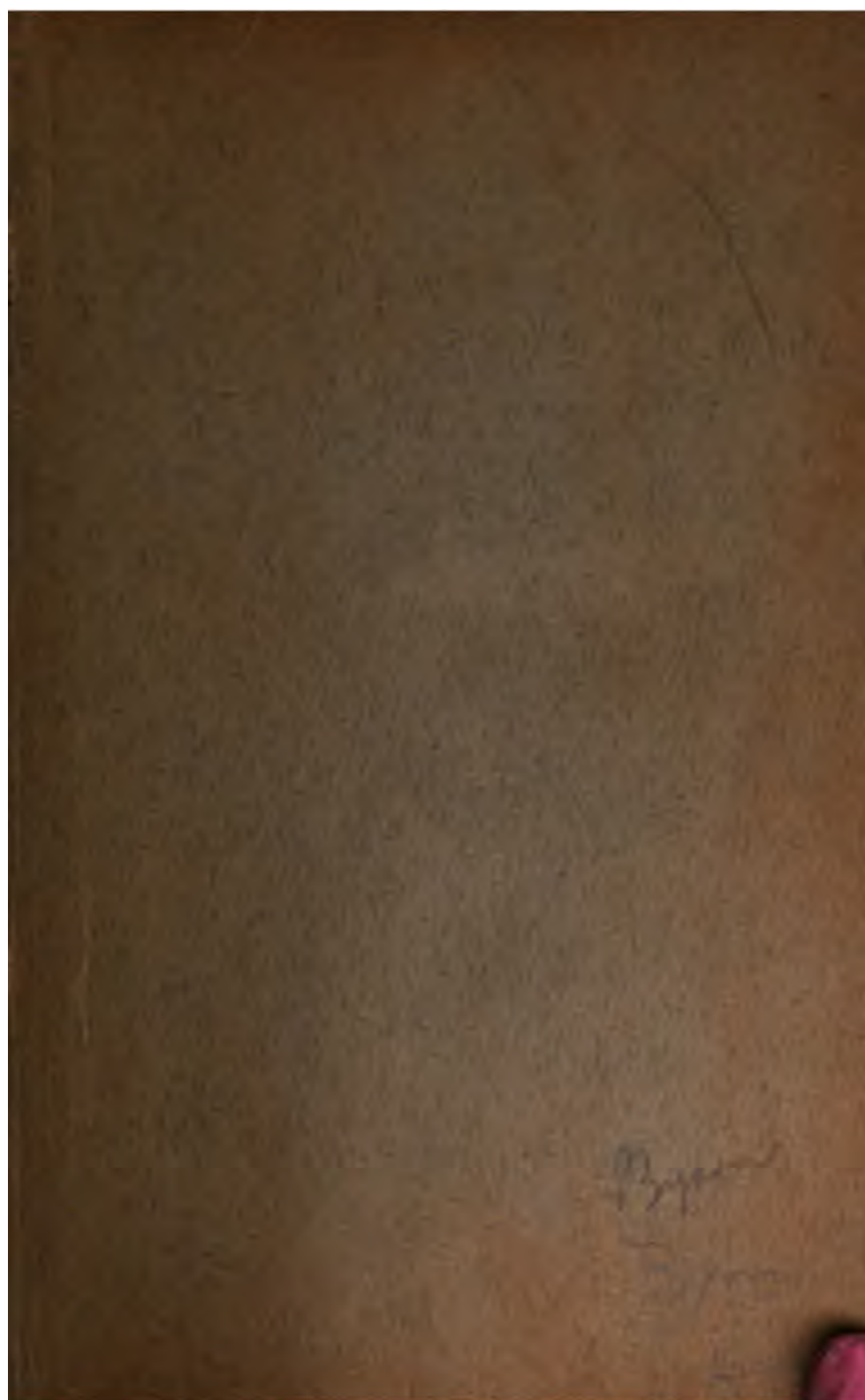


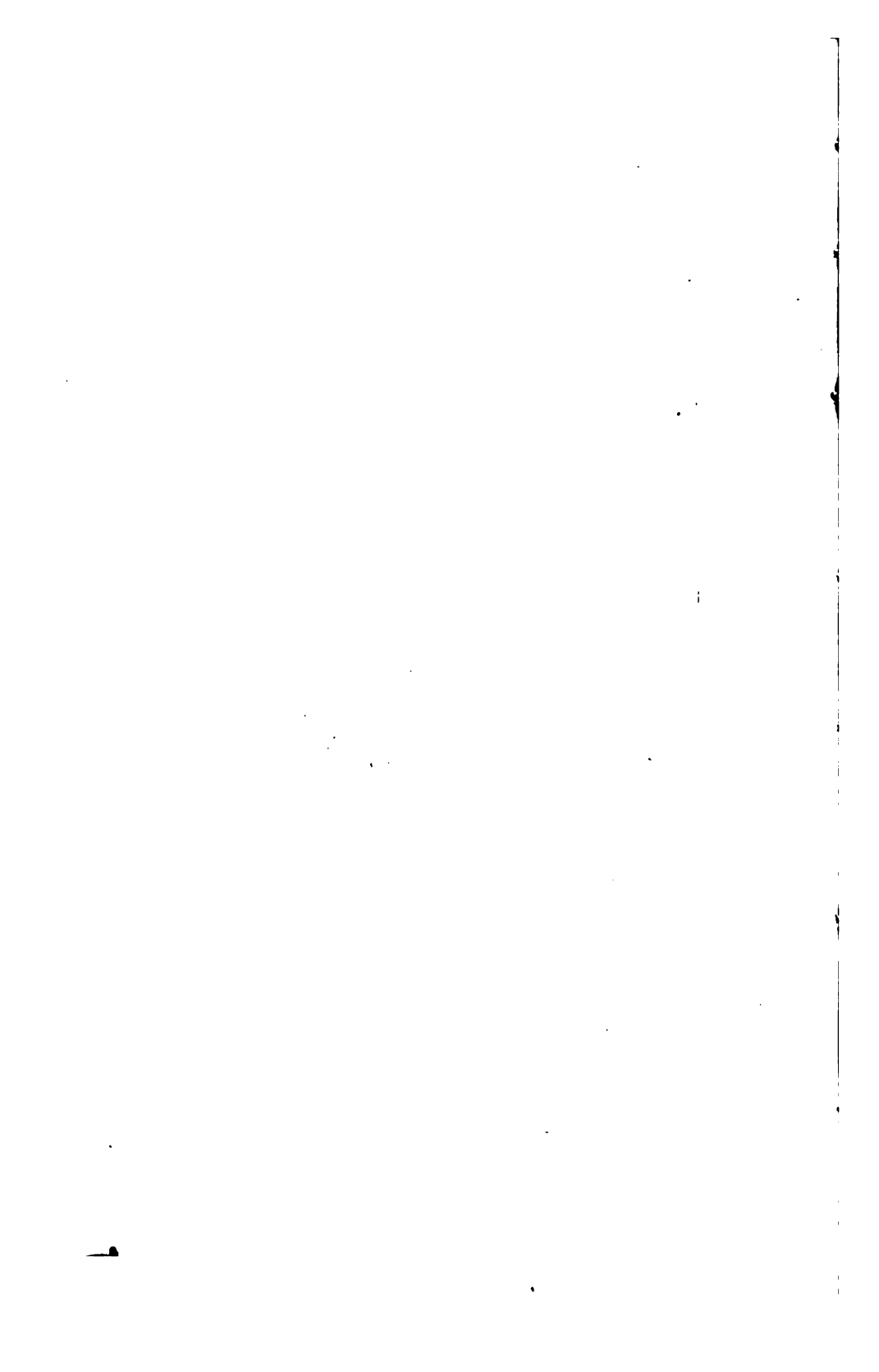
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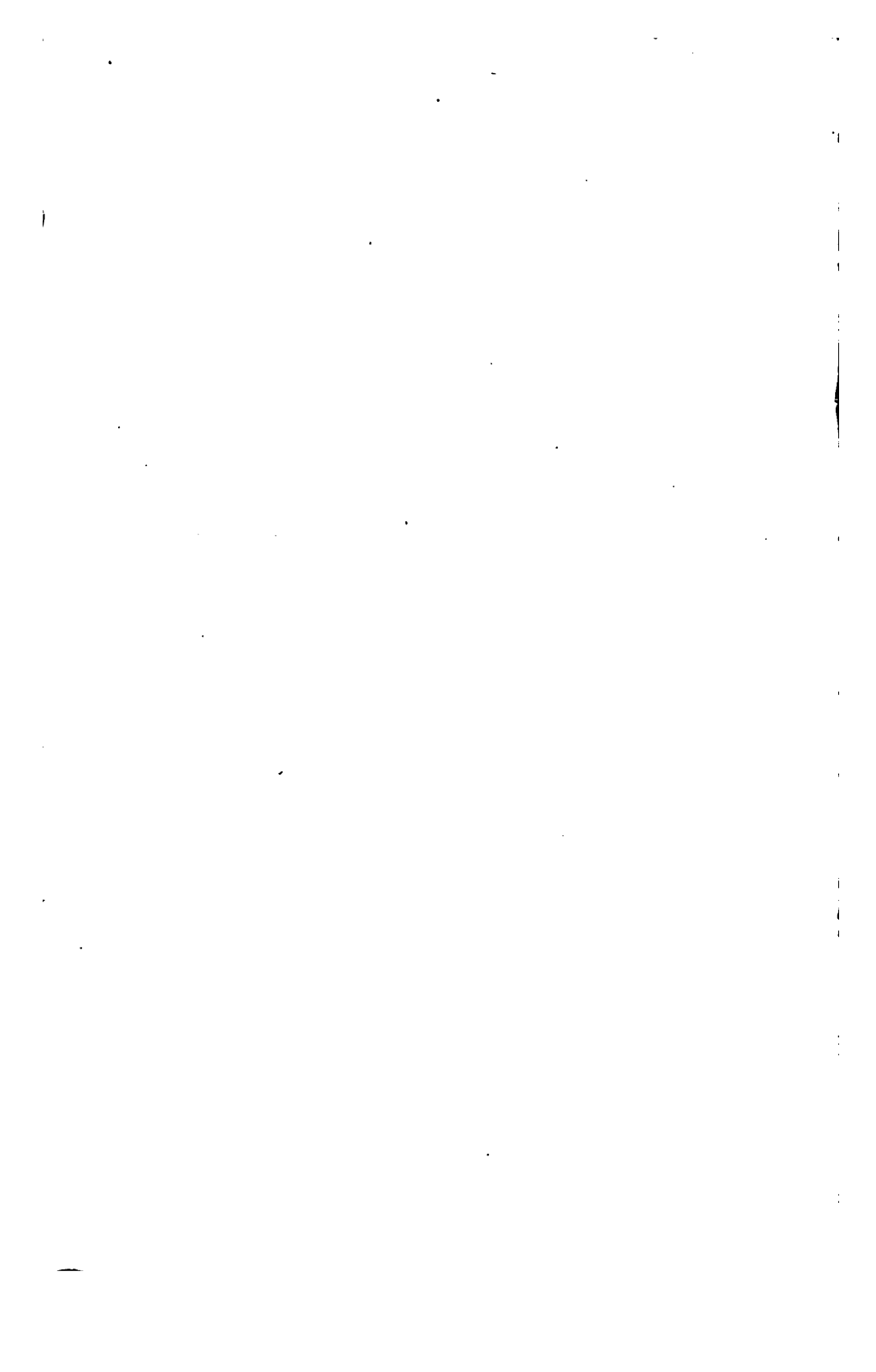
M. J. S.

(FROM THE ORIGINAL MINIATURE.)

"Adel! Sole daughter of my house and heart."

London: Published here and sold by J. Murray, and sold by J. D. & Co. 1808.





LETTERS AND JOURNALS
OF
LORD BYRON:
WITH
NOTICES OF HIS LIFE,
BY
THOMAS MOORE.

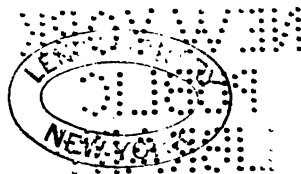
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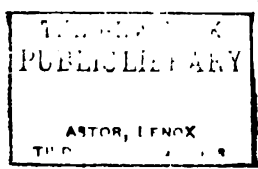


DIRECTIONS FOR PLACING THE PLATES.

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ROY WEN
JULIA
YASSEL





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Coastal

London Published by John Murray Albemarle Street E.C. 4

NOTICES
OF THE
LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

LETTER 375.

TO MR. HOPPNER.

' Ravenna, May 25, 1820.

' A GERMAN named Ruppsecht has sent me, heaven
' knows why, several *Deutsche Gazettes*, of all which
' I understand neither word nor letter. I have sent
' you the enclosed to beg you to translate to me some
' remarks, which appear to be *Goethe's upon Manfred*
' —and if I may judge by *two* notes of *admiration* (ge-
' nerally put after something ridiculous by us), and
' the word "*hypocondrisch*," are any thing but favour-
' able. I shall regret this, for I should have been
' proud of Goethe's good word; but I sha'n't alter my
' opinion of him, even though he should be savage.

' Will you excuse this trouble, and do me this
' favour?—Never mind—soften nothing—I am lite-
' rary proof—having had good and evil said in most
' modern languages. ' Believe me, &c.'

LETTER 376.

TO MR. MOORE.

' Ravenna, June 1st, 1820.

' I have received a Parisian letter from W. W.,
' which I prefer answering through you, if that
' worthy be still at Paris, and, as he says, an occasional

VOL. III.

B

‘ visiter of yours. In November last he wrote to me a
‘ well-meaning letter, stating, for some reasons of his
‘ own, his belief that a reunion might be effected
‘ between Lady B. and myself. To this I answered
‘ as usual ; and he sent me a second letter, repeating
‘ his notions, which letter I have never answered,
‘ having had a thousand other things to think of. He
‘ now writes as if he believed that he had offended
‘ me by touching on the topic ; and I wish you to
‘ assure him that I am not at all so,—but, on the con-
‘ trary, obliged by his good-nature. At the same
‘ time acquaint him *the thing is impossible*. You
‘ *know this*, as well as I,—and there let it end.

‘ I believe that I showed you his epistle in autumn
‘ last. He asks me if I have heard of *my* “laureat”
‘ at Paris*,—somebody who has written “a most san-
‘ guinary Epître” against me; but whether in French,
‘ or Dutch, or on what score, I know not, and he don’t
‘ say,—except that (for my satisfaction) he says it is
‘ the best thing in the fellow’s volume. If there is
‘ any thing of the kind that I *ought* to know, you will
‘ doubtless tell me. I suppose it to be something of
‘ the usual sort;—he says, he don’t remember the
‘ author’s name.

‘ I wrote to you some ten days ago, and expect an
‘ answer at your leisure.

‘ The separation business still continues, and all the
‘ world are implicated, including priests and cardi-
‘ nals. The public opinion is furious against *him*,
‘ because he ought to have cut the matter short *at*
‘ *first*, and not waited twelve months to begin. He has
‘ been trying at evidence, but can get none *sufficient* ;
‘ for what would make fifty divorces in England

* M. Lamartine.

‘ won’t do here—there must be the *most decided*
‘ proofs.

‘ It is the *first* cause of the kind attempted in Ravenna for these two hundred years ; for, though they often separate, they assign a different motive. You know that the continental incontinent are more delicate than the English, and don’t like proclaiming their coronation in a court, even when nobody doubts it.

‘ All her relations are furious against him. The father has challenged him—a superfluous valour, for he don’t fight, though suspected of two assassinations—one of the famous Monzoni of Forli. Warning was given me not to take such long rides in the Pine Forest without being on my guard ; so I take my stiletto and a pair of pistols in my pocket during my daily rides.

‘ I won’t stir from this place till the matter is settled one way or the other. She is as femininely firm as possible ; and the opinion is so much against him, that the *advocates* decline to undertake his cause, because they say that he is either a fool or a rogue—fool, if he did not discover the liaison till now ; and rogue, if he did know it, and waited, for some bad end, to divulge it. In short, there has been nothing like it since the days of Guido di Polenta’s family, in these parts.

‘ If the man has me taken off, like Polonius “say, he made a good end,”—for a melodrame. The principal security is, that he has not the courage to spend twenty scudi—the average price of a clean-handed bravo—otherwise there is no want of opportunity, for I ride about the woods every evening, with one servant, and sometimes an acquaintance,

‘ who latterly looks a little queer in solitary bits of
‘ bushes.

‘ Good bye.—Write to yours ever, &c.’

LETTER 377.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, June 7th, 1820.*

‘ Enclosed is something which will interest you, to
‘ wit, the opinion of *the* greatest man of Germany—
‘ perhaps of Europe—upon one of the great men of
‘ your advertisements (all “ famous hands,” as Jacob
‘ Tonson used to say of his ragamuffins)—in short, a
‘ critique of *Goethe’s* upon *Manfred*. There is the
‘ original, an English translation, and an Italian one :
‘ keep them all in your archives, for the opinions of
‘ such a man as Goethe, whether favourable or not,
‘ are always interesting—and this is more so, as
‘ favourable. His *Faust* I never read, for I don’t
‘ know German ; but Matthew Monk Lewis, in 1816,
‘ at Coligny, translated most of it to me *vivâ voce*,
‘ and I was naturally much struck with it ; but it was
‘ the *Steinbach* and the *Jungfrau*, and something else,
‘ much more than Faustus, that made me write Man-
‘ fred. The first scene, however, and that of Faustus
‘ are very similar. Acknowledge this letter.

‘ Yours ever.

‘ P.S. I have received *Ivanhoe* ;—good. Pray send
‘ me some tooth-powder and tincture of myrrh, by
‘ *Waite*, &c. Ricciardetto should have been *trans-*
‘ *lated literally, or not at all.* As to puffing *Whistle-*
‘ *craft*, it *won’t* do. I’ll tell you why some day or
‘ other. Cornwall’s a poet, but spoilt by the detes-
‘ table schools of the day. Mrs. Hemans is a poet
‘ also, but too stiltified and apostrophic,—and quite
‘ wrong. Men died calmly before the Christian era,

'and since, without Christianity: witness the Romans, and, lately, Thistlewood, Sandt, and Lovel—*'men who ought to have been weighed down with their crimes, even had they believed.* A deathbed is a matter of nerves and constitution, and not of religion. Voltaire was frightened, Frederick of Prussia not: Christians the same, according to their strength rather than their creed. What does H * * H * * mean by his stanza? which is octave got drunk or gone mad. He ought to have his ears boxed with Thor's hammer for rhyming so fantastically.'

The following is the article from Goethe's '*Kunst und Alterthum*,' enclosed in this letter. The grave confidence with which the venerable critic traces the fancies of his brother poet to real persons and events, making no difficulty even of a double murder at Florence to furnish grounds for his theory, affords an amusing instance of the disposition so prevalent throughout Europe, to picture Byron as a man of marvels and mysteries, as well in his life as his poetry. To these exaggerated, or wholly false notions of him, the numerous fictions palmed upon the world of his romantic tours and wonderful adventures, in places he never saw, and with persons that never existed*, have, no doubt, considerably contributed; and the consequence is, so utterly out of truth and nature are the representations of his life and character long cur-

* Of this kind are the accounts, filled with all sorts of circumstantial wonders, of his residence in the island of Mytilene;—his voyages to Sicily,—to Ithaca, with the Countess Guiccioli, &c. &c. But the most absurd, perhaps, of all these fabrications, are the stories told by Pouqueville, of the poet's religious conferences in the cell of Father Paul, at Athens; and the still more unconscionable fiction in which Rizo has indulged, in giving the details of a pretended theatrical scene, got up (according to this poetical historian) between Lord Byron and the Archbishop of Arta, at the tomb of Botzaris, in Missolonghi.

rent upon the continent, that it may be questioned whether the real ‘flesh and blood’ hero of these pages,—the social, practical-minded, and, with all his faults and eccentricities, *English* Lord Byron,—may not, to the over-exalted imaginations of most of his foreign admirers, appear but an ordinary, unromantic, and prosaic personage.

‘GOETHE ON MANFRED.

[1820.]

‘Byron’s tragedy, *Manfred*, was to me a wonderful phenomenon, and one that closely touched me. This singular intellectual poet has taken my *Faustus* to himself, and extracted from it the strongest nourishment for his hypochondriac humour. He has made use of the impelling principles in his own way, for his own purposes, so that no one of them remains the same; and it is particularly on this account that I cannot enough admire his genius. The whole is in this way so completely formed anew, that it would be an interesting task for the critic to point out not only the alterations he has made, but their degree of resemblance with, or dissimilarity to, the original: in the course of which I cannot deny that the gloomy heat of an unbounded and exuberant despair becomes at last oppressive to us. Yet is the dissatisfaction we feel always connected with esteem and admiration.

‘We find thus in this tragedy the quintessence of the most astonishing talent born to be its own tormentor. The character of Lord Byron’s life and poetry hardly permits a just and equitable appreciation. He has often enough confessed what it is that torments him. He has repeatedly portrayed it; and scarcely any one feels compassion for

‘ this intolerable suffering, over which he is ever laboriously ruminating. There are, properly speaking, two females whose phantoms for ever haunt him, and which, in this piece also, perform principal parts—one under the name of Astarte, the other without form or actual presence, and merely a voice. Of the horrid occurrence which took place with the former, the following is related. When a bold and enterprising young man, he won the affections of a Florentine lady. Her husband discovered the amour, and murdered his wife ; but the murderer was the same night found dead in the street, and there was no one on whom any suspicion could be attached. Lord Byron removed from Florence, and these spirits haunted him all his life after.

‘ This romantic incident is rendered highly probable by innumerable allusions to it in his poems. As, for instance, when turning his sad contemplations inwards, he applies to himself the fatal history of the king of Sparta. It is as follows :—Pausanias, a Lacedemonian general, acquires glory by the important victory at Plataea, but afterwards forfeits the confidence of his countrymen through his arrogance, obstinacy, and secret intrigues with the enemies of his country. This man draws upon himself the heavy guilt of innocent blood, which attends him to his end ; for, while commanding the fleet of the allied Greeks, in the Black Sea, he is inflamed with a violent passion for a Byzantine maiden. After long resistance, he at length obtains her from her parents, and she is to be delivered up to him at night. She modestly desires the servant to put out the lamp, and, while groping her way in the dark, she overturns it. Pausanias is awakened from his sleep—apprehensive

‘ of an attack from murderers, he seizes his sword,
 ‘ and destroys his mistress. The horrid sight never
 ‘ leaves him. Her shade pursues him unceasingly,
 ‘ and he implores for aid in vain from the gods and
 ‘ the exorcising priests.

‘ That poet must have a lacerated heart who selects
 ‘ such a scene from antiquity, appropriates it to him-
 ‘ self, and burthens his tragic image with it. The
 ‘ following soliloquy, which is overladen with gloom
 ‘ and a weariness of life, is, by this remark, rendered
 ‘ intelligible. We recommend it as an exercise to all
 ‘ friends of declamation. Hamlet’s soliloquy appears
 ‘ improved upon here*.’

LETTER 378.

TO MR. MOORE.

Ravenna, June 9th, 1820.

‘ Galignani has just sent me the Paris edition of
 ‘ your works (which I wrote to order), and I am glad
 ‘ to see my old friends with a French face. I have
 ‘ been skimming and dipping, in and over them, like
 ‘ a swallow, and as pleased as one. It is the first time
 ‘ that I had seen the *Melodies* without music; and,
 ‘ I don’t know how, but I can’t read in a music-book
 ‘ —the crotchets confound the words in my head,
 ‘ though I recollect them perfectly when *sung*. Music
 ‘ assists my memory through the ear, not through the
 ‘ eye; I mean, that her quavers perplex me upon
 ‘ paper, but they are a help when heard. And thus I
 ‘ was glad to see the words without their borrowed
 ‘ robes;—to my mind they look none the worse for
 ‘ their nudity.

‘ The biographer has made a botch of your life—

* The critic here subjoins the soliloquy from *Manfred*, beginning
 ‘ We are the fools of time and terror,’ in which the allusion to Pausanias
 occurs.

‘ calling your father “ a *venerable old gentleman*,” and
‘ prattling of “ Addison,” and “ dowager countesses.”
‘ If that damned fellow was to *write my* life, I would
‘ certainly *take his*. And then, at the Dublin dinner,
‘ you have “ made a speech ” (do you recollect, at
‘ Douglas K.’s, “ Sir, he made me a speech ? ”) too
‘ complimentary to the “ living poets,” and somewhat
‘ redolent of universal praise. I am but too well
‘ off in it, but * * *.

‘ You have not sent me any poetical or personal
‘ news of yourself. Why don’t you complete an
‘ Italian Tour of the Fudges ? I have just been turn-
‘ ing over Little, which I knew by heart in 1803,
‘ being then in my fifteenth summer. Heigho ! I be-
‘ lieve all the mischief I have ever done, or sung, has
‘ been owing to that confounded book of yours.

‘ In my last I told you of a cargo of “ Poeshie,”
‘ which I had sent to M. at his own impatient desire ;
‘ —and, now he has got it, he don’t like it, and de-
‘ murs. Perhaps he is right. I have no great opinion
‘ of any of my last shipment, except a translation from
‘ Pulci, which is word for word, and verse for verse.

‘ I am in the Third Act of a Tragedy ; but whether
‘ it will be finished or not, I know not : I have, at
‘ this present, too many passions of my own on hand
‘ to do justice to those of the dead. Besides the vexa-
‘ tions mentioned in my last, I have incurred a quarrel
‘ with the Pope’s carabiniers, or gens d’armes, who
‘ have petitioned the Cardinal against my liveries, as
‘ resembling too nearly their own lousy uniform.
‘ They particularly object to the epaulettes, which
‘ all the world with us have on upon gala days. My
‘ liveries are of the colours conforming to my arms,
‘ and have been the family hue since the year 1066.

‘ I have sent a tranchant reply, as you may suppose;
 ‘ and have given to understand that, if any soldados of
 ‘ that respectable corps insult my servants, I will do
 ‘ likewise by their gallant commanders; and I have
 ‘ directed my ragamuffins, six in number, who are
 ‘ tolerably savage, to defend themselves, in case of
 ‘ aggression; and, on holidays and gaudy days, I shall
 ‘ arm the whole set, including myself, in case of acci-
 ‘ dents or treachery. I used to play pretty well at
 ‘ the broad-sword, once upon a time, at Angelo’s; but
 ‘ I should like the pistol, our national buccaneer
 ‘ weapon, better, though I am out of practice at pre-
 ‘ sent. However, I can “wink and hold out mine
 ‘ iron.” It makes me think (the whole thing does) of
 ‘ Romeo and Juliet—“now, Gregory, remember thy
 ‘ *swashing* blow.”

‘ All these feuds, however, with the Cavalier for his
 ‘ wife, and the troopers for my liveries, are very tire-
 ‘ some to a quiet man, who does his best to please all
 ‘ the world, and longs for fellowship and good will.
 ‘ Pray write. ‘ I am yours, &c.’

LETTER 379.

TO MR. MOORE.

Ravenna, July 13th, 1820.

‘ To remove or increase your Irish anxiety about
 ‘ my being “in a wisp*,” I answer your letter forth-
 ‘ with; premising that, as I am a “*Will* of the wisp,”
 ‘ I may chance to flit out of it. But, first, a word on
 ‘ the Memoir;—I have no objection, nay, I would ra-
 ‘ ther that *one* correct copy was taken and deposited
 ‘ in honourable hands, in case of accidents happening
 ‘ to the original; for you know that I have none, and
 ‘ have never even *re-read*, nor, indeed, *read* at all,

* An Irish phrase for being in a scrape.

' what is there written ; I only know that I wrote it
' with the fullest intention to be " faithful and true "
' in my narrative, but *not* impartial—no, by the Lord !
' I can't pretend to be that, while I feel. But I wish to
' give every body concerned the opportunity to contra-
' dict or correct me.

' I have no objection to any proper person seeing
' what is there written,—seeing it was written, like
' every thing else, for the purpose of being read, how-
' ever much many writings may fail in arriving at that
' object.

' With regard to " the wisp," the Pope has pro-
' nounced *their separation*. The decree came yester-
' day from Babylon,—it was *she* and *her friends* who
' demanded it, on the grounds of her husband's (the
' noble Count Cavalier's) extraordinary usage. *He*
' opposed it with all his might, because of the alimony,
' which has been assigned, with all her goods, chat-
' tels, carriage, &c. to be restored by him. In Italy
' they can't divorce. He insisted on her giving me
' up, and he would forgive every thing,—even the
' adultery, which he swears that he can prove by
' " famous witnesses." But, in this country, the very
' courts hold such proofs in abhorrence, the Italians
' being as much more delicate in public than the Eng-
' lish, as they are more passionate in private.

' The friends and relatives, who are numerous and
' powerful, reply to him—" *You*, yourself, are either
' fool or knave,—fool, if you did not see the conse-
' quences of the approximation of these two young
' persons,—knave, if you connive at it. Take your
' choice,—but don't break out (after twelve months of
' the closest intimacy, under your own eyes and posi-

‘tive sanction), with a scandal, which can only make
‘you ridiculous and her unhappy.”

‘He swore that he thought our intercourse was
‘purely amicable, and that *I* was more partial to him
‘than to her, till melancholy testimony proved the
‘contrary. To this they answer, that “Will of *this*
‘wisp” was not an unknown person, and that “*clamosa*
‘*Fama*” had not proclaimed the purity of my morals;
‘—that *her* brother, a year ago, wrote from Rome to
‘warn him that his wife would infallibly be led astray
‘by this ignis fatuus, unless he took proper measures,
‘all of which he neglected to take, &c. &c.

‘Now he says that he encouraged my return to
‘Ravenna, to see “*in quanti piedi di acqua siamo*,” and
‘he has found enough to drown him in. In short,

“Ce ne fut pas le tout ; sa femme se plaignit—
Procès—La parenté se joint en excuse et dit
Que du *Docteur* venoit tout le mauvais ménage ;
Que cet homme étoit fou, que sa femme étoit sage.
On fit casser le mariage.”

‘It is but to let the women alone, in the way of con-
‘flict, for they are sure to win against the field. She
‘returns to her father’s house, and I can only see her
‘under great restrictions—such is the custom of the
‘country. The relations behave very well;—I offered
‘any settlement, but they refused to accept it, and
‘swear she *sha’n’t* live with G. (as he has tried to
‘prove her faithless), but that he shall maintain her ;
‘and, in fact, a judgment to this effect came yesterday.
‘I am, of course, in an awkward situation enough.

‘I have heard no more of the carabinieri who pro-
‘tested against my liveries. They are not popular,
‘those same soldiers, and, in a small row, the other
‘night, one was slain, another wounded, and divers

‘ put to flight, by some of the Romagnuole youth, who
‘ are dexterous, and somewhat liberal of the knife.
‘ The perpetrators are not discovered, but I hope
‘ and believe that none of my ragamuffins were in it,
‘ though they are somewhat savage, and secretly
‘ armed, like most of the inhabitants. It is their way,
‘ and saves sometimes a good deal of litigation.

‘ There is a revolution at Naples. If so, it will
‘ probably leave a card at Ravenna in its way to Lombardy.

‘ Your publishers seem to have used you like mine.
‘ M. has shuffled, and almost insinuated that my last
‘ productions are *dull*. Dull, sir!—damme, dull!
‘ I believe he is right. He begs for the completion of
‘ my tragedy on Marino Faliero, none of which is yet
‘ gone to England. The fifth act is nearly completed,
‘ but it is dreadfully long—40 sheets of long paper, of
‘ 4 pages each—about 150 when printed; but “so
‘ full of pastime and prodigality” that I think it
‘ will do.

‘ Pray send and publish your *Pome* upon me; and
‘ don’t be afraid of praising me too highly. I shall
‘ pocket my blushes.

‘ “Not actionable!”—*Chantre d’enfer**!—by * *
‘ that’s “a speech,” and I won’t put up with it. A
‘ pretty title to give a man for doubting if there be
‘ any such place!

‘ So my Gail is gone—and Miss Mahony won’t take
‘ money. I am very glad of it—I like to be generous
‘ free of expense. But beg her not to translate me.

‘ Oh, pray tell Galignani that I shall send him a
‘ screed of doctrine if he don’t be more punctual.
‘ Somebody *regularly detains two*, and sometimes *four*,

* The title given him by M. Lamartine, in one of his Poems.

‘ of his Messengers by the way. Do, pray, entreat
‘ him to be more precise. News are worth money in
‘ this remote kingdom of the Ostrogoths.

‘ Pray, reply. I should like much to share some of
‘ your Champagne and La Fitte, but I am too Italian
‘ for Paris in general. Make Murray send my letter
‘ to you—if it is full of *epigrams*.

‘ Yours, &c.,’

In the separation that had now taken place between Count Guiccioli and his wife, it was one of the conditions that the lady should, in future, reside under the paternal roof:—in consequence of which, Madame Guiccioli, on the 16th of July, left Ravenna and retired to a villa belonging to Count Gamba, about fifteen miles distant from that city. Here Lord Byron occasionally visited her—about once or twice, perhaps, in a month—passing the rest of his time in perfect solitude. To a mind like his, whose world was within itself, such a mode of life could have been neither new nor unwelcome; but to the woman, young and admired, whose acquaintance with the world and its pleasures had but just begun, this change was, it must be confessed, most sudden and trying. Count Guiccioli was rich, and, as a young wife, she had gained absolute power over him. She was proud, and his station placed her among the highest in Ravenna. They had talked of travelling to Naples, Florence, Paris,—and every luxury, in short, that wealth could command was at her disposal.

All this she now voluntarily and determinedly sacrificed for Byron. Her splendid home abandoned—her relations all openly at war with her—her kind father but tolerating, from fondness, what he could not

approve—she was now, upon a pittance of 200*l.* a year, living apart from the world, her sole occupation the task of educating herself for her illustrious lover, and her sole reward the few brief glimpses of him which their now restricted intercourse allowed. Of the man who could inspire and keep alive so devoted a feeling, it may be pronounced with confidence that he could *not* have been such as, in the freaks of his own wayward humour, he represented himself; while, on the lady's side, the whole history of her attachment goes to prove how completely an Italian woman, whether by nature or from her social position, is led to invert the usual course of such frailties among ourselves, and, weak in resisting the first impulses of passion, to reserve the whole strength of her character for a display of constancy and devotedness afterwards.

LETTER 380.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ Ravenna, July 17th, 1820.

‘ I have received some books, and Quarterlies, and
‘ Edinburghs, for all which I am grateful; they con-
‘ tain all I know of England, except by Galignani's
‘ newspaper.

‘ The tragedy is completed, but now comes the task
‘ of copy and correction. It is very long (42 *sheets*
‘ of long paper, of four pages each), and I believe
‘ must make more than 140 or 150 pages, besides
‘ many historical extracts as notes, which I mean to
‘ append. History is closely followed. Dr. Moore's
‘ account is in some respects false, and in all foolish
‘ and flippant. *None* of the chronicles (and I have
‘ consulted Sanuto, Sandi, Navagero, and an anony-
‘ mous Siege of Zara, besides the histories of Laugier,
‘ Daru, Sismondi, &c.) state, or even hint, that he

‘ begged his life ; they merely say that he did not
 ‘ deny the conspiracy. He was one of their great
 ‘ men,—commanded at the siege of Zara,—beat
 ‘ 80,000 Hungarians, killing 8000, and at the same
 ‘ time kept the town he was besieging in order,—
 ‘ took Capo d’Istria,—was ambassador at Genoa,
 ‘ Rome, and finally Doge, where he fell for treason,
 ‘ in attempting to alter the government, by what Sa-
 ‘ nuto calls a judgment on him for, many years before
 ‘ (when Podesta and Captain of Treviso), having
 ‘ knocked down a bishop, who was sluggish in carry-
 ‘ ing the host at a procession. He “ saddles him,” as
 ‘ Thwackum did Square, “ with a judgment ;” but he
 ‘ does not mention whether he had been punished at
 ‘ the time for what would appear very strange, even
 ‘ now, and must have been still more so in an age of
 ‘ papal power and glory. Sanuto says, that Heaven
 ‘ took away his senses for this buffet, and induced him
 ‘ to conspire. “ Però fu permesso che il Faliero per-
 ‘ dette l’ intelletto,” &c.

‘ I do not know what your parlour-boarders will
 ‘ think of the Drama I have founded upon this extra-
 ‘ ordinary event. The only similar one in history is
 ‘ the story of Agis, King of Sparta, a prince *with* the
 ‘ commons against the aristocracy, and losing his life
 ‘ therefor. But it shall be sent when copied.

‘ I should be glad to know why your *Quartering*
 ‘ Reviewers, at the close of “ the Fall of Jerusalem,”
 ‘ accuse me of Manicheism ? a compliment to which
 ‘ the sweetener of “ one of the mightiest spirits” by
 ‘ no means reconciles me. The poem they review is
 ‘ very noble ; but could they not do justice to the
 ‘ writer without converting him into my religious an-
 ‘ tidote ? I am not a Manichean, nor an *Any-chean*.

‘ I should like to know what harm my “ poeshies”
‘ have done ? I can’t tell what people mean by making
‘ me a hobgoblin.’

LETTER 381.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, August 31st, 1820.*

‘ I have “ *put my soul*” into the tragedy (as you *if*
‘ it); but you know that there are d—d souls as well
‘ as tragedies. Recollect that it is not a political
‘ play, though it may look like it : it is strictly histo-
‘ rical. Read the history and judge.

‘ Ada’s picture is her mother’s. I am glad of it—
‘ the mother made a good daughter. Send me Gif-
‘ ford’s opinion, and never mind the Archbishop. I
‘ can neither send you away, nor give you a hundred
‘ pistoles, nor a better taste : I send you a tragedy,
‘ and you ask for “ facetious epistles;” a little like
‘ your predecessor, who advised Dr. Prideaux to
‘ “ put some more humour into his Life of Mahomet.”

‘ Banks is a wonderful fellow. There is hardly
‘ one of my school or college contemporaries that has
‘ not turned out more or less celebrated. Peel,
‘ Palmerstone, Banks, Hobhouse, Tavistock, Bob
‘ Mills, Douglas Kinnaird, &c. &c., have all talked
‘ and been talked about.

‘ We are here going to fight a little next month, if
‘ the Huns don’t cross the Po, and probably if they
‘ do. I can’t say more now. If any thing happens,
‘ you have matter for a posthumous work in MS.; so
‘ pray be civil. Depend upon it, there will be savage
‘ work, if once they begin here. The French courage
‘ proceeds from vanity, the German from phlegm, the
‘ Turkish from fanaticism and opium, the Spanish
‘ from pride, the English from coolness, the Dutch

‘ from obstinacy, the Russian from insensibility, but
 ‘ the *Italian* from *anger* ; so you’ll see that they will
 ‘ spare nothing.’

LETTER 382.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, August 31st, 1820.*

‘ D—n your “ mezzo cammin *”—you should say
 ‘ “ the prime of life,” a much more consolatory phrase.
 ‘ Besides, it is not correct. I was born in 1788, and
 ‘ consequently am but thirty-two. You are mistaken
 ‘ on another point. The “ Sequin Box” never came
 ‘ into requisition, nor is it likely to do so. It were
 ‘ better that it had, for then a man is not *bound*, you
 ‘ know. As to reform, I did reform—what would you
 ‘ have? “ Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.”
 ‘ I verily believe that nor you, nor any man of poetical
 ‘ temperament, can avoid a strong passion of some
 ‘ kind. It is the poetry of life. What should I have
 ‘ known or written, had I been a quiet, mercantile
 ‘ politician, or a lord in waiting? A man must travel
 ‘ and turmoil, or there is no existence. Besides, I
 ‘ only meant to be a Cavalier Servente, and had no
 ‘ idea it would turn out a romance, in the Anglo
 ‘ fashion.

‘ However, I suspect I know a thing or two of Italy
 ‘ —more than Lady Morgan has picked up in her
 ‘ posting. What do Englishmen know of Italians
 ‘ beyond their museums and saloons—and some hack
 ‘ * *, *en passant* ? Now, I have lived in the heart of
 ‘ their houses, in parts of Italy freshest and least in-
 ‘ fluenced by strangers,—have seen and become (*pars*
 ‘ *magna fui*) a portion of their hopes, and fears, and

* I had congratulated him upon arriving at what Dante calls the
 ‘ mezzo cammin’ of life, the age of thirty-three.

‘passions, and am almost inoculated into a family.
 ‘This is to see men and things as they are.

‘You say that I called you “quiet*”—I don’t re-
 ‘collect any thing of the sort. On the contrary, you
 ‘are always in scrapes.

‘What think you of the Queen? I hear Mr. Hoby
 ‘says, “that it makes him weep to see her, she
 ‘reminds him so much of Jane Shore.”

‘Mr. Hoby the bootmaker’s heart is quite sore

‘For seeing the Queen makes him think of Jane Shore;

‘And, in fact, * *

‘Pray excuse this ribaldry. What is your Poem
 ‘about? Write and tell me all about it and you.

‘Yours, &c.

‘P.S. Did you write the lively quiz on Peter
 ‘Bell? It has wit enough to be yours, and almost
 ‘too much to be any body else’s now going. It was
 ‘in Galignani the other day or week.’

LETTER 383.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘Ravenna, September 7th, 1820.

‘In correcting the proofs you must refer to the
 ‘*manuscript*, because there are in it *various readings*.
 ‘Pray attend to this, and choose what Gifford thinks
 ‘best. Let me hear what he thinks of the whole.

‘You speak of Lady * *’s illness: she is not of
 ‘those who die:—the amiable only do; and those
 ‘whose death would *do good* live. Whenever she is
 ‘pleased to return, it may be presumed she will take
 ‘her “divining rod” along with her: it may be of
 ‘use to her at home, as well as to the “rich man” of
 ‘the Evangelists.

‘Pray do not let the papers paragraph me back to

* I had mistaken the concluding words of his letter of the 9th of June.

‘ England. They may say what they please, any
‘ loathsome abuse but that. Contradict it.

‘ My last letters will have taught you to expect an
‘ explosion here : it was primed and loaded, but they
‘ hesitated to fire the train. One of the cities shirked
‘ from the league. I cannot write more at large for a
‘ thousand reasons. Our “puir hill folk” offered to
‘ strike, and raise the first banner, but Bologna
‘ paused ; and now ’tis autumn, and the season half
‘ over. “ O Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! ” The Huns are
‘ on the Po ; but if once they pass it on their way to
‘ Naples, all Italy will be behind them. The dogs—
‘ the wolves—may they perish like the host of Senna-
‘ cherib ! If you want to publish the Prophecy of
‘ Dante, you never will have a better time.’

LETTER 384.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, Sept. 11th, 1820.*

‘ Here is another historical *note* for you. I want
‘ to be as near truth as the drama can be.

‘ Last post I sent you a note fierce as Faliero him-
‘ self*, in answer to a trashy tourist, who pretends
‘ that he could have been introduced to me. Let me
‘ have a proof of it, that I may cut its lava into some
‘ shape.

‘ What Gifford says is very consolatory (of the First
‘ Act). English, sterling *genuine English*, is a desi-
‘ deratum amongst you, and I am glad that I have
‘ got so much left ; though Heaven knows how I
‘ retain it : I *hear* none but from my valet, and his is
‘ *Nottinghamshire* : and I *see* none but in your new

* The angry note against English travellers appended to this tragedy, in consequence of an assertion made by some recent tourist, that he (or as it afterwards turned out, *she*) ‘ had repeatedly declined an introduc-
‘ tion to Lord Byron while in Italy.’

‘ publications, and theirs is *no* language at all, but
 ‘ jargon. Even your * * * * is terribly stilted and
 ‘ affected, with “*very, very*” so soft and pamby.

‘ Oh ! if ever I *do* come amongst you again, I will
 ‘ give you such a “ Baviad and Mæviad ! ” not *as* good
 ‘ as the old, but even *better merited*. There never was
 ‘ such a *set* as your *ragamuffins* (I mean *not* yours
 ‘ only, but every body’s). What with the Cockneys,
 ‘ and the Lakers, and the *followers* of Scott, and
 ‘ Moore, and Byron, you are in the very uttermost
 ‘ decline and degradation of literature. I can’t think
 ‘ of it without all the remorse of a murderer. I wish
 ‘ that Johnson were alive again to crush them !’

LETTER 385.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, Sept. 14th, 1820.*

‘ What ! not a line ? Well, have it your own way.

‘ I wish you would inform Perry, that his stupid
 ‘ paragraph is the cause of all my newspapers being
 ‘ stopped in Paris. The fools believe me in your in-
 ‘ fernal country, and have not sent on their gazettes,
 ‘ so that I know nothing of your beastly trial of the
 ‘ Queen.

‘ I cannot avail myself of Mr. Gifford’s remarks,
 ‘ because I have received none, except on the first act.

‘ Yours, &c.

‘ P.S. Do, pray, beg the editors of papers to say
 ‘ any thing blackguard they please ; but not to put me
 ‘ amongst their arrivals. They do me more mischief
 ‘ by such nonsense than all their abuse can do.’

LETTER 386.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, Sept. 21st, 1820.*

‘ So you are at your old tricks again. This is the
 ‘ second packet I have received unaccompanied by a

‘ single line of good, bad, or indifferent. It is strange
 ‘ that you have never forwarded any further observa-
 ‘ tions of Gifford’s. How am I to alter or amend, if I
 ‘ hear no further? or does this silence mean that it
 ‘ is well enough as it is, or too bad to be repaired?
 ‘ If the last, why do you not say so at once, instead
 ‘ of playing pretty, while you know that soon or late
 ‘ you must out with the truth.

‘ Yours, &c.

‘ P.S. My sister tells me that you sent to her to
 ‘ inquire where I was, believing in my arrival, “ *driv-
 ‘ ing a curricl*,” &c. &c. into Palace-yard. Do you
 ‘ think me a coxcomb or a madman, to be capable of
 ‘ such an exhibition? My sister knew me better, and
 ‘ told you, that could not be me. You might as
 ‘ well have thought me entering on “ a pale horse,”
 ‘ like Death in the Revelations.’

LETTER 397.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, Sept. 23d, 1820.*

‘ Get from Mr. Hobhouse, and send me a proof
 ‘ (with the Latin) of my Hints from Horace: it has now
 ‘ the *nonum prematur in annum* complete for its pro-
 ‘ duction, being written at Athens in 1811. I have a
 ‘ notion that, with some omissions of names and pas-
 ‘ sages, it will do; and I could put my late observa-
 ‘ tions *for* Pope amongst the notes, with the date of
 ‘ 1820, and so on. As far as versification goes, it is
 ‘ good; and, on looking back to what I wrote about
 ‘ that period, I am astonished to see how *little* I have
 ‘ trained on. I wrote better then than now; but that
 ‘ comes of my having fallen into the atrocious bad
 ‘ taste of the times. If I can trim it for present pub-
 ‘ lication, what with the other things you have of
 ‘ mine, you will have a volume or two of *variety* at

‘least, for there will be all measures, styles, and to-
pics, whether good or no. I am anxious to hear
what Gifford thinks of the tragedy: pray let me
know. I really do not know what to think myself.

‘If the Germans pass the Po, they will be treated
to a mass out of the Cardinal de Retz’s *Breviary*.
* * ’s a fool, and could not understand this: Frere
will. It is as pretty a conceit as you would wish to
see on a summer’s day.

‘Nobody here believes a word of the evidence
against the Queen. The very mob cry shame against
their countrymen, and say, that for half the money
spent upon the trial, any testimony whatever may be
brought out of Italy. This you may rely upon as
fact. I told you as much before. As to what tra-
vellers report, what *are travellers*? Now I have
lived among the Italians—not *Florenced*, and *Romed*,
and galleried, and conversationed it for a few months,
and then home again; but been of their families,
and friendships, and feuds, and loves, and councils,
and correspondence, in a part of Italy least known
to foreigners,—and have been amongst them of all
classes, from the Conte to the Contadine; and you
may be sure of what I say to you.

‘Yours, &c.’

LETTER 388,

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘*Ravenna, Sept. 28th, 1820.*

‘I thought that I had told you long ago, that it
never was intended nor written with any view to the
stage. I have said so in the preface too. It is
too long and too regular for your stage, the persons
too few, and the *unity* too much observed. It is
more like a play of Alfieri’s than of your stage (I say

‘ this humbly in speaking of that great man); but
‘ there is poetry, and it is equal to Manfred, though I
‘ know not what esteem is held of Manfred.

‘ I have now been nearly as long *out* of England as
‘ I was there during the time I saw you frequently.
‘ I came home July 14th, 1811, and left again April
‘ 25th, 1816: so that Sept. 28th, 1820, brings me
‘ within a very few months of the same duration of
‘ time of my stay and my absence. In course, I can
‘ know nothing of the public taste and feelings, but
‘ from what I glean from letters, &c. Both seem to be
‘ as bad as possible.

‘ I thought *Anastasius excellent*: did I not say so?
‘ Matthews’s Diary most excellent; it, and Forsyth,
‘ and parts of Hobhouse, are all we have of truth or
‘ sense upon Italy. The Letter to Julia very good
‘ indeed. I do not despise * * * * *; but if she knit
‘ blue-stockings instead of wearing them, it would be
‘ better. *You* are taken in by that false stilted trashy
‘ style, which is a mixture of all the styles of the day,
‘ which are *all bombastic* (I don’t except my *own*—no
‘ one has done more through negligence to corrupt
‘ the language); but it is neither English nor poetry.
‘ Time will show.

‘ I am sorry Gifford has made no further remarks
‘ beyond the first Act: does he think all the English
‘ equally sterling as he thought the first? You did
‘ right to send the proofs: I was a fool; but I do really
‘ detest the sight of proofs: it is an absurdity; but
‘ comes from laziness.

‘ You can steal the two Juans into the world quietly,
‘ tagged to the others. The play as you will—the
‘ Dante too; but the *Pulci* I am proud of: it is su-
‘ perb; you have no such translation. It is the best

‘ thing I ever did in my life. I wrote the play from
 ‘ beginning to end, and not a *single scene without inter-*
 ‘ *ruption*, and being obliged to break off in the middle ;
 ‘ for I had my hands full, and my head, too, just then ;
 ‘ so it can be no great shakes—I mean the play ; and
 ‘ the head too, if you like.

‘ P. S. Politics here still savage and uncertain.
 ‘ However, we are all in our “bandaliers,” to join the
 ‘ “Highlanders if they cross the Forth,” *i. e.*, to crush
 ‘ the Austrians if they cross the Po. The rascals !—
 ‘ and that dog Liverpool, to say their subjects are
 ‘ *happy* ! If ever I come back, I’ll work some of these
 ‘ ministers.’

Sept. 29th.

‘ I opened my letter to say, that on reading *more* of
 ‘ the four volumes on Italy, where the author says
 ‘ “declined an introduction,” I perceive (*horresco re-*
 ‘ *ferens*) it is written by a WOMAN !!! In that case
 ‘ you must suppress my note and answer, and all I
 ‘ have said about the book and the writer. I never
 ‘ dreamed of it until now, in my extreme wrath at that
 ‘ precious note. I can only say that I am sorry that a
 ‘ lady should say any thing of the kind. What I would
 ‘ have said to one of the other sex you know already.
 ‘ Her book too (as a *she* book) is not a bad one ; but
 ‘ she evidently don’t know the Italians, or rather don’t
 ‘ like them, and forgets the *causes* of their misery and
 ‘ profligacy (*Matthews* and *Forsyth* are your men for
 ‘ truth and tact), and has gone over Italy in *company*—
 ‘ *always* a *bad* plan : you must be *alone* with people to
 ‘ know them well. Ask her, who was the “*descendant*
 ‘ *of Lady M. W. Montague*,” and by whom ? by Alga-
 ‘ rotti ?

' I suspect that, in Marino Faliero, you and yours
' won't like the *politics*, which are perilous to you in
' these times : but recollect that it is *not a political*
' play, and that I was obliged to put into the mouths
' of the characters the sentiments upon which they
' acted. I hate all things written like Pizarro, to re-
' present France, England, and so forth. All I have
' done is meant to be purely Venetian, even to the
' very prophecy of its present state,

' Your Angles in general know little of the *Italians*,
' who detest them for their numbers and their GENOA
' treachery. Besides, the English travellers have not
' been composed of the best company. How could
' they ?—out of 100,000, how many gentlemen were
' there, or honest men ?

' Mitchell's *Aristophanes* is excellent. Send me
' the rest of it.

' These fools will force me to write a book about
' Italy myself, to give them " the loud lie." They
' prate about assassination ; what is it but the origin
' of duelling—and "*a wild justice*," as Lord Bacon
' calls it ? It is the fount of the modern point of ho-
' nour in what the laws can't or *won't* reach. Every
' man is liable to it more or less, according to circum-
' stances or place. For instance, I am living here
' exposed to it daily, for I have happened to make a
' powerful and unprincipled man my enemy ;—and I
' never sleep the worse for it, or ride in less solitary
' places, because precaution is useless, and one thinks
' of it as of a disease which may or may not strike. It
' is true that there are those here, who, if he did,
' would " live to think on't ;" but that would not
' awake my bones : I should be sorry if it would, were
' they once at rest.'

LETTER 389.

TO MR. MURRAY.

'Ravenna, 8bre 6^o, 1820.

' You will have now received all the Acts, corrected, of the Marino Faliero. What you say of the "bet of 100 guineas" made by some one who says that he saw me last week, reminds me of what happened in 1810; you can easily ascertain the fact, and it is an odd one.

' In the latter end of 1811, I met one evening at the Alfred my old school and form-fellow (for we were within two of each other, *he* the higher, though both very near the top of our remove) *Peel*, the Irish secretary. He told me that, in 1810, he met me, as he thought, in St. James's-street, but we passed without speaking. He mentioned this, and it was denied as impossible, I being then in Turkey. A day or two afterward, he pointed out to his brother a person on the opposite side of the way:—"There," said he, "is the man whom I took for Byron." His brother instantly answered, "Why, it *is* Byron, and no one else." But this is not all:—I was *seen* by somebody to *write down my name* amongst the inquirers after the king's health, then attacked by insanity. Now, at this very period, as nearly as I could make out, I was ill of a *strong fever* at Patras, caught in the marshes near Olympia, from the *malaria*. If I had died there, this would have been a new ghost story for you. You can easily make out the accuracy of this from Peel himself, who told it in detail. I suppose you will be of the opinion of Lucretius, who (denies the immortality of the soul, but) asserts that from the "flying off of the surfaces of bodies, these surfaces or cases, like the coats of an onion, are

‘ sometimes seen entire when they are separated from
‘ it, so that the shapes and shadows of both the dead
‘ and living are frequently beheld.”

‘ But if they are, are their coats and waistcoats also
‘ seen? I do not disbelieve that we may be two by
‘ some unconscious process, to a certain sign, but
‘ which of these two I happen at present to be, I leave
‘ you to decide. I only hope that *t’other me* behaves
‘ like a gemman.

‘ I wish you would get Peel asked how far I am ac-
‘ curate in my recollection of what he told me; for I
‘ don’t like to say such things without authority.

‘ I am not sure that I was *not spoken* with; but this
‘ also you can ascertain. I have written to you such
‘ letters that I tsop.

‘ Yours, &c.

‘ P. S. Last year (in June, 1819) I met at Count
‘ Mosti’s, at Ferrara, an Italian who asked me “if I
‘ knew Lord Byron?” I told him *no* (no one knows
‘ himself, *you* know). “Then,” says he, “I do; I met
‘ him at Naples the other day.” I pulled out my card
‘ and asked him if that was the way he spelt his name:
‘ he answered, *yes*. I suspect that it was a blackguard
‘ navy surgeon, who attended a young travelling
‘ madam about, and passed himself for a lord at the
‘ post-houses. He was a vulgar dog—quite of the
‘ cock-pit order—and a precious representative I must
‘ have had of him, if it was even so; but I don’t know.
‘ He passed himself off as a gentleman, and squired
‘ about a Countess * * (of this place), then at Venice,
‘ an ugly battered woman, of bad morals even for
‘ Italy.’

LETTER 390.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, 8bre 8^o, 1820.*

‘ Foscolo’s letter is exactly the thing wanted ; firstly,
‘ because he is a man of genius ; and, next, because he
‘ is an Italian, and therefore the best judge of Italics.
‘ Besides,

‘ He’s more an antique Roman than a Dane ;

‘ that is, he is more of the ancient Greek than of the
‘ modern Italian. Though “ somewhat,” as Dugald
‘ Dalgetty says, “ too wild and salvage ” (like “ Ronald
‘ of the Mist ”), ’tis a wonderful man, and my friends
‘ Hobhouse and Rose both swear by him ; and they
‘ are good judges of men and of Italian humanity.

‘ Here are in all *two* worthy voices gain’d :

‘ Gifford says it is good “ sterling genuine English,”
‘ and Foscolo says that the characters are right Vene-
‘ tian. Shakspeare and Otway had a million of advan-
‘ tages over me, besides the incalculable one of being
‘ *dead* from one to two centuries, and having been
‘ both born blackguards (which ARE such attractions
‘ to the gentle living reader) ; let me then preserve
‘ the only one which I could possibly have—that of
‘ having been at Venice, and entered more into the
‘ local spirit of it. I claim no more.

‘ I know what Foscolo means about Calendaro’s
‘ *spitting* at Bertram ; *that’s* national—the objection,
‘ I mean. The Italians and French, with those “ flags
‘ of abomination,” their pocket handkerchiefs, spit
‘ there, and here, and every where else—in your face
‘ almost, and therefore *object* to it on the stage as *too*
‘ *familiar*. But we who *spit* nowhere—but in a man’s
‘ face when we grow savage—are not likely to feel

‘ this. Remember *Massinger*, and Kean’s Sir Giles Overreach—

‘ Lord! *thus* I spit at thee and at thy counsel!

‘ Besides, Calendaro does *not* spit in Bertram’s face ;
 ‘ he spits *at* him, as I have seen the Mussulmans do
 ‘ upon the ground when they are in a rage. Again,
 ‘ he *does not in fact despise* Bertram, though he affects
 ‘ it,—as we all do, when angry with one we think our
 ‘ inferior. He is angry at not being allowed to die in
 ‘ his own way (although not afraid of death); and re-
 ‘ collect that he suspected and hated Bertram from
 ‘ the first. Israel Bertuccio, on the other hand, is a
 ‘ cooler and more concentrated fellow: he acts upon
 ‘ *principle* and *impulse*; Calendaro upon *impulse* and
 ‘ *example*.

‘ So there’s argument for you.

‘ The Doge *repeats*;—*true*, but it is from engrossing
 ‘ passion, and because he sees *different* persons, and
 ‘ is always obliged to recur to the *cause* uppermost in
 ‘ his mind. His speeches are long:—*true*, but I
 ‘ wrote for the *closet*, and on the French and Italian
 ‘ model rather than yours, which I think not very
 ‘ highly of, for all your *old* dramatists, who are long
 ‘ enough too, God knows:—*look* into any of them.

‘ I return you Foscolo’s letter, because it alludes
 ‘ also to his private affairs. I am sorry to see such a
 ‘ man in straits, because I know what they are, or
 ‘ what they were. I never met but three men who
 ‘ would have held out a finger to me: one was your-
 ‘ self, the other William Bankes, and the other a
 ‘ nobleman long ago dead: but of these the first was
 ‘ the only one who offered it while I *really* wanted it;
 ‘ the second from goodwill—but I was not in need of

‘ Bankes’s aid, and would not have accepted it if I had
‘ (though I love and esteem him) ; and the *third* — —*.

‘ So you see that I have seen some strange things
‘ in my time. As for your own offer, it was in 1815,
‘ when I was in actual uncertainty of five pounds. I
‘ rejected it ; but I have not forgotten it, although
‘ you probably have.

‘ P.S. Foscolo’s *Ricciardo* was lent, with the *leaves*
‘ *uncut*, to some Italians, now in villeggiatura, so that
‘ I have had no opportunity of hearing their decision,
‘ or of reading it. They seized on it as Foscolo’s, and
‘ on account of the beauty of the paper and printing,
‘ directly. If I find it takes, I will reprint it *here*.
‘ The Italians think as highly of Foscolo as they can
‘ of any man, divided and miserable as they are, and
‘ with neither leisure at present to read, nor head nor
‘ heart to judge of any thing but extracts from French
‘ newspapers and the *Lugano Gazette*.

‘ We are all looking at one another, like wolves on
‘ their prey in pursuit, only waiting for the first falling
‘ on to do unutterable things. They are a great
‘ world in chaos, or angels in hell, which you please ;
‘ but out of chaos came Paradise, and out of hell—I
‘ don’t know what ; but the devil went *in* there, and
‘ he was a fine fellow once, you know.

‘ You need never favour me with any periodical
‘ publication, except the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and an
‘ occasional *Blackwood* ; or now and then a *Monthly*
‘ *Review* ; for the rest I do not feel curiosity enough
‘ to look beyond their covers.

‘ To be sure I took in the *British* finely. He fell
‘ precisely into the glaring trap laid for him. It was

* The paragraph is left thus imperfect in the original.

‘inconceivable how he could be so absurd as to
‘imagine us serious with him.

‘Recollect, that if you put my name to “Don
‘Juan” in these canting days, any lawyer might
‘oppose my guardian right of my daughter in
‘chancery, on the plea of its containing the *parody* ;
‘—such are the perils of a foolish jest. I was not
‘aware of this at the time, but you will find it correct,
‘I believe ; and you may be sure that the Noels
‘would not let it slip. Now I prefer my child to a
‘poem at any time, and so should you, as having half
‘a dozen.

‘Let me know your notions.

‘If you turn over the earlier pages of the Hunting-
‘don peerage story, you will see how common a name
‘Ada was in the early Plantagenet days. I found it
‘in my own pedigree in the reign of John and Henry,
‘and gave it to my daughter. It was also the name
‘of Charlemagne’s sister. It is in an early chapter of
‘Genesis, as the name of the wife of Lamech ; and I
‘suppose Ada is the feminine of *Adam*. It is short,
‘ancient, vocalic, and had been in my family ; for
‘which reason I gave it to my daughter.’

LETTER 391.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘*Ravenna, 8bre 12^o, 1820.*

‘By land and sea carriage a considerable quantity
‘of books have arrived ; and I am obliged and grate-
‘ful : but “medio de fonte leporum, surgit amari
‘aliquid,’ &c. &c. ; which, being interpreted, means,

‘I’m thankful for your books, dear Murray ;

‘But why not send Scott’s *Monastery* ?

‘the only book in four *living* volumes I would give
‘a baioccolo to see—’bating the rest of the same

‘author, and an occasional Edinburgh and Quarterly, as brief chroniclers of the times. Instead of this, here are Johnny Keats’s * * poetry, and three novels by God knows whom, except that there is Peg * * ’s name to one of them—a spinster whom I thought we had sent back to her spinning. Crayon is very good; Hogg’s Tales rough, but RACY, and welcome.

‘Books of travels are expensive, and I don’t want them, having travelled already; besides, they lie. Thank the author of “the Profligate” for his (or her) present. Pray send me *no more* poetry but what is rare and decidedly good. There is such a trash of Keats and the like upon my tables that I am ashamed to look at them. I say nothing against your parsons, your S * * s and your C * * s—it is all very fine—but pray dispense me from the pleasure. Instead of poetry, if you will favour me with a few soda-powders, I shall be delighted: but all prose (bating *travels* and novels NOT by Scott) is welcome, especially Scott’s Tales of my Landlord, and so on.

‘In the notes to Marino Faliero, it may be as well to say that “*Benintende*” was not really of the *Ten*, but merely *Grand Chancellor*, a separate office (although important); it was an arbitrary alteration of mine. The Doges too were all *buried* in St. Mark’s before Faliero. It is singular that when his predecessor, Andrea Dandolo, died, the *Ten* made a law that *all the future Doges* should be *buried with their families, in their own churches,—one would think by a kind of presentiment*. So that all that is said of his *ancestral Doges*, as buried at St. John’s and Paul’s, is altered from the fact, *they being in St.*

‘ *Mark’s*. Make a note of this, and put *Editor* as the subscription to it.

‘ As I make such pretensions to accuracy, I should not like to be *twitted* even with such trifles on that score. Of the play they may say what they please, but not so of my costume and *dram. pers.*, they having been real existences.

‘ I omitted Foscolo in my list of living *Venetian worthies*, in the notes, considering him as an *Italian* in general, and not a mere provincial like the rest; and as an Italian I have spoken of him in the preface to canto 4th of *Childe Harold*.

‘ The French translation of us!!! *oime! oime!*—the German; but I don’t understand the latter, and his long dissertation at the end about the *Fausts*. Excuse haste. Of politics it is not safe to speak, but nothing is decided as yet.

‘ I am in a very fierce humour at not having Scott’s *Monastery*. You are *too liberal* in quantity, and somewhat careless of the quality, of your missives. All the *Quarterlies* (four in number) I had had before from you, and *two* of the *Edinburgh*; but no matter; we shall have new ones by and by. No more Keats, I entreat:—flay him alive; if some of you don’t, I must skin him myself. There is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the manikin.

‘ I don’t feel inclined to care further about “Don Juan.” What do you think a very pretty Italian lady said to me the other day? She had read it in the French, and paid me some compliments, with due *DRAWBACKS*, upon it. I answered that what she said was true, but that I suspected it would live longer than *Childe Harold*. “*Ah but*” (said she) “*I would rather have the fame of Childe Harold for*

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THE PIAZZA DEL CAMPO
FROM THE TOWER OF THE PALACE

Drawn by J. Prout

' *three years than an IMMORTALITY of Don Juan!*'
 ' The truth is that it is TOO TRUE, and the women
 ' hate many things which strip off the tinsel of *sentiment*;
 ' and they are right, as it would rob them of
 ' their weapons. I never knew a woman who did not
 ' hate *De Grammont's Memoirs* for the same reason:
 ' even Lady * * used to abuse them.

' Rose's work I never received. It was seized at
 ' Venice. Such is the liberality of the Huns, with
 ' their two hundred thousand men, that they dare not
 ' let such a volume as his circulate.'

LETTER 392.

TO MR. MURRAY.

Ravenna, 8bre 16th, 1820.

' The Abbot has just arrived; many thanks; as also
 ' for the *Monastery*—*when you send it!!!*

' The Abbot will have a more than ordinary interest
 ' for me, for an ancestor of mine by the mother's side,
 ' Sir J. Gordon of Gight, the handsomest of his day,
 ' died on a scaffold at Aberdeen for his loyalty to
 ' Mary, of whom he was an imputed paramour as well
 ' as her relation. His fate was much commented on
 ' in the *Chronicles* of the times. If I mistake not,
 ' he had something to do with her escape from Loch
 ' Leven, or with her captivity there. But this you
 ' will know better than I.

' I recollect Loch Leven as it were but yesterday.
 ' I saw it in my way to England in 1798, being then
 ' ten years of age. My mother, who was as haughty
 ' as Lucifer with her descent from the Stuarts, and
 ' her right line from the *old Gordons*, not the *Seyton*
 ' *Gordons*, as she disdainfully termed the ducal
 ' branch, told me the story, always reminding me how
 ' superior *her Gordons* were to the southern Byrons,

‘ notwithstanding our Norman, and always masculine
 ‘ descent, which has never lapsed into a female, as
 ‘ my mother’s Gordons had done in her own person.

‘ I have written to you so often lately, that the brevity of this will be welcome. ‘ Yours, &c.’

LETTER 393.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, 8bre 17^o, 1820.*

‘ Enclosed is the Dedication of Marino Faliero to
 ‘ *Goethe*. Query,—is his title *Baron* or not? I think
 ‘ yes. Let me know your opinion, and so forth.

‘ P.S. Let me know what Mr. Hobhouse and you
 ‘ have decided about the two *prose* letters and their
 ‘ publication.

‘ I enclose you ‘an Italian abstract of the German
 ‘ translator of Manfred’s Appendix, in which you will
 ‘ perceive quoted what Goethe says of the *whole body*
 ‘ of English poetry (and *not* of me in particular). On
 ‘ this the Dedication is founded, as you will perceive,
 ‘ though I had thought of it before, for I look upon
 ‘ him as a great man.’

The very singular Dedication transmitted with this letter has never before been published, nor, as far as I can learn, ever reached the hands of the illustrious German. It is written in the poet’s most whimsical and mocking mood; and the unmeasured severity poured out in it upon the two favourite objects of his wrath and ridicule compels me to deprive the reader of some of its most amusing passages.

DEDICATION TO BARON GOETHE, &c. &c. &c.

‘ Sir,—In the Appendix to an English work lately
 ‘ translated into German and published at Leipsic, a

' judgment of yours upon English poetry is quoted as follows : " That in English poetry, great genius, universal power, a feeling of profundity, with sufficient tenderness and force, are to be found ; but that *altogether these do not constitute poets,*" &c. &c.

' I regret to see a great man falling into a great mistake. This opinion of yours only [proves that the "*Dictionary of ten thousand living English Authors*" has not been translated into German. You will have read, in your friend Schlegel's version, the dialogue in *Macbeth*—

' There are *ten thousand* !

' *Macbeth.* *Geese, villain ?*

' *Answer.* *Authors, sir.*

' Now, of these " ten thousand authors," there are actually nineteen hundred and eighty-seven poets, all alive at this moment, whatever their works may be, as their booksellers well know ; and amongst these there are several who possess a far greater reputation than mine, although considerably less than yours. It is owing to this neglect on the part of your German translators that you are not aware of the works of * * *

' There is also another, named * * *

' I mention these poets by way of sample to enlighten you. They form but two bricks of our Babel (*WINDSOR* bricks, by the way), but may serve for a specimen of the building.

' It is, moreover, asserted that " the predominant character of the whole body of the present English poetry is a *disgust* and *contempt* for life." But I rather suspect that, by one single work of *prose*, you yourself have excited a greater contempt for life than all the English volumes of poesy that ever were

‘ written. Madame de Staël says, that “ Werther has
‘ occasioned more suicides than the most beautiful
‘ woman;” and I really believe that he has put more
‘ individuals out of this world than Napoleon himself,
‘ except in the way of his profession. Perhaps, Illus-
‘ trious Sir, the acrimonious judgment passed by a
‘ celebrated northern journal upon you in particular,
‘ and the Germans in general, has rather indisposed
‘ you towards English poetry as well as criticism.
‘ But you must not regard our critics, who are at
‘ bottom good-natured fellows, considering their two
‘ professions,—taking up the law in court, and laying
‘ it down out of it. No one can more lament their
‘ hasty and unfair judgment, in your particular, than
‘ I do; and I so expressed myself to your friend
‘ Schlegel, in 1816, at Coppet.

‘ In behalf of my “ten thousand” living brethren,
‘ and of myself, I have thus far taken notice of an
‘ opinion expressed with regard to “English poetry”
‘ in general, and which merited notice, because it was
‘ YOURS.

‘ My principal object in addressing you was to tes-
‘ tify my sincere respect and admiration of a man,
‘ who, for half a century, has led the literature of a
‘ great nation, and will go down to posterity as the
‘ first literary character of his age.

‘ You have been fortunate, Sir, not only in the
‘ writings which have illustrated your name, but in
‘ the name itself, as being sufficiently musical for the
‘ articulation of posterity. In this you have the ad-
‘ vantage of some of your countrymen, whose names
‘ would perhaps be immortal also—if any body could
‘ pronounce them.

‘ It may, perhaps, be supposed, by this apparent

‘ tone of levity, that I am wanting in intentional
 ‘ respect towards you;’ but this will be a mistake :
 ‘ I am always flippant in prose. Considering you,
 ‘ as I really and warmly do, in common with all your
 ‘ own, and with most other nations, to be by far the
 ‘ first literary character which has existed in Europe
 ‘ since the death of Voltaire, I felt, and feel, desirous
 ‘ to inscribe to you the following work,—*not* as being
 ‘ either a tragedy or a *poem* (for I cannot pronounce
 ‘ upon its pretensions to be either one or the other, or
 ‘ both, or neither), but as a mark of esteem and ad-
 ‘ miration from a foreigner to the man who has been
 ‘ hailed in Germany “THE GREAT GOETHE.”

‘ I have the honour to be,

‘ with the truest respect,

‘ your most obedient and

‘ very humble servant,

‘ BYRON.

‘ *Ravenna, 8hrs 14^o, 1820.*

‘ P. S. I perceive that in Germany, as well as in
 ‘ Italy, there is a great struggle about what they call
 ‘ “*Classical*” and “*Romantic*,”—terms which were not
 ‘ subjects of classification in England, at least when I
 ‘ left it four or five years ago. Some of the English
 ‘ scribblers, it is true, abused Pope and Swift, but the
 ‘ reason was that they themselves did not know how
 ‘ to write either prose or verse; but nobody thought
 ‘ them worth making a sect of. Perhaps there may be
 ‘ something of the kind sprung up lately, but I have
 ‘ not heard much about it, and it would be such bad
 ‘ taste that I shall be very sorry to believe it.’

LETTER 394.

TO MR. MOORE.

' *Ravenna, October 17th, 1820.*

' You owe me two letters—pay them. I want to
' know what you are about. The summer is over, and
' you will be back to Paris. Apropos of Paris, it was
' not *Sophia Gail*, but *Sophia Gay*—the English word
' *Gay*—who was my correspondent*. Can you tell
' who *she* is, as you did of the defunct * * ?

' Have you gone on with your Poem? I have re-
' ceived the French of mine. Only think of being *tra-*
' *duced* into a foreign language in such an abominable
' travesty! It is useless to rail, but one can't help it.

' Have you got my Memoir copied? I have begun
' a continuation. Shall I send it you, as far as it is
' gone?

' I can't say any thing to you about Italy, for the
' Government here look upon me with a suspicious
' eye, as I am well informed. Pretty fellows!—as if
' I, a solitary stranger, could do any mischief. It is
' because I am fond of rifle and pistol shooting, I be-
' lieve; for they took the alarm at the quantity of car-
' tridges I consumed,—the wiseacres!

' You don't deserve a long letter—nor a letter at
' all—for your silence. You have got a new Bourbon,
' it seems, whom they have christened "*Dieu-donné*;"
' —perhaps the honour of the present may be dis-
' puted. Did you write the good lines on —, the
' Laker? * *

' The Queen has made a pretty theme for the jour-
' nals. Was there ever such evidence published?
' Why, it is worse than "*Little's Poems*" or "*Don*

* I had mistaken the name of the lady he inquired after, and reported her to him as dead. But, on the receipt of the above letter, I discovered that his correspondent was Madame Sophie Gay, mother of the celebrated poetess and beauty, Mademoiselle Delphine Gay.

‘ Juan.’ If you dont write soon, I will “ make you
‘ a speech.’ ‘ Yours, &c.’

LETTER 395.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, 8bre 25^o, 1820.* ’

‘ Pray forward the enclosed to Lady Byron. It is
‘ on business.

‘ In thanking you for the Abbot, I made four grand
‘ mistakes, Sir John Gordon was not of Gight, but of
‘ Bogagicht, and a son of Huntley’s. He suffered *not*
‘ for his loyalty, but in an insurrection. He had *no-*
‘ *thing* to do with Loch Leven, having been dead some
‘ time at the period of the Queen’s confinement: and,
‘ fourthly, I am not sure that he was the Queen’s pa-
‘ ramour or no, for Robertson does not allude to this,
‘ though *Walter Scott does*, in the list he gives of her
‘ admirers (as unfortunate) at the close of “ the Abbot.”

‘ I must have made all these mistakes in recollect-
‘ ing my mother’s account of the matter, although she
‘ was more accurate than I am, being precise upon
‘ points of genealogy, like all the aristocratical Scotch.
‘ She had a long list of ancestors, like Sir Lucius
‘ O’Trigger’s, most of whom are to be found in the old
‘ Scotch Chronicles, Spalding, &c., in arms and doing
‘ mischief. I remember well passing Loch Leven, as
‘ well as the Queen’s Ferry: we were on our way to
‘ England in 1798. ‘ Yours.

‘ You had better not publish Blackwood and the
‘ Roberts’ prose, except what regards Pope;—you
‘ have let the time slip by.’

The Pamphlet in answer to Blackwood’s Magazine,
here mentioned, was occasioned by an article in that
work, entitled ‘ Remarks on Don Juan,’ and, though
put to press by Mr. Murray, was never published.

The writer in the Magazine having, in reference to certain passages in Don Juan, taken occasion to pass some severe strictures on the author's matrimonial conduct, Lord Byron, in his reply, enters at some length into that painful subject; and the following extracts from his defence,—if defence it can be called, where there has never yet been any definite charge,—will be perused with strong interest.

‘ My learned brother proceeds to observe, that “ it is in vain for Lord B. to attempt in any way to justify his own behaviour in that affair: and now that he has so *openly* and *audaciously* invited inquiry and reproach, we do not see any good reason why he should not be plainly told so by the voice of his countrymen.” How far the “ openness ” of an anonymous poem, and the “ audacity ” of an imaginary character, which the writer supposes to be meant for Lady B., may be deemed to merit this formidable denunciation from their “ most sweet voices,” I neither know nor care; but when he tells me that I cannot “ in any way *justify* my own behaviour in that affair,” I acquiesce, because no man can “ *justify* ” himself until he knows of what he is accused; and I have never had—and, God knows, my whole desire has ever been to obtain it—any specific charge, in a tangible shape, submitted to me by the adversary, nor by others, unless the atrocities of public rumour and the mysterious silence of the lady’s legal advisers may be deemed such*. But is not the writer content with what has been already said and done? Has not “ the general voice of his countrymen ” long ago

* While these sheets are passing through the press, a printed statement has been transmitted to me by Lady Noel Byron, which the reader will find inserted in the Appendix to this volume. (*First Edition.*)

‘ pronounced upon the subject—sentence without trial,
‘ and condemnation without a charge? Have I not
‘ been exiled by ostracism, except that the shells
‘ which proscribed me were anonymous? Is the
‘ writer ignorant of the public opinion and the public
‘ conduct upon that occasion? If he is, I am not: the
‘ public will forget both long before I shall cease to
‘ remember either.

‘ The man who is exiled by a faction has the conso-
‘ lation of thinking that he is a martyr; he is upheld
‘ by hope and the dignity of his cause, real or ima-
‘ ginary: he who withdraws from the pressure of debt
‘ may indulge in the thought that time and prudence
‘ will retrieve his circumstances: he who is con-
‘ demned by the law has a term to his banishment, or
‘ a dream of its abbreviation; or, it may be, the know-
‘ ledge or the belief of some injustice of the law, or
‘ of its administration in his own particular: but he
‘ who is outlawed by general opinion, without the
‘ intervention of hostile politics, illegal judgment, or
‘ embarrassed circumstances, whether he be innocent
‘ or guilty, must undergo all the bitterness of exile,
‘ without hope, without pride, without alleviation.
‘ This case was mine. Upon what grounds the public
‘ founded their opinion, I am not aware; but it was
‘ general, and it was decisive. Of me or of mine they
‘ knew little, except that I had written what is called
‘ poetry, was a nobleman, had married, became a fa-
‘ ther, and was involved in differences with my wife
‘ and her relatives, no one knew why, because the per-
‘ sons complaining refused to state their grievances.
‘ The fashionable world was divided into parties, mine
‘ consisting of a very small minority: the reasonable
‘ world was naturally on the stronger side, which

‘ happened to be the lady’s, as was most proper and
‘ polite. The press was active and scurrilous ; and
‘ such was the rage of the day, that the unfortunate
‘ publication of two copies of verses, rather compli-
‘ mentary than otherwise to the subjects of both, was
‘ tortured into a species of crime, or constructive petty
‘ treason. I was accused of every monstrous vice by
‘ public rumour and private rancour : my name, which
‘ had been a knightly or a noble one since my fathers
‘ helped to conquer the kingdom for William the
‘ Norman, was tainted. I felt that, if what was whis-
‘ pered, and muttered, and murmured, was true, I was
‘ unfit for England ; if false, England was unfit for
‘ me. I withdrew : but this was not enough. In
‘ other countries, in Switzerland, in the shadow of the
‘ Alps, and by the blue depth of the lakes, I was
‘ pursued and breathed upon by the same blight.
‘ I crossed the mountains, but it was the same ; so I
‘ went a little farther, and settled myself by the waves
‘ of the Adriatic, like the stag at bay, who betakes
‘ him to the waters.

‘ If I may judge by the statements of the few
‘ friends who gathered round me, the outcry of the
‘ period to which I allude was beyond all precedent,
‘ all parallel, even in those cases where political
‘ motives have sharpened slander and doubled enmity.
‘ I was advised not to go to the theatres, lest I should
‘ be hissed, nor to my duty in parliament, lest I should
‘ be insulted by the way ; even on the day of my
‘ departure, my most intimate friend told me after-
‘ wards that he was under apprehensions of violence
‘ from the people who might be assembled at the door
‘ of the carriage. However, I was not deterred by
‘ these counsels from seeing Kean in his best charac-

‘ters, nor from voting according to my principles;
‘and, with regard to the third and last apprehensions
‘of my friends, I could not share in them, not being
‘made acquainted with their extent till some time
‘after I had crossed the Channel. Even if I had
‘been so, I am not of a nature to be much affected by
‘men’s anger, though I may feel hurt by their aver-
‘sion. Against all individual outrage, I could pro-
‘tect or redress myself; and against that of a crowd,
‘I should probably have been enabled to defend my-
‘self, with the assistance of others, as has been done
‘on similar occasions.

‘I retired from the country, perceiving that I was
‘the object of general obloquy; I did not indeed
‘imagine, like Jean Jacques Rousseau, that all man-
‘kind was in a conspiracy against me, though I had
‘perhaps as good grounds for such a chimera as ever
‘he had: but I perceived that I had to a great extent
‘become personally obnoxious in England, perhaps
‘through my own fault, but the fact was indisputable;
‘the public in general would hardly have been so
‘much excited against a more popular character,
‘without at least an accusation or a charge of some
‘kind actually expressed or substantiated, for I can
‘hardly conceive that the common and every-day
‘occurrence of a separation between man and wife
‘could in itself produce so great a ferment. I shall
‘say nothing of the usual complaints of “being pre-
‘judged,” “condemned unheard,” “unfairness,” “par-
‘tiality,” and so forth, the usual changes rung by
‘parties who have had, or are to have, a trial; but I
‘was a little surprised to find myself condemned
‘without being favoured with the act of accusation,
‘and to perceive in the absence of this portentous

‘ charge or charges, whatever it or they were to be,
‘ that every possible or impossible crime was rumoured
‘ to supply its place, and taken for granted. This
‘ could only occur in the case of a person very much
‘ disliked, and I knew no remedy, having already
‘ used to their extent whatever little powers I might
‘ possess of pleasing in society. I had no party in
‘ fashion, though I was afterwards told that there was
‘ one—but it was not of my formation, nor did I then
‘ know of its existence—none in literature; and in
‘ politics I had voted with the Whigs, with precisely
‘ that importance which a Whig vote possesses in
‘ these Tory days, and with such personal acquaint-
‘ ance with the leaders in both houses as the society
‘ in which I lived sanctioned, but without claim or
‘ expectation of anything like friendship from any one,
‘ except a few young men of my own age and stand-
‘ ing, and a few others more advanced in life, which
‘ last it had been my fortune to serve in circumstances
‘ of difficulty. This was, in fact, to stand alone: and
‘ I recollect, some time after, Madame de Staël said to
‘ me in Switzerland, “You should not have warred
‘ with the world—it will not do—it is too strong
‘ always for any individual: I myself once tried it in
‘ early life, but it will not do.” I perfectly acquiesce
‘ in the truth of this remark; but the world had done
‘ me the honour to begin the war; and, assuredly, if
‘ peace is only to be obtained by courting and paying
‘ tribute to it, I am not qualified to obtain its counte-
‘ nance. I thought, in the words of Campbell,

“ Then wed thee to an exiled lot,
And if the world hath loved thee not,
Its absence may be borne.”

‘ I have heard of, and believe, that there are human

' beings so constituted as to be insensible to injuries ;
' but I believe that the best mode to avoid taking ven-
' geance is to get out of the way of temptation. I hope
' that I may never have the opportunity, for I am not
' quite sure that I could resist it, having derived from
' my mother something of the "*perfervidum ingenium*
' "*Scotorum*." I have not sought, and shall not seek
' it, and perhaps it may never come in my path. I do
' not in this allude to the party, who might be right
' or wrong ; but to many who made her cause the
' pretext of their own bitterness. She, indeed, must
' have long avenged me in her own feelings, for what-
' ever her reasons may have been (and she never
' adduced them to me at least), she probably neither
' contemplated nor conceived to what she became the
' means of conducting the father of her child, and the
' husband of her choice.

' So much for "the general voice of his coun-
' trymen : " I will now speak of some in particular.

' In the beginning of the year 1817, an article ap-
' peared in the Quarterly Review, written, I believe,
' by Walter Scott, doing great honour to him, and no
' disgrace to me, though both poetically and personally
' more than sufficiently favourable to the work and the
' author of whom it treated. It was written at a time
' when a selfish man would not, and a timid one dared
' not, have said a word in favour of either ; it was
' written by one to whom temporary public opinion
' had elevated me to the rank of a rival—a proud dis-
' tinction, and unmerited ; but which has not pre-
' vented me from feeling as a friend, nor him from
' more than corresponding to that sentiment. The
' article in question was written upon the Third
' Canto of *Childe Harold*, and after many observa-

' tions, which it would as ill become me to repeat as
' to forget, concluded with "a hope that I might yet
' return to England." How this expression was re-
' ceived in England itself I am not acquainted, but it
' gave great offence at Rome to the respectable ten or
' twenty thousand English travellers then and there
' assembled. I did not visit Rome till some time
' after, so that I had no opportunity of knowing the
' fact; but I was informed, long afterwards, that the
' greatest indignation had been manifested in the
' enlightened Anglo-circle of that year, which hap-
' pened to comprise within it—amidst a considerable
' leaven of Welbeck-street and Devonshire-place,
' broken loose upon their travels—several really well-
' born and well-bred families, who did not the less
' participate in the feeling of the hour. "*Why* should
' he return to England?" was the general exclama-
' tion—I answer *why*? It is a question I have occa-
' sionally asked myself, and I never yet could give it a
' satisfactory reply. I had then no thoughts of
' returning, and if I have any now, they are of busi-
' ness, and not of pleasure. Amidst the ties that have
' been dashed to pieces, there are links yet entire,
' though the chain itself be broken. There are duties,
' and connexions, which may one day require my pre-
' sence—and I am a father. I have still some friends
' whom I wish to meet again, and, it may be, an
' enemy. These things, and those minuter details of
' business, which time accumulates during absence, in
' every man's affairs and property, may, and probably
' will, recall me to England; but I shall return with
' the same feelings with which I left it, in respect to
' itself, though altered with regard to individuals, as I
' have been more or less informed of their conduct

‘ since my departure ; for it was only a considerable
‘ time after it that I was made acquainted with the
‘ real facts and full extent of some of their proceedings
‘ and language. My friends, like other friends, from
‘ conciliatory motives, withheld from me much that
‘ they could, and some things which they *should* have
‘ unfolded ; however, that which is deferred is not lost
‘ —but it has been no fault of mine that it has been
‘ deferred at all.

‘ I have alluded to what is said to have passed at
‘ Rome merely to show that the sentiment which I
‘ have described was not confined to the English in
‘ England, and as forming part of my answer to the
‘ reproach cast upon what has been called my “ selfish
‘ exile,” and my “ voluntary exile.” “ Voluntary” it
‘ has been ; for who would dwell among a people en-
‘ tertaining strong hostility against him ? How far it
‘ has been “ selfish” has been already explained.’

The following passages from the same unpublished pamphlet will be found, in a literary point of view, not less curious.

‘ And here I wish to say a few words on the present state of English poetry. That this is the age of the decline of English poetry will be doubted by few who have calmly considered the subject. That there are men of genius among the present poets makes little against the fact, because it has been well said, that “ next to him who forms the taste of his country, the greatest genius is he who corrupts it.” No one has ever denied genius to Marino, who corrupted not merely the taste of Italy, but that of all Europe for nearly a century. The great cause of the present deplorable state of English poetry is to be

' attributed to that absurd and systematic depreciation
 ' of Pope, in which, for the last few years, there has
 ' been a kind of epidemical concurrence. Men of the
 ' most opposite opinions have united upon this topic.
 ' Warton and Churchill began it, having borrowed
 ' the hint probably from the heroes of the Dunciad,
 ' and their own internal conviction that their proper
 ' reputation can be as nothing till the most perfect
 ' and harmonious of poets—he who, having no fault,
 ' has had REASON made his reproach—was reduced to
 ' what they conceived to be his level; but even *they*
 ' dared not degrade him below Dryden. Goldsmith,
 ' and Rogers, and Campbell, his most successful dis-
 ' ciples; and Hayley, who, however feeble, has left
 ' one poem “that will not be willingly let die,” (the
 ' Triumphs of Temper,) kept up the reputation of
 ' that pure and perfect style; and Crabbe, the first
 ' of living poets, has almost equalled the master.
 ' Then came Darwin, who was put down by a single
 ' poem in the Antijacobin; and the Cruscans, from
 ' Merry to Jerningham, who were annihilated (if *No-*
 ' *thing* can be said to be annihilated) by Gifford, the
 ' last of the wholesome English satirists. * * *

' These three personages, S * *, W * *, and C * *,
 ' had all of them a very natural antipathy to Pope, and
 ' I respect them for it, as the only original feeling or
 ' principle which they have contrived to preserve.
 ' But they have been joined in it by those who have
 ' joined them in nothing else: by the Edinburgh Re-
 ' viewers, by the whole heterogeneous mass of living
 ' English poets, excepting Crabbe, Rogers, Gifford,
 ' and Campbell, who, both by precept and practice,
 ' have proved their adherence; and by me, who
 ' have shamefully deviated in practice, but have ever

‘loved and honoured Pope’s poetry with my whole
 ‘soul, and hope to do so till my dying day. I would
 ‘rather see all I have ever written lining the same
 ‘trunk in which I actually read the eleventh book of
 ‘a modern Epic poem at Malta in 1811, (I opened it
 ‘to take out a change after the paroxysm of a tertian,
 ‘in the absence of my servant, and found it lined
 ‘with the name of the maker, Eyre, Cockspur-street,
 ‘and with the Epic poetry alluded to,) than sacrifice
 ‘what I firmly believe in as the Christianity of
 ‘English poetry, the poetry of Pope.

‘Nevertheless, I will not go so far as * * in his
 ‘postscript, who pretends that *no* great poet ever had
 ‘immediate fame, which, being interpreted, means
 ‘that * * is not quite so much read by his cotempo-
 ‘raries as might be desirable. This assertion is as
 ‘false as it is foolish. Homer’s glory depended upon
 ‘his present popularity: he recited,—and without the
 ‘strongest impression of the moment, who would have
 ‘gotten the Iliad by heart, and given it to tradition?
 ‘Ennius, Terence, Plautus, Lucretius, Horace, Virgil,
 ‘Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Sappho, Anacreon,
 ‘Theocritus, all the great poets of antiquity, were the
 ‘delight of their cotemporaries*. The very existence

* As far as regards the poets of ancient times, this assertion is, per-
 haps, right; though, if there be any truth in what Ælian and Seneca
 have left on record, of the obscurity, during their lifetime, of such men
 as Socrates and Epicurus, it would seem to prove that, among the
 ancients, contemporary fame was a far more rare reward of literary or
 philosophical eminence than among us moderns. When the ‘Clouds’
 of Aristophanes was exhibited before the assembled deputies of the towns
 of Attica, these personages, as Ælian tells us, were unanimously of opi-
 nion, that the character of an unknown person, called Socrates, was un-
 interesting upon the stage; and Seneca has given the substance of an
 authentic letter of Epicurus, in which that philosopher declares that no-
 thing hurt him so much, in the midst of all his happiness, as to think that
 Greece,—‘illa nobilis Græcia,’—so far from knowing him, had scarcely
 even heard of his existence.—Epist. 79.

‘ of a poet, previous to the invention of printing, de-
‘ pended upon his present popularity ; and how often
‘ has it impaired his future fame ? Hardly ever. His-
‘ tory informs us, that the best have come down to us.
‘ The reason is evident : the most popular found the
‘ greatest number of transcribers for their MSS., and
‘ that the taste of their cotemporaries was corrupt can
‘ hardly be avouched by the moderns, the mightiest of
‘ whom have but barely approached them. Dante,
‘ Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, were all the darlings
‘ of the cotemporary reader. Dante’s poem was cele-
‘ brated long before his death ; and, not long after
‘ it, States negotiated for his ashes, and disputed for
‘ the sites of the composition of the *Divina Comme-*
‘ *dia*. Petrarch was crowned in the Capitol. Ariosto
‘ was permitted to pass free by the public robber who
‘ had read the *Orlando Furioso*. I would not recom-
‘ mend Mr. * * to try the same experiment with his
‘ Smugglers. Tasso, notwithstanding the criticisms
‘ of the Cruscanti, would have been crowned in the
‘ Capitol, but for his death.

‘ It is easy to prove the immediate popularity of the
‘ chief poets of the only modern nation in Europe that
‘ has a poetical language, the Italian. In our own,
‘ Shakspeare, Spenser, Jonson, Waller, Dryden, Con-
‘ greve, Pope, Young, Shenstone, Thomson, Johnson,
‘ Goldsmith, Gray, were all as popular in their lives
‘ as since. Gray’s *Elegy* pleased instantly, and eter-
‘ nally. His *Odes* did not, nor yet do they please like
‘ his *Elegy*. Milton’s politics kept him down ; but
‘ the *Epigram* of Dryden, and the very sale of his
‘ work, in proportion to the less reading time of its
‘ publication, prove him to have been honoured by his
‘ cotemporaries. I will venture to assert, that the

' sale of the *Paradise Lost* was greater in the first
' four years after its publication than that of " the
' *Excursion*," in the same number, with the difference
' of nearly a century and a half between them of time,
' and of thousands in point of general readers.

' It may be asked, why, having this opinion of the
' present state of poetry in England, and having had
' it long, as my friends and others well know—pos-
' sessing, or having possessed too, as a writer, the ear
' of the public for the time being—I have not adopted
' a different plan in my own compositions, and en-
' deavoured to correct rather than encourage the taste
' of the day. To this I would answer, that it is
' easier to perceive the wrong than to pursue the
' right, and that I have never contemplated the pros-
' pect " of filling (with *Peter Bell*, see its Preface)
' permanently a station in the literature of the coun-
' try." Those who know me best, know this, and that
' I have been considerably astonished at the tempo-
' rary success of my works, having flattered no per-
' son and no party, and expressed opinions which
' are not those of the general reader. Could I have
' anticipated the degree of attention which has been
' accorded, assuredly I would have studied more to
' deserve it. But I have lived in far countries abroad,
' or in the agitating world at home, which was not
' favourable to study or reflection; so that almost all
' I have written has been mere passion,—passion, it is
' true, of different kinds, but always passion: for in
' me (if it be not an Irishism to say so) my *in-*
' *difference* was a kind of passion, the result of expe-
' rience, and not the philosophy of nature. Writing
' grows a habit, like a woman's gallantry: there are
' women who have had no intrigue, but few who have

‘ had but one only ; so there are millions of men who
 ‘ have never written a book, but few who have written
 ‘ only one. And thus, having written once, I wrote
 ‘ on ; encouraged no doubt by the success of the mo-
 ‘ ment, yet by no means anticipating its duration, and
 ‘ I will venture to say, scarcely even wishing it. But
 ‘ then I did other things besides write, which by no
 ‘ means contributed either to improve my writings or
 ‘ my prosperity.

‘ I have thus expressed publicly upon the poetry of
 ‘ the day the opinion I have long entertained and ex-
 ‘ pressed of it to all who have asked it, and to some
 ‘ who would rather not have heard it ; as I told
 ‘ Moore not very long ago, “ we are all wrong except
 ‘ Rogers, Crabbe, and Campbell *.” Without being
 ‘ old in years, I am in days, and do not feel the
 ‘ adequate spirit within me to attempt a work which
 ‘ should show what I think right in poetry, and
 ‘ must content myself with having denounced what
 ‘ is wrong. There are, I trust, younger spirits rising
 ‘ up in England, who, escaping the contagion which
 ‘ has swept away poetry from our literature, will recall
 ‘ it to their country, such as it once was and may
 ‘ still be.

* I certainly ventured to differ from the judgment of my noble friend, no less in his attempts to depreciate that peculiar walk of the art in which he himself so grandly trod, than in the inconsistency of which I thought him guilty, in condemning all those who stood up for particular ‘ schools’ of poetry, and yet, at the same time, maintaining so exclusive a theory of the art himself. How little, however, he attended to either the grounds or degrees of my dissent from him, will appear by the following wholesale report of my opinion, in his ‘ Detached Thoughts :

‘ One of my notions different from those of my cotemporaries, is, that the present is not a high age of English poetry. There are *more* poets (*soi-disant*) than ever there were, and proportionally *less* poetry, ‘ This *thesis* I have maintained for some years, but, strange to say, it meeteth not with favour from my brethren of the shell. Even Moore shakes his head, and firmly believes that it is the grand age of British ‘ poesy.’

‘ In the mean time, the best sign of amendment will
‘ be repentance, and new and frequent editions of
‘ Pope and Dryden.

‘ There will be found as comfortable metaphysics,
‘ and ten times more poetry in the “ Essay on Man,”
‘ than in the “ Excursion.” If you search for passion,
‘ where is it to be found stronger than in the epistle
‘ from Eloisa to Abelard, or in Palamon and Arcite?
‘ Do you wish for invention, imagination, sublimity,
‘ character? seek them in the Rape of the Lock, the
‘ Fables of Dryden, the Ode on Saint Cecilia’s Day,
‘ and Absalom and Achitophel: you will discover in
‘ these two poets only, *all* for which you must ransack
‘ innumerable metres, and God only knows how many
‘ *writers* of the day, without finding a tittle of the
‘ same qualities,—with the addition, too, of wit, of
‘ which the latter have none. I have not, however,
‘ forgotten Thomas Brown the Younger, nor the Fudge
‘ Family, nor Whistlecraft; but that is not wit—it is
‘ humour. I will say nothing of the harmony of
‘ Pope and Dryden in comparison, for there is not a
‘ living poet (except Rogers, Gifford, Campbell, and
‘ Crabbe) who can write an heroic couplet. The fact
‘ is, that the exquisite beauty of their versification
‘ has withdrawn the public attention from their other
‘ excellencies, as the vulgar eye will rest more upon
‘ the splendour of the uniform than the quality of the
‘ troops. It is this very harmony, particularly in
‘ Pope, which has raised the vulgar and atrocious cant
‘ against him:—because his versification is perfect, it
‘ is assumed that it is his only perfection; because his
‘ truths are so clear, it is asserted that he has no in-
‘ vention; and because he is always intelligible, it is
‘ taken for granted that he has no genius. We are

‘ sneeringly told that he is the ‘ Poet of Reason,’ as
‘ if this was a reason for his being no poet. Taking
‘ passage for passage, I will undertake to cite more
‘ lines teeming with *imagination* from Pope than from
‘ any two living poets, be they who they may. To
‘ take an instance at random from a species of compo-
‘ sition not very favourable to imagination—Satire :
‘ set down the character of Sporus, with all the won-
‘ derful play of fancy which is scattered over it,
‘ and place by its side an equal number of verses,
‘ from any two existing poets, of the same power and
‘ the same variety—where will you find them ?

‘ I merely mention one instance of many in reply to
‘ the injustice done to the memory of him who har-
‘ monized our poetical language. The attorneys’ clerks,
‘ and other self-educated genii, found it easier to dis-
‘ tort themselves to the new models than to toil after
‘ the symmetry of him who had enchanted their fa-
‘ thers. They were besides smitten by being told that
‘ the new school were to revive the language of Queen
‘ Elizabeth, the true English ; as every body in the
‘ reign of Queen Anne wrote no better than French,
‘ by a species of literary treason.

‘ Blank verse, which, unless in the drama, no one
‘ except Milton ever wrote who could rhyme, became
‘ the order of the day,—or else such rhyme as looked
‘ still blanker than the verse without it. I am aware
‘ that Johnson has said, after some hesitation, that he
‘ could not “ prevail upon himself to wish that Milton
‘ had been a rhymer.” The opinions of that truly
‘ great man, whom it is also the present fashion to
‘ decry, will ever be received by me with that defer-
‘ ence which time will restore to him from all ; but,
‘ with all humility, I am not persuaded that the Para-

‘dise Lost would not have been more nobly conveyed
‘to posterity, not perhaps in heroic couplets, although
‘even *they* could sustain the subject if well balanced,
‘but in the stanza of Spenser, or of Tasso, or in the
‘terza rima of Dante, which the powers of Milton
‘could easily have grafted on our language. The
‘Seasons of Thomson would have been better in
‘rhyme, although still inferior to his *Castle of In-*
‘dolence; and Mr. Southey’s *Joan of Arc* no worse,
‘although it might have taken up six months instead
‘of weeks in the composition. I recommend also
‘to the lovers of lyrics the perusal of the present
‘laureate’s odes by the side of Dryden’s on Saint
‘Cecilia, but let him be sure to read *first* those of
‘Mr. Southey.

‘To the heaven-born genii and inspired young scri-
‘veners of the day much of this will appear paradox;
‘it will appear so even to the higher order of our
‘critics; but it was a truism twenty years ago, and it
‘will be a re-acknowledged truth in ten more. In the
‘mean time, I will conclude with two quotations, both
‘intended for some of my old classical friends who
‘have still enough of Cambridge about them to think
‘themselves honoured by having had John Dryden
‘as a predecessor in their college, and to recollect
‘that their earliest English poetical pleasures were
‘drawn from the “little nightingale” of Twickenham.

‘The first is from the notes to a Poem of the
‘“Friends*,” pages 181, 182.

‘“It is only within the last twenty or thirty years
‘that those notable discoveries in criticism have been
‘made which have taught our recent versifiers to

* Written by Lord Byron’s early friend, the Rev. Francis Hodgson.

‘ undervalue this energetic, melodious, and moral
 ‘ poet. The consequences of this want of due esteem
 ‘ for a writer whom the good sense of our predecessors
 ‘ had raised to his proper station have been NUMEROUS
 ‘ AND DEGRADING ENOUGH. This is not the place
 ‘ to enter into the subject, even as far as it *affects our*
 ‘ *poetical numbers alone*, and there is matter of more
 ‘ importance that requires present reflection.”

‘ The second is from the volume of a young person
 ‘ learning to write poetry, and beginning by teaching
 ‘ the art. Hear him*:

“ But ye were dead

‘ To things ye knew not of—were closely wed
 ‘ To musty laws lined out with wretched rule
 ‘ And compass vile; so that ye taught a school†
 ‘ Of *dolts* to *smooth, inlay, and chip, and fl,*
 ‘ Till, like the certain wands of Jacob’s wit,
 ‘ *Their verses tallied. Easy was the task:*
 ‘ A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
 ‘ Of poesy. Ill-fated, impious race,
 ‘ That blasphemed the bright lyrist to his face,
 ‘ And did not know it; no, they went about
 ‘ Holding a poor *decrepit* standard out
 ‘ Mark’d with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
 ‘ The name of *one* Boileau!”

* The strange verses that follow are from a poem by Keats.—In a manuscript note on this passage of the pamphlet, dated November 12, 1821, Lord Byron says, ‘ Mr. Keats died at Rome about a year after
 ‘ this was written, of a decline produced by his having burst a blood-
 ‘ vessel on reading the article on his “ Endymion ” in the Quarterly
 ‘ Review. I have read the article before and since; and, although it is
 ‘ bitter, I do not think that a man should permit himself to be killed by
 ‘ it. But a young man little dreams what he must inevitably encounter
 ‘ in the course of a life ambitious of public notice. My indignation at
 ‘ Mr. Keats’s depreciation of Pope has hardly permitted me to do justice
 ‘ to his own genius, which, malgré all the fantastic fopperies of his
 ‘ style, was undoubtedly of great promise. His fragment of “ Hyperion ”
 ‘ seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus.
 ‘ He is a loss to our literature; and the more so, as he himself, before
 ‘ his death, is said to have been persuaded that he had not taken the
 ‘ right line, and was reforming his style upon the more classical models
 ‘ of the language.’

† ‘ It was at least a grammar “ school.” ’

' A little before the manner of Pope is termed

" A scion*,

' Nurtured by *foppery* and barbarism,

' Made great Apollon blush for this his land."

' I thought "*foppery*" was a consequence of *refinement*; but *n'importe*.

' The above will suffice to show the notions entertained by the new performers on the English lyre of him who made it most tunable, and the great improvements of their own *variazioni*.

' The writer of this is a tadpole of the Lakes, a young disciple of the six or seven new schools, in which he has learnt to write such lines and such sentiments as the above. He says, "easy was the task" of imitating Pope, or it may be of equalling him; I presume. I recommend him to try before he is so positive on the subject, and then compare what he will have *then* written and what he has *now* written with the humblest and earliest compositions of Pope, produced in years still more youthful than those of Mr. K. when he invented his new "Essay on Criticism," entitled "Sleep and Poetry" (an ominous title), from whence the above canons are taken. Pope's was written at nineteen, and published at twenty-two.

' Such are the triumphs of the new schools, and such their scholars. The disciples of Pope were Johnson, Goldsmith, Rogers, Campbell, Crabbe, Gifford, Matthias, Hayley, and the author of the *Paradise of Coquettes*; to whom may be added Richards, Heber, Wrangham, Bland, Hodgson, Merivale, and others who have not had their full fame,

* ' So spelt by the author.'

‘ because “ the race is not always to the swift, nor the
‘ battle to the strong,” and because there is a fortune
‘ in fame as in all other things. Now of *all* the new
‘ schools—I say *all*, for, ‘ like Legion, they are many ”
‘ —has there appeared a single scholar who has not
‘ made his master ashamed of him? unless it be * *,
‘ who has imitated every body, and occasionally sur-
‘ passed his models. Scott found peculiar favour and
‘ imitation among the fair sex: there was Miss Hol-
‘ ford, and Miss Mitford, and Miss Francis; but with
‘ the greatest respect be it spoken, none of his imi-
‘ tators did much honour to the original except Hogg,
‘ the Ettrick shepherd, until the appearance of “ The
‘ Bridal of Triermain,” and “ Harold the Dauntless,”
‘ which in the opinion of some equalled if not sur-
‘ passed him; and lo! after three or four years they
‘ turned out to be the Master’s own compositions.
‘ Have Southey, or Coleridge, or Wordsworth, made
‘ a follower of renown? Wilson never did well till he
‘ set up for himself in the “ City of the Plague.” Has
‘ Moore, or any other living writer of reputation, had
‘ a tolerable imitator, or rather disciple? Now it is
‘ remarkable that almost all the followers of Pope,
‘ whom I have named, have produced beautiful and
‘ standard works, and it was not the number of his
‘ imitators who finally hurt his fame, but the despair
‘ of imitation, and the *ease* of *not* imitating him suffi-
‘ ciently. This, and the same reason which induced
‘ the Athenian burgher to vote for the banishment of
‘ Aristides, “ because he was tired of always hearing
‘ him called *the Just*,” have produced the temporary
‘ exile of Pope from the State of Literature. But the
‘ term of his ostracism will expire, and the sooner the

‘ better ; not for him, but for those who banished him,
 ‘ and for the coming generation, who

‘ Will blush to find their fathers were his foes.’

LETTER 396.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, 9bre 4, 1820.*

‘ I have received from Mr. Galignani the enclosed
 ‘ letters, duplicates and receipts, which will explain
 ‘ themselves*. As the poems are your property by
 ‘ purchase, right, and justice, *all matters of publication,*
 ‘ &c. &c. are for you to decide upon. I know not how
 ‘ far my compliance with Mr. Galignani’s request
 ‘ might be legal, and I doubt that it would not be
 ‘ honest. In case you choose to arrange with him, I
 ‘ enclose the permits to you, and in so doing I wash
 ‘ my hands of the business altogether. I sign them
 ‘ merely to enable you to exert the power you justly
 ‘ possess more properly. I will have nothing to do
 ‘ with it farther, except, in my answer to Mr. Galig-
 ‘ nani, to state that the letters, &c. &c. are sent to you,
 ‘ and the causes thereof.

‘ If you can check these foreign pirates, do ; if not,
 ‘ put the permissive papers in the fire. I can have no
 ‘ view nor object whatever, but to secure to you your
 ‘ property. Yours, &c.

‘ P.S. I have read part of the Quarterly just arrived :
 ‘ Mr. Bowles shall be answered :—he is not *quite* cor-
 ‘ rect in his statement about English Bards and Scotch
 ‘ Reviewers. They support Pope, I see, in the Quar-
 ‘ terly ; let them continue to do so : it is a sin, and a
 ‘ shame, and a *damnation* to think that *Pope ! !* should
 ‘ require it—but he does. Those miserable mounte-

* Mr. Galignani had applied to Lord Byron with the view of procuring from him such legal right over those works of his Lordship of which he had hitherto been the sole publisher in France, as would enable him to prevent others, in future, from usurping the same privilege.

'banks of the day, the poets, disgrace themselves and deny God in running down Pope, the most *faultless* of poets, and almost of men.'

LETTER 397.

TO MR. MOORE.

Ravenna, November 5th, 1920.

'Thanks for your letter, which hath come somewhat costively; but better late than never. Of it anon. Mr. Galignani, of the Press, hath, it seems, been sup- planted and sub-pirated by another Parisian pub- lisher, who has audaciously printed an edition of L. B.'s Works, at the ultra-liberal price of ten francs, and (as Galignani piteously observes) eight francs only for booksellers! "*horresco referens*." Think of a man's *whole* works producing so little!

'Galignani sends me, post haste, a permission *for him, from me*, to publish, &c. &c., which *permit* I have signed and sent to Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street. Will you explain to G. *that I* have no right to dispose of Murray's works without his leave? and therefore I must refer him to M. to get the permit out of his claws—no easy matter, I suspect. I have written to G. to say as much; but a word of mouth from a "great brother author" would convince him that I could not honestly have complied with his wish, though I might legally. What I could do, I have done, viz., signed the warrant and sent it to Murray. Let the dogs divide the carcass, if it is killed to their liking.

'I am glad of your epigram. It is odd that we should both let our wits run away with our senti- ments; for I am sure that we are both Queen's men at bottom. But there is no resisting a clinch—it is so clever! *Apropos* of that—we have a "diphthong".

' also in this part of the world—not a *Greek*, but a
' *Spanish* one—do you understand me?—which is
' about to blow up the whole alphabet. It was first
' pronounced at Naples, and is spreading; but we are
' nearer the Barbarians; who are in great force on the
' Po, and will pass it, with the first legitimate pretext.

' There will be the devil to pay, and there is no
' saying who will or who will not be set down in his
' bill. If "honour should come unlooked for" to any
' of your acquaintance, make a Melody of it, that his
' ghost, like poor Yorick's, may have the satisfaction
' of being plaintively pitied—or still more nobly com-
' memorated, like "Oh breathe not his name." In
' case you should not think him worth it, here is a
' Chant for you instead—

' When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,
' Let him combat for that of his neighbours;
' Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
' And get knock'd on the head for his labours.
' To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
' And is always as nobly required;
' Then battle for freedom wherever you can,
' And, if not shot or hang'd, you'll get knighted.

' So you have gotten the letter of "Epigrams"—I
' am glad of it. You will not be so, for I shall send
' you more. Here is one I wrote for the endorsement
' of "the Deed of Separation" in 1816; but the
' lawyers objected to it, as superfluous. It was written
' as we were getting up the signing and sealing. * *
' has the original.

' *Endorsement to the Deed of Separation, in the April of 1816.*

' A year ago you swore, fond she!
' "To love, to honour," and so forth:
' Such was the vow you pledged to me,
' And here's exactly what 'tis worth.

' For the anniversary of January 2, 1821, I have a

‘ small grateful anticipation, which, in case of accident, I add—

‘ *To Penelope, January 2d, 1821.*

‘ This day, of all our days, has done

‘ The worst for me and you:—

‘ ‘Tis just *six* years since we were *one*,

‘ And *five* since we were *two*.

‘ Pray excuse all this nonsense; for I must talk nonsense just now, for fear of wandering to more serious topics, which, in the present state of things, is not safe by a foreign post.

‘ I told you, in my last, that I had been going on with the “Memoirs,” and have got as far as twelve more sheets. But I suspect they will be interrupted. In that case I will send them on by post, though I feel remorse at making a friend pay so much for postage, for we can’t frank here beyond the frontier.

‘ I shall be glad to hear of the event of the Queen’s concern. As to the ultimate effect, the most inevitable one to you and me (if they and we live so long) will be that the Miss Moores and Miss Byrons will present us with a great variety of grand-children by different fathers.

‘ Pray, where did you get hold of Goethe’s Florentine husband-killing story? upon such matters, in general, I may say, with Beau Clincher, in reply to Errand’s wife—

‘ “ Oh the villain, he hath murdered my poor Timothy!

‘ “ *Clincher*. Damn your Timothy!—I tell you, woman, your husband has *murdered me*—he has carried away my fine jubilee clothes.”

‘ So Bowles has been telling a story, too, (‘tis in the Quarterly,) about the woods of “Madeira,” and so

‘ forth. I shall be at Bowles again, if he is not quiet.
 ‘ He misstates, or mistakes, in a point or two. The
 ‘ paper is finished, and so is the letter.

‘ Yours, &c.’

LETTER 398.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna 9bre 9^o, 1820.*

‘ The talent you approve of is an amiable one, and
 ‘ might prove a “national service,” but unfortunately
 ‘ I must be angry with a man before I draw his real
 ‘ portrait; and I can’t deal in “*generals*,” so that I
 ‘ trust never to have provocation enough to make a
 ‘ *Gallery*. If “*the parson*” had not by many little
 ‘ dirty sneaking traits provoked it, I should have been
 ‘ silent, though I *had observed* him. Here follows an
 ‘ alteration: put—

‘ Devil, with *such* delight in damning,

‘ That if at the resurrection

‘ Unto him the free election

‘ Of his future could be given,

‘ ‘Twould be rather Hell than Heaven;

‘ that is to say, if these two new lines do not too much
 ‘ lengthen out and weaken the amiability of the ori-
 ‘ ginal thought and expression. You have a discre-
 ‘ tionary power about showing. I should think that
 ‘ Croker would not disrelish a sight of these light
 ‘ little humorous things, and may be indulged now
 ‘ and then.

‘ Why, I do like one or two vices, to be sure; but
 ‘ I can back a horse and fire a pistol “without think-
 ‘ ing or blinking” like Major Sturgeon; I have fed at
 ‘ times for two months together on sheer biscuit and
 ‘ water (without metaphor); I can get over seventy
 ‘ or eighty miles a day *riding* post, and *swim five* at a

‘ stretch, as at Venice, in 1818, or at least I *could do*,
‘ and have done it *ONCE*.

‘ I know Henry Matthews ; he is the image, to the
‘ very voice, of his brother Charles, only darker—his
‘ laugh his in particular. The first time I ever met
‘ him was in Scrope Davies’s rooms after his brother’s
‘ death, and I nearly dropped, thinking that it was his
‘ ghost. I have also dined with him in his rooms at
‘ King’s College. Hobhouse once purposed a similar
‘ Memoir ; but I am afraid that the letters of Charles’s
‘ correspondence with me (which are at Whitton with
‘ my other papers) would hardly do for the public ;
‘ for our lives were not over strict, and our letters
‘ somewhat lax upon most subjects *.

‘ Last week I sent you a correspondence with Ga-
‘ lignani, and some documents on your property. You
‘ have now, I think, an opportunity of *checking*, or at
‘ least *limiting*, those *French republications*. You may
‘ let all your authors publish what they please *against*
‘ *me and mine*. A publisher is not, and cannot be,
‘ responsible for all the works that issue from his
‘ printer’s.

‘ The “ White Lady of Avenel ” is not quite so
‘ good as a *real well authenticated* (“ Donna Bianca”)
‘ White Lady of Colalto, or spectre in the Marca Tri-
‘ vigiana, who has been repeatedly seen. There is a
‘ man (a huntsman) now alive who saw her also.
‘ Hoppner could tell you all about her, and so can
‘ Rose, perhaps. I myself have *no doubt* of the fact,
‘ historical and spectral †. She always appeared on

* Here follow some details respecting his friend Charles S. Matthews, which have already been given in the first volume of this work.

† The ghost-story, in which he here professes such serious belief,

‘ particular occasions, before the deaths of the family, &c. &c. I heard Madame Benzoni say, that she knew a gentleman who had seen her cross his room at Colalto Castle. Hoppner saw and spoke with the huntsman who met her at the chase, and never *hunted* afterwards. She was a girl attendant, who, one day dressing the hair of a Countess Colalto, was seen by her mistress to smile upon her husband in the glass. The Countess had her shut up in the wall of the castle, like Constance de Beverley. Ever after, she haunted them and all the Colaltos. She is described as very beautiful and fair. It is well authenticated.’

LETTER 399.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, 9bre 18^o, 1820.*

‘ The death of Waite is a shock to the—teeth, as well as to the feelings of all who knew him. Good God, he and *Blake** both gone! I left them both in the most robust health, and little thought of the national loss in so short a time as five years. They were both as much superior to Wellington in rational greatness, as he who preserves the hair and the teeth is preferable to “the bloody blustering warrior” who gains a name by breaking heads and knocking out grinders. Who succeeds him? Where is tooth-powder, *mild*, and yet efficacious—where is *tincture*—where are clearing-roots and *brushes* now to be obtained? Pray obtain what information you can upon these “*Tusculan questions*.” My jaws ache to think on’t. Poor fellows! I anticipated seeing

forms the subject of one of Mr. Roger’s beautiful Italian sketches.—See ‘*Italy*,’ p. 43, edit. 1830.

* A celebrated hair-dresser.

‘ both again ; and yet they are gone to that place
‘ where both teeth and hair last longer than they do
‘ in this life. I have seen a thousand graves opened,
‘ and always perceived, that whatever was gone, the
‘ *teeth* and *hair* remained with those who had died
‘ with them. Is not this odd ? They go the very first
‘ things in *youth*, and yet last the longest in the dust,
‘ if people will but *die* to preserve them ! It is a queer
‘ life, and a queer death, that of mortals.

‘ I knew that Waite had married, but little thought
‘ that the other decease was so soon to overtake him.
‘ Then he was such a delight, such a coxcomb, such a
‘ jewel of a man ! There is a tailor at Bologna so like
‘ him ! and also at the top of his profession. Do not
‘ neglect this commission. *Who* or *what* can replace
‘ him ? What says the public ?

‘ I remand you the Preface. *Don't forget* that the
‘ Italian extract from the chronicle must *be translated*.
‘ With regard to what you say of retouching the Juans
‘ and the Hints, it is all very well ; but I can't *fur-*
‘ *bish*. I am like the tiger (in poesy), if I miss the
‘ first spring, I go growling back to my jungle.
‘ There is no second ; I can't correct ; I can't, and I
‘ won't. Nobody ever succeeds in it, great or small.
‘ Tasso remade the whole of his Jerusalem ; but who
‘ ever reads that version ? all the world goes to the
‘ first. Pope *added* to “ The Rape of the Lock,” but
‘ did not reduce it. You must take my things as they
‘ happen to be. If they are not likely to suit, reduce
‘ their *estimate* accordingly. I would rather give
‘ them away than hack and hew them. I don't say
‘ that you are not right ; I merely repeat that I
‘ cannot better them. I must “ either make a spoon
‘ or spoil a horn ;” and there's an end. ‘ Yours.

‘ P.S. Of the praises of that little * * * Keats, I shall observe as Johnson did when Sheridan the actor got a *pension*: ‘ What ! has *he* got a pension ? Then it is time that I should give up *mine* ! ’ No-body could be prouder of the praise of the Edinburgh than I was, or more alive to their censure, as I showed in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. At present, *all the men* they have ever praised are degraded by that insane article. Why don’t they review and praise “ Solomon’s Guide to Health ? ” it is better sense and as much poetry as Johnny Keats.

‘ Bowles must be *bowled* down. ’Tis a sad match at cricket if he can get any notches at Pope’s expense. If he once get into “ *Lord’s ground* ” (to continue the pun, because it is foolish), I think I could beat him in one innings. You did not know, perhaps, that I was once (*not metaphorically*, but *really*) a good cricketer, particularly in *batting*, and I played in the Harrow match against the Etonians in 1805, gaining more notches (as one of our chosen eleven) than any, except Lord Ipswich and Brookman on our side.’

LETTER 400.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, 9bre 23^o, 1820.*

‘ The “ Hints,” Hobhouse says, will require a good deal of slashing to suit the times, which will be a work of time, for I don’t feel at all laborious just now.’ Whatever effect they are to have would perhaps be greater in a separate form, and they also must have my name to them. Now, if you publish them in the same volume with Don Juan, they identify Don Juan as mine, which I don’t think worth a chancery suit about my daughter’s guardianship, as

‘ in your present code a facetious poem is sufficient
 ‘ to take away a man’s rights over his family.

‘ Of the state of things here it would be difficult
 ‘ and not very prudent to speak at large, the Huns
 ‘ opening all letters. I wonder if they can read them
 ‘ when they have opened them ; if so, they may see,
 ‘ in my MOST LEGIBLE HAND, THAT I THINK THEM
 ‘ DAMNED SCOUNDRELS AND BARBARIANS, and THEIR
 ‘ EMPEROR a FOOL, and themselves more fools than
 ‘ he ; all which they may send to Vienna for any
 ‘ thing I care. They have got themselves masters of
 ‘ the Papal police, and are bullying away ; but some
 ‘ day or other they will pay for all : it may not be
 ‘ very soon, because these unhappy Italians have no
 ‘ consistency among themselves ; but I suppose that
 ‘ Providence will get tired of them at last, * *

‘ Yours, &c.’

LETTER 401.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, Dec. 9th, 1820.*

‘ Besides this letter, you will receive *three* packets,
 ‘ containing, in all, 18 more sheets of Memoranda,
 ‘ which, I fear, will cost you more in postage than
 ‘ they will ever produce by being printed in the next
 ‘ century. Instead of waiting so long, if you could
 ‘ make any thing of them *now* in the way of *reversion*
 ‘ (that is, after *my* death), I should be very glad,—as,
 ‘ with all due regard to your progeny, I prefer you to
 ‘ your grand-children. Would not Longman or Mur-
 ‘ ray advance you a certain sum *now*, pledging them-
 ‘ selves *not* to have them published till after *my*
 ‘ decease, think you ?—and what say you ?

‘ Over these latter sheets I would leave you a dis-

‘cretionary power* ; because they contain, perhaps,
 ‘ a thing or two which is too sincere for the public.
 ‘ If I consent to your disposing of their reversion *now*,
 ‘ where would be the harm? Tastes may change.
 ‘ I would, in your case, make my essay to dispose of
 ‘ them, *not* publish, now ; and if *you* (as is most likely)
 ‘ survive me, add what you please from your own
 ‘ knowledge ; and, *above all*, *contradict* any thing, if I
 ‘ have *mis-stated* ; for my first object is the truth, even
 ‘ at my own expense.

‘ I have some knowledge of your countryman ;
 ‘ Muley Moloch, the lecturer. He wrote to me se-
 ‘ veral letters upon Christianity, to convert me ; and,
 ‘ if I had not been a Christian already, I should pro-
 ‘ bably have been now, in consequence. I thought
 ‘ there was something of wild talent in him, mixed
 ‘ with a due leaven of absurdity,—as there must be in
 ‘ all talent, let loose upon the world, without a mar-
 ‘ tingale.

‘ The ministers seem still to persecute the Queen
 ‘ * * * but they *won't* go out, the sons of b—es.
 ‘ Damn Reform—I want a place—what say you ?
 ‘ You must applaud the honesty of the declaration,
 ‘ whatever you may think of the intention.

‘ I have quantities of paper in England, original
 ‘ and translated—tragedy, &c. &c., and am now copy-
 ‘ ing out a Fifth Canto of Don Juan, 149 stanzas. So
 ‘ that there will be near *three thin* Albemarle, or *two*
 ‘ *thick* volumes of all sorts of my Muses. I mean to
 ‘ plunge thick, too, into the contest upon Pope, and to

* The power here meant is that of omitting passages that might be thought objectionable. He afterwards gave me this, as well as every other right, over the whole of the manuscript.

‘ lay about me like a dragon till I make manure of
‘ * * * for the top of Parnassus.

‘ These rogues are right—*we do* laugh at *t’others*—
‘ eh?—don’t we*? You shall see—you shall see
‘ what things I’ll say, an’ it pleases Providence to
‘ leave us leisure. But in these parts they are all
‘ going to war; and there is to be liberty, and a row,
‘ and a constitution—when they can get them. But
‘ I won’t talk politics—it is low. Let us talk of the
‘ Queen, and her bath, and her bottle—that’s the only
‘ *motley* nowadays.

‘ If there are any acquaintances of mine, salute
‘ them. The priests here are trying to persecute me,
‘ —but no matter. ‘ Yours, &c.’

LETTER 402.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, Dec. 9th, 1820.*

‘ I open my letter to tell you a fact, which will show
‘ the state of this country better than I can. The
‘ commandant of the troops is *now* lying *dead* in my
‘ house. He was shot at a little past eight o’clock,
‘ about two hundred paces from my door. I was
‘ putting on my great-coat to visit Madame la Con-
‘ tessa G. when I heard the shot. On coming into
‘ the hall, I found all my servants on the balcony, ex-
‘ claiming that a man was murdered. I immediately
‘ ran down, calling on Tita (the bravest of them) to
‘ follow me. The rest wanted to hinder us from go-
‘ ing, as it is the custom for every body here, it seems,
‘ to run away from “the stricken deer.”

* He here alludes to a humorous article, of which I had told him, in Blackwood’s Magazine, where the poets of the day were all grouped together in a variety of fantastic shapes, with ‘Lord Byron and little Moore laughing behind, as if they would split,’ at the rest of the fraternity.

‘ However, down we ran, and found him lying on
‘ his back, almost, if not quite, dead, with five wounds,
‘ one in the heart, two in the stomach, one in the
‘ finger, and the other in the arm. Some soldiers
‘ cocked their guns, and wanted to hinder me from
‘ passing. However, we passed, and I found Diego,
‘ the adjutant, crying over him like a child—a surgeon,
‘ who said nothing of his profession—a priest, sobbing
‘ a frightened prayer—and the commandant, all this
‘ time, on his back, on the hard, cold pavement, with-
‘ out light or assistance, or anything around him but
‘ confusion and dismay.

‘ As nobody could, or would, do anything but howl
‘ and pray, and as no one would stir a finger to move
‘ him, for fear of consequences, I lost my patience—
‘ made my servant and a couple of the mob take up
‘ the body—sent off two soldiers to the guard—de-
‘ spatched Diego to the Cardinal with the news, and
‘ had the commandant carried up stairs into my own
‘ quarter. But it was too late, he was gone—not at all
‘ disfigured—bled inwardly—not above an ounce or
‘ two came out.

‘ I had him partly stripped—made the surgeon exa-
‘ mine him, and examined him myself. He had been
‘ shot by cut balls, or slugs. I felt one of the slugs,
‘ which had gone through him, all but the skin. Every
‘ body conjectures why he was killed, but no one
‘ knows how. The gun was found close by him—an
‘ old gun, half filed down.

‘ He only said, “O Dio!” and “Gesù!” two or
‘ three times, and appeared to have suffered little.
‘ Poor fellow! he was a brave officer, but had made
‘ himself much disliked by the people. I knew him
‘ personally, and had met him often at conversazioni

‘ and elsewhere. My house is full of soldiers, dra-
 ‘ goons, doctors, priests, and all kinds of persons,—
 ‘ though I have now cleared it, and clapt sentinels at
 ‘ the doors. To-morrow the body is to be moved.
 ‘ The town is in the greatest confusion, as you may
 ‘ suppose.

‘ You are to know that, if I had not had the body
 ‘ moved, they would have left him there till morning
 ‘ in the street, for fear of consequences. I would not
 ‘ choose to let even a dog die in such a manner, with-
 ‘ out succour:—and, as for consequences, I care for
 ‘ none in a duty. ‘ Yours, &c.

‘ P.S. The lieutenant on duty by the body is smok-
 ‘ ing his pipe with great composure.—A queer people
 ‘ this.’

LETTER 403.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, Dec. 25th, 1820.*

‘ You will or ought to have received the packet and
 ‘ letters which I remitted to your address a fortnight
 ‘ ago (or it may be more days), and I shall be glad of
 ‘ an answer, as, in these times and places, packets
 ‘ per post are in some risk of not reaching their des-
 ‘ tination.

‘ I have been thinking of a project for you and me,
 ‘ in case we both get to London again, which (if a
 ‘ Neapolitan war don’t suscite) may be calculated as
 ‘ possible for one of us about the spring of 1821.
 ‘ I presume that you, too, will be back by that time,
 ‘ or never; but on that you will give me some index.
 ‘ The project, then, is for you and me to set up jointly
 ‘ a *newspaper*—nothing more nor less—weekly, or so,
 ‘ with some improvement or modifications upon the
 ‘ plan of the present scoundrels, who degrade that de-

‘partment,—but a *newspaper*, which we will edit in
‘due form and, nevertheless, with some attention.

‘There must always be in it a piece of poesy from
‘one or other of us *two*, leaving room, however, for
‘such dilettanti rhymers as may be deemed worthy of
‘appearing in the same column; but *this* must be a
‘*sine quâ non*; and also as much prose as we can
‘compass. We will take an *office*—our names *not*
‘announced, but suspected—and, by the blessing of
‘Providence, give the age some new lights upon po-
‘licy, poesy, biography, criticism, morality, theology,
‘and all other *ism, ality, and ology* whatsoever.

‘Why, man, if we were to take to this in good
‘earnest, your debts would be paid off in a twelve-
‘month, and by dint of a little diligence and practice,
‘I doubt not that we could distance the common-place
‘blackguards, who have so long disgraced common
‘sense and the common reader. They have no merit but
‘practice and impudence, both of which we may ac-
‘quire; and, as for talent and culture, the devil’s in’t
‘if such proofs as we have given of both can’t furnish
‘out something better than the “funeral baked meats”
‘which have coldly set forth the breakfast table of all
‘Great Britain for so many years. Now, what think
‘you? Let me know; and recollect that, if we take
‘to such an enterprise, we must do so in good earnest.
‘Here is a hint,—do you make it a plan. We will
‘modify it into as literary and classical a concern as
‘you please, only let us put out our powers upon it,
‘and it will most likely succeed. But you must *live*
‘in London, and I also, to bring it to bear, and *we*
‘*must keep it a secret*.

‘As for the living in London, I would make that
‘not difficult to you (if you would allow me), until we

‘ could see whether one means or other (the success
‘ of the plan, for instance) would not make it quite
‘ easy for you, as well as your family ; and, in any
‘ case, we should have some fun, composing, correct-
‘ ing, supposing, inspecting, and supping together
‘ over our lucubrations. If you think this worth a
‘ thought, let me know, and I will begin to lay in a
‘ small literary capital of composition for the occasion.

‘ Yours ever affectionately.

‘ B.

‘ P.S. If you thought of a middle plan between a
‘ *Spectator* and a newspaper, why not ?—only not on a
‘ *Sunday*. Not that Sunday is not an excellent day,
‘ but it is engaged already. We will call it the
‘ “Tenda Rossa,” the name Tassoni gave an answer
‘ of his in a controversy, in allusion to the delicate
‘ hint of Timour the lame, to his enemies, by a
‘ “Tenda” of that colour, before he gave battle. Or
‘ we will call it “Gli,” or “I Carbonari,” if it so
‘ please you—or any other name full of “pastime and
‘ prodigality,” which you may prefer. Let me have
‘ an answer. I conclude poetically, with the bellman,
‘ “A merry Christmas to you !”’

The year 1820 was an era signalized, as will be remembered, by the many efforts of the revolutionary spirit which, at that time, broke forth, like ill-suppressed fire, throughout the greater part of the South of Europe. In Italy, Naples had already raised the Constitutional standard, and her example was fast operating through the whole of that country. Throughout Romagna, secret societies, under the name of Carbonari, had been organized, which waited but the word of their chiefs to break out into open insurrection.

We have seen from Lord Byron's Journal in 1814, what intense interest he took in the last struggles of Revolutionary France under Napoleon; and his exclamations, 'Oh for a Republic!—"Brutus, thou sleepest!"' show the lengths to which, in theory at least, his political zeal extended. Since then, he had but rarely turned his thoughts to politics; the tame, ordinary vicissitude of public affairs having but little in it to stimulate a mind like his, whose sympathies nothing short of a crisis seemed worthy to interest. This the present state of Italy gave every promise of affording him; and, in addition to the great national cause itself, in which there was every thing that a lover of liberty, warm from the pages of Petrarch and Dante, could desire, he had also private ties and regards to enlist him socially in the contest. The brother of Madame Guiccioli, Count Pietro Gamba, who had been passing some time at Rome and Naples, was now returned from his tour; and the friendly sentiments with which, notwithstanding a natural bias previously in the contrary direction, he at length learned to regard the noble lover of his sister, cannot better be described than in the words of his fair relative herself.

'At this time,' says Madame Guiccioli, 'my beloved brother, Pietro, returned to Ravenna from Rome and Naples. He had been prejudiced by some enemies of Lord Byron against his character, and my intimacy with him afflicted him greatly; nor had my letters succeeded in entirely destroying the evil impression which Lord Byron's detractors had produced. No sooner, however, had he seen and known him, than he became inspired with an interest in his favour, such as could not have been produced by mere exterior qualities, but was the result only of

‘ that union he saw in him of all that is most great
 ‘ and beautiful, as well in the heart as mind of man.
 ‘ From that moment every former prejudice vanished,
 ‘ and the conformity of their opinions and studies con-
 ‘ tributed to unite them in a friendship, which only
 ‘ ended with their lives *.’

The young Gamba, who was, at this time, but twenty years of age, with a heart full of all those dreams of the regeneration of Italy, which not only the example of Naples, but the spirit working beneath the surface all around him, inspired, had, together with his father, who was still in the prime of life, become inrolled in the secret bands now organizing throughout Romagna, and Lord Byron was, by their intervention, admitted also among the brotherhood. The following heroic Address to the Neapolitan Government (written by the noble poet in Italian †, and forwarded, it is thought, by himself to Naples, but intercepted on the way) will show how deep, how earnest, and expansive was his zeal in that great, general cause of Political Freedom, for which he soon after laid down his life among the marshes of Missolonghi.

* ‘ In quest’ epoca venne a Ravenna di ritorno da Roma e Napoli il mio diletto fratello Pietro. Egli era stato prevenuto da dei nemici di Lord Byron contro il di lui carattere ; molto lo affliggeva la mia intimità con lui, e le mie lettere non avevano riuscito a bene distruggere la cattiva impressione ricevuta dei detrattori di Lord Byron. Ma appena lo vidde e lo conobbe egli pure ricevesse quella impressione che non può essere prodotta da dei pregi esteriori, ma solamente dall’unione di tuttociò che vi è di più bello e di più grande nel cuore e nella mente dell’ uomo. Svani ogni sua anteriore prevenzione contro di Lord Byron, e la conformità della loro idee e dei studii loro contribuì a stringerli in quella amicizia che non doveva avere fine che colla loro vita.’

† A draft of this Address, in his own handwriting, was found among his papers. He is supposed to have intrusted it to a professed agent of the Constitutional Government of Naples, who had waited upon him secretly at Ravenna, and, under the pretence of having been waylaid and robbed, induced his lordship to supply him with money for his return. This man turned out afterwards to have been a spy, and the above paper, if confided to him, fell most probably into the hands of the Pontifical Government.

‘ An Englishman, a friend to liberty, having understood that the Neapolitans permit even foreigners to contribute to the good cause, is desirous that they should do him the honour of accepting a thousand louis, which he takes the liberty of offering. Having already, not long since, been an ocular witness of the despotism of the Barbarians in the States occupied by them in Italy, he sees, with the enthusiasm natural to a cultivated man, the generous determination of the Neapolitans to assert their well-won independence. As a member of the English House of Peers, he would be a traitor to the principles which placed the reigning family of England on the throne, if he were not grateful for the noble lesson so lately given both to people and to kings. The offer which he desires to make is small in itself, as must always be that presented from an individual to a nation; but he trusts that it will not be the last they will receive from his countrymen. His distance from the frontier, and the feeling of his personal incapacity to contribute efficaciously to the service of the nation, prevents him from proposing himself as worthy of the lowest commission, for which experience and talent might be requisite. But if, as a mere volunteer, his presence were not a burden to whomsoever he might serve under, he would repair to whatever place the Neapolitan Government might point out, there to obey the orders and participate in the dangers of his commanding officer, without any other motive than that of sharing the destiny of a brave nation, defending itself against the self-called Holy Alliance, which but combines the vice of hypocrisy with despotism*.’

* ‘ Un Inglese amico della libertà avendo sentito che i Napolitani per-

It was during the agitation of this crisis, while surrounded by rumours and alarms, and expecting, every moment, to be summoned into the field, that Lord Byron commenced the Journal which I am now about to give; and which it is impossible to peruse, with the recollection of his former Diary of 1814 in our minds, without reflecting how wholly different, in all the circumstances connected with them, were the two periods at which these records of his passing thoughts were traced. The first he wrote at a time which may be considered, to use his own words, as 'the most poetical part of his whole life,'—not certainly, in what regarded the powers of his genius, to which every succeeding year added new force and range, but in all that may be said to constitute the poetry of character,—those fresh, unworldly feelings, of which, in spite of his early plunge into experience, he still retained the gloss, and that ennobling light of imagination, which, with all his professed scorn of mankind, still followed in the track of his affections,

'mettono anche agli stranieri di contribuire alla buona causa, bramerebbe l'onore di vedere accettata la sua offerta di mille luigi, la quale egli azzarda di fare. Già testimonio oculare non molto fa della tirannia dei Barbari negli stati da loro occupati nell'Italia, egli vede con tutto l'entusiasmo di un uomo ben nato la generosa determinazione dei Napolitani per confermare la loro bene acquistata indipendenza. Membro della Camera dei Pari della nazione Inglese egli sarebbe un traditore ai principii che hanno posto sul trono la famiglia regnante d'Inghilterra se non riconoscesse la bella lezione di bel nuovo data ai popoli ed ai Re. L'offerta che egli brama di presentare è poca in se stessa, come bisogna chesia sempre quella di un individuo ad una nazione, ma egli spera che non sarà l'ultima dalla parte dei suoi compatriotti. La sua lontananza dalle frontiere, e il sentimento della sua poca capacità personale di contribuire efficacemente a servire la nazione gl'impedisce di proporsi come degno della più piccola commissione che domanda dell'esperienza e del talento. Ma, se come semplice volontario la sua presenza non fosse un incomodo a quello che l'accettasse egli riparebbe a qualunque luogo indicato dal Governo Napolitano, per ubbidire agli ordini e partecipare ai pericoli del suo superiore, senza avere altri motivi che quello di dividere il destino di una brava nazione resistendo alla se dicente Santa Alleanza la quale agguinge l'ippocrisia al despotismo.'

giving a lustre to every object on which they rested. There was, indeed, in his misanthropy, as in his sorrows, at that period, to the full as much of fancy as of reality; and even those gallantries and loves in which he at the same time entangled himself partook equally, as I have endeavoured to show, of the same imaginative character. Though brought early under the dominion of the senses, he had been also early rescued from this thralldom by, in the first place, the satiety such excesses never fail to produce, and, at no long interval after, by this series of half-fanciful attachments which, though in their moral consequences to society, perhaps, still more mischievous, had the varnish at least of refinement on the surface, and by the novelty and apparent difficulty that invested them served to keep alive that illusion of imagination from which such pursuits derive their sole redeeming charm.

With such a mixture, or rather predominance, of the ideal in his loves, his hates, and his sorrows, the state of his existence at that period, animated as it was, and kept buoyant, by such a flow of success, must be acknowledged, even with every deduction for the unpicturesque associations of a London life, to have been, in a high degree, poetical, and to have worn round it altogether a sort of halo of romance, which the events that followed were but too much calculated to dissipate. By his marriage, and its results, he was again brought back to some of those bitter realities of which his youth had had a foretaste. Pecuniary embarrassment,—that ordeal, of all others, the most trying to delicacy and high-mindedness—now beset him with all the indignities that usually follow in its train; and he was thus rudely schooled

into the advantages of *possessing* money, when he had hitherto thought but of the generous pleasure of *dispensing* it. No stronger proof, indeed, is wanting of the effect of such difficulties in tempering down even the most chivalrous pride, than the necessity to which he found himself reduced in 1816, not only of departing from his resolution never to profit by the sale of his works, but of accepting a sum of money, for copyright, from his publisher, which he had for some time persisted in refusing for himself, and, in the full sincerity of his generous heart, had destined for others.

The injustice and malice to which he soon after became a victim had an equally fatal effect in disenchanting the dream of his existence. Those imaginary, or at least, retrospective sorrows, in which he had once loved to indulge, and whose tendency it was, through the medium of his fancy, to soften and refine his heart, were now exchanged for a host of actual, ignoble vexations, which it was even more humiliating than painful to encounter. His misanthropy, instead of being, as heretofore, a vague and abstract feeling, without any object to light upon, and losing therefore its acrimony in diffusion, was now, by the hostility he came in contact with, condensed into individual enmities, and narrowed into personal resentments; and from the lofty, and as it appeared to himself, philosophical luxury of hating mankind in the gross, he was now brought down to the self-humbling necessity of despising them in detail.

By all these influences, so fatal to enthusiasm of character, and forming, most of them, indeed, a part of the ordinary process by which hearts become chilled and hardened in the world, it was impossible

but that some material change must have been effected in a disposition at once so susceptible and tenacious of impressions. By compelling him to concentrate himself in his own resources and energies, as the only stand now left against the world's injustice, his enemies but succeeded in giving to the principle of self-dependence within him a new force and spring which, however it added to the vigour of his character, could not fail, by bringing Self so much into action, to impair a little its amiableness. Among the changes in his disposition, attributable mainly to this source, may be mentioned that diminished deference to the opinions and feelings of others which, after this compulsory rally of all his powers of resistance, he exhibited. Some portion, no doubt, of this refractoriness may be accounted for by his absence from all those whose slightest word or look would have done more with him than whole volumes of correspondence; but by no cause less powerful and revulsive than the struggle in which he had been committed could a disposition naturally diffident as his was, and diffident even through all this excitement, have been driven into the assumption of a tone so universally defying, and so full, if not of pride in his own pre-eminent powers, of such a contempt for some of the ablest among his contemporaries, as almost implied it. It was, in fact, as has been more than once remarked in these pages, a similar stirring up of all the best and worst elements of his nature, to that which a like rebound against injustice had produced in his youth;—though with a difference, in point of force and grandeur, between the two explosions, almost as great as between the out-breaks of a firework and a volcano.

Another consequence of the spirit of defiance now

roused in him, and one that tended, perhaps, even more fatally than any yet mentioned, to sully and, for a time, bring down to earth the romance of his character, was the course of life to which, outrunning even the licence of his youth, he abandoned himself at Venice. From this, as from his earlier excesses, the timely warning of disgust soon rescued him; and the connexion with Madame Guiccioli which followed, and which, however much to be reprehended, had in it all of marriage that his real marriage wanted, seemed to place, at length, within reach of his affectionate spirit that union and sympathy for which, through life, it had thirsted. But the treasure came too late;—the pure poetry of the feeling had vanished; and those tears he shed so passionately in the garden at Bologna flowed less, perhaps, from the love which he felt at that moment, than from the saddening consciousness how differently he could have felt formerly. It was, indeed, wholly beyond the power, even of an imagination like his, to go on investing with its own ideal glories a sentiment which,—more from daring and vanity than from any other impulse,—he had taken such pains to tarnish and debase in his own eyes. Accordingly, instead of being able, as once, to elevate and embellish all that interested him, to make an idol of every passing creature of his fancy, and mistake the form of love, which he so often conjured up, for its substance, he now degenerated into the wholly opposite and perverse error of depreciating and making light of what, intrinsically, he valued, and, as the reader has seen, throwing slight and mockery upon a tie in which it was evident some of the best feelings of his nature were wrapped up. That foe to all enthusiasm and romance, the habit of

ridicule, had, in proportion as he exchanged the illusions for the realities of life, gained further empire over him ; and how far it had, at this time, encroached upon the loftier and fairer regions of his mind may be seen in the pages of *Don Juan*,—that diversified arena, on which the two *Genii*, good and evil, that governed his thoughts, hold, with alternate triumph, their ever powerful combat.

Even this, too, this vein of mockery,—in the excess to which, at last, he carried it,—was but another result of the shock his proud mind had received from those events that had cast him off, branded and heart-stricken, from country and from home. As he himself touchingly says,

‘ And if I laugh at any mortal thing,

‘ ’Tis that I may not weep.’

This laughter,—which, in such temperaments, is the near neighbour of tears,—served as a diversion to him from more painful vents of bitterness ; and the same philosophical calculation which made the poet of melancholy, Young, declare that ‘ he preferred laughing at the world to being angry with it,’ led Lord Byron also to settle upon the same conclusion ; and to feel, in the misanthropic views he was inclined to take of mankind, that mirth often saved him the pain of hate.

That, with so many drawbacks upon all generous effusions of sentiment, he should still have preserved so much of his native tenderness and ardour as is conspicuous, through all disguises, in his unquestionable love for *Madame Guiccioli*, and in the still more undoubted zeal with which he now entered, heart and soul, into the great cause of human freedom, where-soever or by whomsoever asserted*,—only shows

* Among his ‘ *Detached Thoughts*’ I find this general passion for

how rich must have been the original stores of sensibility and enthusiasm which even a career such as his could so little chill or exhaust. Most consoling, too, is it to reflect that the few latter years of his life should have been thus visited with a return of that poetic lustre, which, though it never had ceased to surround the bard, had but too much faded away from the character of the man; and that while Love,—reprehensible as it was, but still Love,—had the credit of rescuing him from the only errors that disgraced his maturer years, for Liberty was reserved the proud, but mournful triumph of calling the last stage of his glorious course her own, and lighting him, amidst the sympathies of the world, to his grave.

Having endeavoured, in this comparison between his present and former self, to account, by what I consider to be their true causes, for the new phenomena which his character, at this period, exhibited, I shall now lay before the reader the Journal by which these remarks were more immediately suggested, and from which I fear they will be thought to have too long detained him.

liberty thus strikingly expressed. After saying, in reference to his own choice of Venice as a place of residence, 'I remembered General Ludlow's domal inscription, "Omne solum forti patria," and sat down free in a country which had been one of slavery for centuries,' he adds, 'But there is *no* freedom, even for *masters*, in the midst of slaves. It makes my blood boil to see the thing. I sometimes wish that I was the owner of Africa, to do at once what Wilberforce will do in time, viz., sweep slavery from her deserts, and look on upon the first dance of their freedom.'

'As to political slavery, so general, it is men's own fault: if they *will* be slaves, let them! Yet it is but "a word and a blow." See how England formerly, France, Spain, Portugal, America, Switzerland, freed themselves! There is no one instance of a long contest in which *men* did not triumph over systems. If Tyranny misses her *first* spring, she is cowardly as the tiger, and retires to be hunted.'

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY OF LORD BYRON, 1821.

‘Ravenna, January 4th, 1821.

‘ “A sudden thought strikes me.” Let me begin a
‘ Journal once more. The last I kept was in Switzer-
‘ land, in record of a tour made in the Bernese Alps,
‘ which I made to send to my sister in 1816, and I
‘ suppose that she has it still, for she wrote to me that
‘ she was pleased with it. Another, and longer, I kept
‘ in 1813–1814, which I gave to Thomas Moore in
‘ the same year.

‘ This morning I gat me up late, as usual—weather
‘ bad—bad as England—worse. The snow of last week
‘ melting to the sirocco of to-day, so that there were
‘ two d—d things at once. Could not even get to ride
‘ on horseback in the forest. Stayed at home all the
‘ morning—looked at the fire—wondered when the
‘ post would come. Post came at the Ave Maria,
‘ instead of half-past one o’clock, as it ought. Galig-
‘ nani’s Messengers, six in number—a letter from
‘ Faenza, but none from England. Very sulky in con-
‘ sequence (for there ought to have been letters), and
‘ ate in consequence a copious dinner; for when I am
‘ vexed, it makes me swallow quicker—but drank very
‘ little.

‘ I was out of spirits—read the papers—thought
‘ what *fame* was, on reading, in a case of murder, that
‘ “Mr. Wych, grocer, at Tunbridge, sold some bacon,
‘ flour, cheese, and, it is believed, some plums, to
‘ some gipsy woman accused. He had on his counter
‘ (I quote faithfully) a *book*, the Life of *Pamela*, which
‘ he was *tearing* for *waste* paper, &c. &c. In the
‘ cheese was found, &c., and a *leaf* of *Pamela* *wrapt*
‘ *round the bacon*.” What would Richardson, the
‘ vainest and luckiest of *living* authors (i. e., while

‘ alive)—he who, with Aaron Hill, used to prophesy
‘ and chuckle over the presumed fall of Fielding (the
‘ *prose* Homer of human nature) and of Pope (the most
‘ beautiful of poets)—what would he have said, could
‘ he have traced his pages from their place on the
‘ French prince’s toilets (see Boswell’s Johnson) to
‘ the grocer’s counter and the gipsy-murderess’s
‘ bacon!!!

‘ What would he have said? what can anybody
‘ say, save what Solomon said long before us? After
‘ all, it is but passing from one counter to another,
‘ from the bookseller’s to the other tradesman’s—
‘ grocer or pastry-cook. For my part, I have met with
‘ most poetry upon trunks; so that I am apt to con-
‘ sider the trunk-maker as the sexton of authorship.

‘ Wrote five letters in about half an hour, short and
‘ savage, to all my rascally correspondents. Carriage
‘ came. Heard the news of three murders at Faenza
‘ and Forli—a carabinier, a smuggler, and an attorney
‘ —all last night. The two first in a quarrel, the latter
‘ by premeditation.

‘ Three weeks ago—almost a month—the 7th it was
‘ —I picked up the commandant, mortally wounded,
‘ out of the street; he died in my house; assassins
‘ unknown, but presumed political. His brethren
‘ wrote from Rome last night to thank me for having
‘ assisted him in his last moments. Poor fellow! it
‘ was a pity; he was a good soldier, but imprudent.
‘ It was eight in the evening when they killed him.
‘ We heard the shot; my servants and I ran out, and
‘ found him expiring, with five wounds, two whereof
‘ mortal—by slugs they seemed. I examined him, but
‘ did not go to the dissection next morning.

‘ Carriage at 8 or so—went to visit La Contessa

' G.—found her playing on the piano-forte—talked till
' ten, when the Count, her father, and the no less
' Count, her brother, came in from the theatre. Play,
' they said, Alfieri's Filippo—well received.

' Two days ago the King of Naples passed through
' Bologna on his way to congress. My servant Luigi
' brought the news. I had sent him to Bologna for a
' lamp. How will it end? Time will show.

' Came home at eleven, or rather before. If the
' road and weather are comfortable, mean to ride to-
' morrow. High time—almost a week at this work—
' snow, sirocco, one day—frost and snow the other—
' sad climate for Italy. But the two seasons, last and
' present, are extraordinary. Read a Life of Leonardo
' da Vinci by Rossi—ruminated—wrote this much,
' and will go to bed.

' January 5th, 1821.

' Rose late—dull and drooping—the weather drip-
' ping and dense. Snow on the ground, and sirocco
' above in the sky, like yesterday. Roads up to the
' horse's belly, so that riding (at least for pleasure) is
' not very feasible. Added a postscript to my letter
' to Murray. Read the conclusion, for the fiftieth
' time (I have read all W. Scott's novels at least fifty
' times) of the third series of "Tales of my Landlord,"
' —grand work—Scotch Fielding, as well as great
' English poet—wonderful man! I long to get drunk
' with him.

' Dined versus six o' the clock. Forgot that there was
' a plum-pudding (I have added, lately, *eating* to my
' "family of vices"), and had dined before I knew it.
' Drank half a bottle of some sort of spirits—probably
' spirits of wine; for what they call brandy; rum, &c.
' &c. here is nothing but spirits of wine, coloured

‘ accordingly. Did *not* eat two apples, which were
‘ placed, by way of dessert. Fed the two cats, the
‘ hawk, and the tame (but *not tamed*) crow. Read
‘ Mitford’s History of Greece—Xenophon’s Retreat of
‘ the Ten Thousand. Up to this present moment
‘ writing, 6 minutes before eight o’ the clock—French
‘ hours, not Italian.

‘ Hear the carriage—order pistols and great-coat,
‘ as usual—necessary articles. Weather cold—car-
‘ riage open, and inhabitants somewhat savage—rather
‘ treacherous and highly inflamed by politics. Fine
‘ fellows, though, good materials for a nation. Out
‘ of chaos God made a world, and out of high passions
‘ comes a people.

‘ Clock strikes—going out to make love. Some-
‘ what perilous, but not disagreeable. Memorandum
‘ —a new screen put up to-day. It is rather antique,
‘ but will do with a little repair.

‘ Thaw continues—hopeful that riding may be prac-
‘ ticable to-morrow. Sent the papers to All’—grand
‘ events coming.

‘ 11 o’ the clock and nine minutes. Visited La Con-
‘ tessa G. Nata G. G. Found her beginning my letter
‘ of answer to the thanks of Alessio del Pinto of Rome
‘ for assisting his brother the late Commandant in his
‘ last moments, as I had begged her to pen my reply
‘ for the purer Italian, I being an ultra-montane, little
‘ skilled in the set phrase of Tuscany. Cut short the
‘ letter—finish it another day. Talked of Italy, pa-
‘ triotism, Alfieri, Madame Albany, and other branches
‘ of learning. Also Sallust’s Conspiracy of Catiline,
‘ and the War of Jugurtha. At 9 came in her brother,
‘ Il Conte Pietro—at 10, her father, Conte Ruggiero.

‘ Talked of various modes of warfare—of the Hun-

‘ garian and Highland modes of broad-sword exercise;
‘ in both whereof I was once a moderate “master of
‘ fence.” Settled that the R. will break out on the
‘ 7th or 8th of March, in which appointment I should
‘ trust, had it not been settled that it was to have
‘ broken out in October, 1820. But those Bolognese
‘ shirked the Romagnuoles.

‘ “It is all one to Ranger.” One must not be par-
‘ ticular, but take rebellion when it lies in the way.
‘ Come home—read the “Ten Thousand” again, and
‘ will go to bed.

‘ Mem.—Ordered Fletcher (at four o’clock this
‘ afternoon) to copy out seven or eight apophthegms of
‘ Bacon, in which I have detected such blunders as a
‘ school-boy might detect rather than commit. Such
‘ are the sages! What must they be, when such as
‘ I can stumble on their mistakes or misstatements?
‘ I will go to bed, for I find that I grow cynical.

‘ *January 6th, 1821.*

‘ Mist—thaw—slop—rain. No stirring out on
‘ horseback. Read Spence’s Anecdotes. Pope a fine
‘ fellow—always thought him so. Corrected blunders
‘ in *nine* apophthegms of Bacon—all historical—and
‘ read Mitford’s Greece. Wrote an epigram. Turned
‘ to a passage in Guinguené—ditto in Lord Holland’s
‘ Lope de Vega. Wrote a note on Don Juan.

‘ At eight went out to visit. Heard a little music—
‘ like music. Talked with Count Pietro G. of the
‘ Italian comedian Vestris, who is now at Rome—have
‘ seen him often act in Venice—a good actor—very.
‘ Somewhat of a mannerist; but excellent in broad
‘ comedy, as well as in the sentimental pathetic. He
‘ has made me frequently laugh and cry, neither of

‘ which is now a very easy matter—at least, for a
‘ player to produce in me.

‘ Thought of the state of women under the ancient
‘ Greeks—convenient enough. Present state a rem-
‘ nant of the barbarism of the chivalry and feudal ages
‘ —artificial and unnatural. They ought to mind
‘ home—and be well fed and clothed—but not mixed
‘ in society. Well educated, too, in religion—but to
‘ read neither poetry nor politics—nothing but books
‘ of piety and cookery. Music—drawing—dancing—
‘ also a little gardening and ploughing now and then.
‘ I have seen them mending the roads in Epirus with
‘ good success. Why not, as well as hay-making and
‘ milking?

‘ Came home, and read Mitford again, and played
‘ with my mastiff—gave him his supper. Made an-
‘ other reading to the epigram, but the turn the same.
‘ To-night at the theatre, there being a prince on his
‘ throne in the last scene of the comedy,—the au-
‘ dience laughed, and asked him for a *Constitution*.
‘ This shows the state of the public mind here, as well
‘ as the assassinations. It won’t do. There must be
‘ an universal republic,—and there ought to be.

‘ The crow is lame of a leg—wonder how it hap-
‘ pened—some fool trod upon his toe, I suppose. The
‘ falcon pretty brisk—the cats large and noisy—the
‘ monkeys I have not looked to since the cold weather,
‘ as they suffer by being brought up. Horses must be
‘ gay—get a ride as soon as weather serves. Deuced
‘ muggy still—an Italian winter is a sad thing, but all
‘ the other seasons are charming.

‘ What is the reason that I have been, all my life-
‘ time, more or less *ennuyé*? and that, if anything, I
‘ am rather less so now than I was at twenty, as far as

' my recollection serves? I do not know how to
' answer this, but presume that it is constitutional,—
' as well as the waking in low spirits, which I have
' invariably done for many years. Temperance and
' exercise, which I have practised at times, and for a
' long time together vigorously and violently, made
' little or no difference. Violent passions did ;—when
' under their immediate influence—it is odd, but—I
' was in agitated, but *not* in depressed spirits.

' A dose of salts has the effect of a temporary inebriation, like light champagne, upon me. But wine and spirits make me sullen and savage to ferocity—silent, however, and retiring, and not quarrelsome, if not spoken to. Swimming also raises my spirits,—but in general they are low, and get daily lower. That is *hopeless* ; for I do not think I am so much *ennuyé* as I was at nineteen. The proof is, that then I must game, or drink, or be in motion of some kind, or I was miserable. At present, I can mope in quietness ; and like being alone better than any company—except the lady's whom I serve. But I feel a something, which makes me think that, if I ever reach near to old age, like Swift, "I shall die at top" first. Only I do not dread idiotism or madness so much as he did. On the contrary, I think some quieter stages of both must be preferable to much of what men think the possession of their senses.

' *January 7th, 1821, Sunday.*

' Still rain—mist—snow—drizzle—and all the incalculable combinations of a climate where heat and cold struggle for mastery. Read Spence, and turned over Roscoe, to find a passage I have not found. Read the 4th vol. of W. Scott's second series of

‘ “Tales of My Landlord.” Dined. Read the Lugo-
‘ gano Gazette. Read—I forget what. At eight
‘ went to conversazione. Found there the Countess
‘ Geltrude, Betti V. and her husband, and others.
‘ Pretty black-eyed woman that—*only* twenty-two—
‘ same age as Teresa, who is prettier, though.

‘ The Count Pietro G. took me aside to say that the
‘ Patriots have had notice from Forli (twenty miles
‘ off) that to-night the government and its party mean
‘ to strike a stroke—that the Cardinal here has had
‘ orders to make several arrests immediately, and that,
‘ in consequence, the Liberals are arming, and have
‘ posted patrols in the streets, to sound the alarm and
‘ give notice to fight for it.

‘ He asked me “what should be done?” I an-
‘ swered “fight for it, rather than be taken in detail;”
‘ and offered, if any of them are in immediate appre-
‘ hension of arrest, to receive them in my house (which
‘ is defensible), and to defend them, with my servants
‘ and themselves (we have arms and ammunition), as
‘ long as we can,—or to try to get them away under
‘ cloud of night. On going home, I offered him the
‘ pistols which I had about me—but he refused, but
‘ said he would come off to me in case of accidents.

‘ It wants half an hour of midnight, and rains;—as
‘ Gibbet says, “a fine night for their enterprise—dark
‘ as hell, and blows like the devil.” If the row don’t
‘ happen *now*, it must soon. I thought that their
‘ system of shooting people would soon produce a
‘ reaction—and now it seems coming. I will do what
‘ I can in the way of combat, though a little out of
‘ exercise. The cause is a good one.

‘ Turned over and over half a score of books for the
‘ passage in question, and can’t find it. Expect to

‘ hear the drum and the musquetry momentarily (for they
‘ swear to resist, and are right)—but I hear nothing,
‘ as yet, save the plash of the rain and the gusts
‘ of the wind at intervals. Don’t like to go to bed,
‘ because I hate to be waked, and would rather sit up
‘ for the row, if there is to be one.

‘ Mended the fire—have got the arms—and a book
‘ or two, which I shall turn over. I know little of
‘ their numbers, but think the Carbonari strong enough
‘ to beat the troops, even here. With twenty men
‘ this house might be defended for twenty-four hours
‘ against any force to be brought against it, *now* in
‘ this place, for the same time; and, in such a time,
‘ the country would have notice, and would rise,—if
‘ ever they *will* rise, of which there is some doubt.
‘ In the mean time, I may as well read as do anything
‘ else, being alone.

‘ *January 8th, 1821, Monday.*

‘ Rose, and found Count P. G. in my apartments.
‘ Sent away the servant. Told me that, according to
‘ the best information, the Government had not issued
‘ orders for the arrests apprehended; that the attack
‘ in Forli had not taken place (as expected) by the
‘ Sanfedisti—the opponents of the Carbonari or Libe-
‘ rals—and that, as yet, they are still in apprehension
‘ only. Asked me for some arms of a better sort,
‘ which I gave him. Settled that, in case of a row,
‘ the Liberals were to assemble *here* (with me), and
‘ that he had given the word to Vincenzo G. and
‘ others of the *Chiefs* for that purpose. He himself
‘ and father are going to the chase in the forest; but
‘ V. G. is to come to me, and an express to be sent off

‘ to him, P. G., if anything occurs. . Concerted operations. They are to seize—but no matter.

‘ I advised them to attack in detail, and in different parties, in different *places* (though at the *same* time), so as to divide the attention of the troops, who, though few, yet being disciplined, would beat any body of people (not trained) in a regular fight—unless dispersed in small parties, and distracted with different assaults. Offered to let them assemble here, if they choose. It is a strongish post—narrow street, commanded from within—and tenable walls.

‘ Dined. Tried on a new coat. Letter to Murray, with corrections of Bacon’s Apophthegms and an epigram—the *latter not* for publication. At eight went to Teresa, Countess G. At nine and a half came in Il Conte P. and Count P. G. Talked of a certain proclamation lately issued. Count R. G. had been with * * (the * *) to sound him about the arrests. He, * *, is a *trimmer*, and deals, at present, his cards with both hands. If he don’t mind, they’ll be full. * * pretends (*I doubt him—they don’t,—we shall see*) that there is no such order, and seems staggered by the immense exertions of the Neapolitans, and the fierce spirit of the Liberals here. The truth is, that * * cares for little but his place (which is a good one), and wishes to play pretty with both parties. He has changed his mind thirty times these last three moons, to my knowledge, for he corresponds with me. But he is not a bloody fellow—only an avaricious one.

‘ It seems that, just at this moment (as Lydia Languish says) there will be no elopement after all. I wish that I had known as much last night—or,

‘ rather, this morning—I should have gone to bed two
 ‘ hours earlier. And yet I ought not to complain;
 ‘ for, though it is a sirocco, and heavy rain, I have not
 ‘ *yawned* for these two days.

‘ Came home—read History of Greece—before din-
 ‘ ner had read Walter Scott’s Rob Roy. Wrote ad-
 ‘ dress to the letter in answer to Alessio del Pinto,
 ‘ who has thanked me for helping his brother (the late
 ‘ Commandant, murdered here last month) in his last
 ‘ moments. Have told him I only did a duty of
 ‘ humanity—as is true. The brother lives at Rome.

‘ Mended the fire with some “sgobole,” (a Romag-
 ‘ nuole word) and gave the falcon some water. Drank
 ‘ some Seltzer-water. Mem.—received to-day a print,
 ‘ or etching, of the story of Ugolino, by an Italian
 ‘ painter—different, of course, from Sir Joshua Rey-
 ‘ nolds’s, and I think (as far as recollection goes) *no*
 ‘ *worse*, for Reynolds’s is not good in history. Tore a
 ‘ button in my new coat.

I wonder what figure these Italians will make in
 ‘ a regular row. I sometimes think that, like the
 ‘ Irishman’s gun (somebody had sold him a crooked
 ‘ one), they will only do for “shooting round a cor-
 ‘ ner;” at least, this sort of shooting has been the
 ‘ late tenor of their exploits. And yet, there are ma-
 ‘ terials in this people, and a noble energy, if well
 ‘ directed. But who is to direct them? No matter.
 ‘ Out of such times heroes spring. Difficulties are
 ‘ the hot-beds of high spirits, and Freedom the
 ‘ mother of the few virtues incident to human na-
 ‘ ture.

‘ *Tuesday, January 9th, 1821.*

‘ Rose—the day fine. Ordered the horses; but

‘ Lega (my *secretary*, an Italianism for steward or
 ‘ chief servant) coming to tell me that the painter had
 ‘ finished the work in fresco, for the room he has been
 ‘ employed on lately, I went to see it before I set out.
 ‘ The painter has not copied badly the prints from
 ‘ Titian, &c. considering all things.

‘ Dined. Read Johnson’s “Vanity of Human
 ‘ Wishes,”—all the examples and mode of giving
 ‘ them sublime, as well as the latter part, with the
 ‘ exception of an occasional couplet. I do not
 ‘ so much admire the opening. I remember an ob-
 ‘ servation of Sharpe’s (the *Conversationist*, as he was
 ‘ called in London, and a very clever man), that the
 ‘ first line of this poem was superfluous, and that Pope
 ‘ (the best of poets, *I* think) would have begun at
 ‘ once, only changing the punctuation—

“Survey mankind from China to Peru.”

‘ The former line, “Let observation,” &c. is certainly
 ‘ heavy and useless. But ’tis a grand poem—and *so*
 ‘ true!—true as the 10th of Juvenal himself. The
 ‘ lapse of ages *changes* all things—time—language—
 ‘ the earth—the bounds of the sea—the stars of the
 ‘ sky, and every thing “about, around, and under-
 ‘ neath” man, *except man himself*, who has always
 ‘ been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal. The
 ‘ infinite variety of lives conduct but to death, and
 ‘ the infinity of wishes lead but to disappointment:
 ‘ All the discoveries which have yet been made have
 ‘ multiplied little but existence. An extirpated dis-
 ‘ ease is succeeded by some new pestilence; and a
 ‘ discovered world has brought little to the old one;
 ‘ except the p— first and freedom afterwards—the
 ‘ *latter* a fine thing, particularly as they gave it to

‘ Europe in exchange for slavery. But it is doubtful whether “the Sovereigns” would not think the *first* the best present of the two to their subjects.

‘ At eight went out—heard some news. They say the king of Naples has declared, by couriers from Florence, to the *Powers* (as they call now those wretches with crowns) that his Constitution was compulsive, &c. &c. and that the Austrian barbarians are placed again on *war* pay, and will march. Let them—“they come like sacrifices in their trim,” the hounds of hell! Let it still be a hope to see their bones piled like those of the human dogs at Morat, in Switzerland, which I have seen.

‘ Heard some music. At nine the usual visitors—news, *war*, or rumours of war. Consulted with P. G., &c. &c. They mean to *insurrect* here, and are to honour me with a call thereupon. I shall not fall back; though I don’t think them in force or heart sufficient to make much of it. But, *onward!* —it is now the time to act, and what signifies *self*, if a single spark of that which would be worthy of the past can be bequeathed unquenchedly to the future? It is not one man, nor a million, but the *spirit* of liberty which must be spread. The waves which dash upon the shore are, one by one, broken, but yet the *ocean* conquers, nevertheless. It overwhelms the Armada, it wears the rock, and, if the *Neptunians* are to be believed, it has not only destroyed, but made a world. In like manner, whatever the sacrifice of individuals, the great cause will gather strength, sweep down what is rugged, and fertilize (for *sea-weed* is *manure*) what is cultivable. And so, the mere selfish calculation ought never to be made on such occasions; and, at present, it shall

‘not be computed by me. I was never a good
 ‘arithmetician of chances, and shall not commence
 ‘now.

‘*January 10th, 1821.*

‘Day fine—rained only in the morning. Looked
 ‘over accounts. Read Campbell’s Poets—marked
 ‘errors of Tom (the author) for correction. Dined—
 ‘went out—music—Tyrolese air, with variations.
 ‘Sustained the cause of the original simple air against
 ‘the variations of the Italian school.

‘Politics somewhat tempestuous, and cloudier
 ‘daily. To-morrow being foreign post-day, probably
 ‘something more will be known.

‘Came home—read. Corrected Tom Campbell’s
 ‘slips of the pen. A good work, though—style
 ‘affected—but his defence of Pope is glorious. To
 ‘be sure, it is his *own cause* too,—but no matter, it is
 ‘very good, and does him great credit.

‘*Midnight.*

‘I have been turning over different *Lives* of the
 ‘Poets. I rarely read their works, unless an occasional
 ‘flight over the classical ones, Pope, Dryden, John-
 ‘son, Gray, and those who approach them nearest (I
 ‘leave the *rant* of the rest to the *cant* of the day), and
 ‘—I had made several reflections, but I feel sleepy,
 ‘and may as well go to bed.

‘*January 11th, 1821.*

‘Read the letters. Corrected the tragedy and the
 ‘“Hints from Horace.” Dined, and got into better
 ‘spirits. Went out—returned—finished letters, five
 ‘in number. Read Poets, and an anecdote in
 ‘Spence.

‘All! writes to me that the Pope, and Duke of Tus-
 ‘cany, and King of Sardinia, have also been called to

‘ Congress ; but the Pope will only deal there by
‘ proxy. So the interests of millions are in the hands
‘ of about twenty coxcombs, at a place called Lei-
‘ bach !

‘ I should almost regret that my own affairs went
‘ well, when those of nations are in peril. If the in-
‘ terests of mankind could be essentially bettered (par-
‘ ticularly of these oppressed Italians), I should not
‘ so much mind my own “ sma’ peculiar.” God grant
‘ us all better times, or more philosophy !

‘ In reading, I have just chanced upon an expres-
‘ sion of Tom Campbell’s ;—speaking of Collins, he
‘ says that “ no reader cares any more about the *cha-*
‘ *racteristic manners* of his Eclogues than about the
‘ authenticity of the tale of Troy.” ’Tis false—we *do*
‘ care about “ the authenticity of the tale of Troy.”
‘ I have stood upon that plain *daily*, for more than a
‘ month, in 1810 ; and, if any thing diminished my
‘ pleasure, it was that the blackguard Bryant had im-
‘ pugned its veracity. It is true I read “ Homer Tra-
‘ vestied” (the first twelve books), because Hobhouse
‘ and others bored me with their learned localities,
‘ and I love quizzing. But I still venerated the grand
‘ original as the truth of *history* (in the material *facts*)
‘ and of *place*. Otherwise, it would have given me
‘ no delight. Who will persuade me, when I re-
‘ clined upon a mighty tomb, that it did not contain a
‘ hero ?—its very magnitude proved this. Men do
‘ not labour over the ignoble and petty dead—and
‘ why should not the *dead* be *Homer’s* dead ? The
‘ secret of Tom Campbell’s defence of *inaccuracy* in
‘ costume and description is, that his Gertrude, &c.,
‘ has no more locality in common with Pennsylvania
‘ than with Penmanmaur. It is notoriously full of

‘ grossly false scenery, as all Americans declare,
‘ though they praise parts of the Poem. It is thus
‘ that self-love for ever creeps out, like a snake, to
‘ sting any thing which happens, even accidentally, to
‘ stumble upon it.

‘ *January 12th, 1831.*

‘ The weather still so humid and impracticable,
‘ that London, in its most oppressive fogs, were a
‘ summer-bower to this mist and sirocco, which has
‘ now lasted (but with one day’s interval), chequered
‘ with snow or heavy rain only, since the 30th of De-
‘ cember, 1820. It is so far lucky that I have a lite-
‘ rary turn;—but it is very tiresome not to be able to
‘ stir out, in comfort, on any horse but Pegasus, for
‘ so many days. The roads are even worse than the
‘ weather, by the long splashing, and the heavy soil,
‘ and the growth of the waters.

‘ Read the Poets—English, that is to say—out of
‘ Campbell’s edition. There is a good deal of taffeta
‘ in some of Tom’s prefatory phrases, but his work is
‘ good as a whole. I like him best, though, in his
‘ own poetry.

‘ Murray writes that they want to act the Tragedy
‘ of Marino Faliero;—more fools they, it was written
‘ for the closet. I have protested against this piece
‘ of usurpation (which, it seems, is legal for managers
‘ over any printed work, against the author’s will),
‘ and I hope they will not attempt it. Why don’t
‘ they bring out some of the numberless aspirants for
‘ theatrical celebrity, now encumbering their shelves,
‘ instead of lugging me out of the library? I have
‘ written a fierce protest against any such attempt, but
‘ I still would hope that it will not be necessary, and
‘ that they will see, at once, that it is not intended

‘ for the stage. It is too regular—the time, twenty-four hours—the change of place not frequent—no-thing *melodramatic*—no surprises, no starts, nor trap-doors, nor opportunities “ for tossing their heads and kicking their heels”—and no *love*—the grand ingredient of a modern play.

‘ I have found out the seal cut on Murray’s letter. It is meant for Walter Scott—or *Sir Walter*—he is the first poet knighted since Sir Richard Blackmore. But it does not do him justice. Scott’s—particularly when he recites—is a very intelligent countenance, and this seal says nothing.

‘ Scott is certainly the most wonderful writer of the day. His novels are a new literature in themselves, and his poetry as good as any—if not better (only on an erroneous system)—and only ceased to be so popular, because the vulgar learned were tired of hearing “ Aristides called the Just,” and Scott the Best, and ostracised him.

‘ I like him, too, for his manliness of character, for the extreme pleasantness of his conversation, and his good-nature towards myself, personally. May he prosper!—for he deserves it. I know no reading to which I fall with such alacrity as a work of W. Scott’s. I shall give the seal, with his bust on it, to Madame la Comtesse G. this evening, who will be curious to have the effigies of a man so celebrated.

‘ How strange are our thoughts, &c. &c. &c.*

‘ *Midnight.*

‘ Read the Italian translation by Guido Sorelli of the German Grillparzer—a devil of a name, to be

* Here follows a long passage, already extracted, relative to his early friend, Edward Noel Long.

‘ sure, for posterity ; but they *must* learn to pronounce
‘ it. With all the allowance for a *translation*, and
‘ above all, an *Italian* translation (they are the very
‘ worst of translators, except from the Classics—
‘ Annibale Caro, for instance—and *there*, the bastardy
‘ of their language helps them, as, by way of *looking*
‘ *legitimate*, they ape their father’s tongue)—but with
‘ every allowance for such a disadvantage, the tragedy
‘ of Sappho is superb and sublime! There is no
‘ denying it. The man has done a great thing in
‘ writing that play. And *who is he?* I know him
‘ not ; but *ages will*. ’Tis a high intellect.

‘ I must premise, however, that I have read *nothing* of
‘ Adolph Müllner’s (the author of “ Guilt ”), and much
‘ less of Goethe, and Schiller, and Wieland than I
‘ could wish. I only know them through the medium
‘ of English, French, and Italian translations. Of the
‘ *real* language I know absolutely nothing,—except
‘ oaths learnt from postilions and officers in a squabble.
‘ I can *swear* in German potently, when I like—“ Sacra-
‘ ment—Verfluchter—Hundsfoth ”—and so forth ; but
‘ I have little of their less energetic conversation.

‘ I like, however, their women (I was once *so despe-*
‘ *rately* in love with a German woman, Constance),
‘ and all that I have read, translated, of their writings,
‘ and all that I have seen on the Rhine of their country
‘ and people—all, except the Austrians, whom I abhor,
‘ loathe, and—I cannot find words for my hate of
‘ them, and should be sorry to find deeds correspondent
‘ to my hate ; for I abhor cruelty more than I abhor
‘ the Austrians—except on an impulse, and then I am
‘ savage—but not deliberately so.

‘ Grillparzer is grand—antique—*not so simple* as
‘ the ancients, but very simple for a modern—too

‘ Madame de Staël*ish*, now and then—but altogether
‘ a great and goodly writer.

‘ *January 13th, 1821, Saturday.*

‘ Sketched the outline and Drams. Pers. of an
‘ intended tragedy of Sardanapalus, which I have for
‘ some time meditated. Took the names from Dio-
‘ dorus Siculus (I know the history of Sardanapalus,
‘ and have known it since I was twelve years old), and
‘ read over a passage in the ninth vol., octavo, of Mit-
‘ ford’s Greece, where he rather vindicates the memory
‘ of this last of the Assyrians.

‘ Dined—news come—the *Powers* mean to war with
‘ the peoples. The intelligence seems positive—let
‘ it be so—they will be beaten in the end. The king-
‘ times are fast finishing. There will be blood shed
‘ like water, and tears like mist; but the peoples will
‘ conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I
‘ foresee it.

‘ I carried Teresa the Italian translation of Grill-
‘ parzer’s Sappho, which she promises to read. She
‘ quarrelled with me, because I said that love was *not*
‘ *the lofliest* theme for true tragedy; and, having the
‘ advantage of her native language, and natural female
‘ eloquence, she overcame my fewer arguments. I be-
‘ lieve she was right. I must put more love into
‘ “Sardanapalus” than I intended. I speak, of course,
‘ *if* the times will allow me leisure. That *if* will
‘ hardly be a peace-maker.

‘ *January 14th, 1821.*

‘ Turned over Seneca’s tragedies. Wrote the open-
‘ ing lines of the intended tragedy of Sardanapalus.
‘ Rode out some miles into the forest. Misty and
‘ rainy. Returned—dined—wrote some more of my
‘ tragedy.

‘ Read Diodorus Siculus—turned over Seneca, and
‘ some other books. Wrote some more of the tragedy.
‘ Took a glass of grog. After having ridden hard in
‘ rainy weather, and scribbled, and scribbled again, the
‘ spirits (at least mine) need a little exhilaration, and
‘ I don’t like laudanum now as I used to do. So I
‘ have mixed a glass of strong waters and single waters,
‘ which I shall now proceed to empty. Therefore and
‘ thereunto I conclude this day’s diary.

‘ The effect of all wines and spirits upon me is,
‘ however, strange. It *settles*, but it makes me gloomy
‘ —gloomy at the very moment of their effect, and not
‘ gay hardly ever. But it composes for a time, though
‘ sullenly.

‘ *January 15th, 1821.*

‘ Weather fine. Received visit. Rode out into the
‘ forest—fired pistols. Returned home—dined—
‘ dipped into a volume of Mitford’s Greece—wrote
‘ part of a scene of “Sardanapalus.” Went out—
‘ heard some music—heard some politics. More
‘ ministers from the other Italian powers gone to Con-
‘ gress. War seems certain—in that case, it will be a
‘ savage one. Talked over various important matters
‘ with one of the initiated. At ten and half returned
‘ home.

‘ I have just thought of something odd. In the
‘ year 1814, Moore (“the poet,” *par excellence*, and he
‘ deserves it) and I were going together, in the same
‘ carriage, to dine with Earl Grey, the Capo Politico
‘ of the remaining whigs. Murray, the magnificent,
‘ (the illustrious publisher of that name,) had just sent
‘ me a Java gazette—I know not why, or wherefore.
‘ Pulling it out, by way of curiosity, we found it to con-
‘ tain a dispute (the said Java gazette) on Moore’s

‘merits and mine. I think, if I had been there, that I could have saved them the trouble of disputing on the subject. But, there is *fame* for you at six and twenty! Alexander had conquered India at the same age; but I doubt if he was disputed about, or his conquests compared with those of Indian Bacchus, at Java.

‘It was great fame to be named with Moore; greater to be compared with him; greatest—*pleasure*, at least—to be *with* him; and, surely, an odd coincidence, that we should be dining together while they were quarrelling about us beyond the equinoctial line.

‘Well, the same evening, I met Lawrence the painter, and heard one of Lord Grey’s daughters (a fine, tall, spirit-looking girl, with much of the *patri-
cian, thorough-bred look* of her father, which I dote upon) played on the harp so modestly and ingenuously, that she *looked music*. Well, I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence (who talked delightfully) and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together.

‘The only pleasure of fame is that it paves the way to pleasure; and the more intellectual our pleasure, the better for the pleasure and for us too. It was, however, agreeable to have heard our fame before dinner, and a girl’s harp after.

‘*January 16th, 1821.*

‘Read—rode—fired pistols—returned—dined—wrote—visited—heard music—talked nonsense—and went home.

‘Wrote part of a Tragedy—advanced in Act 1st with “all deliberate speed.” Bought a blanket.

‘ The weather is still muggy as a London May—mist,
‘ mizzle, the air replete with Scotticisms, which, though
‘ fine in the descriptions of Ossian, are somewhat tire-
‘ some in real, prosaic perspective. Politics still mys-
‘ terious.

‘ *January 17th, 1821.*

‘ Rode i’ the forest—fired pistols—dined. Arrived a
‘ packet of books from England and Lombardy—Eng-
‘ lish, Italian, French, and Latin. Read till eight—
‘ went out.

‘ *January 18th, 1821.*

‘ To-day, the post arriving late, did not ride. Read
‘ letters—only two gazettes, instead of twelve now
‘ due. Made Lega write to that negligent Galignani,
‘ and added a postscript. Dined.

‘ At eight proposed to go out. Lega came in with
‘ a letter about a bill *unpaid* at Venice, which I
‘ thought paid months ago. I flew into a paroxysm
‘ of rage, which almost made me faint. I have not
‘ been well ever since. I deserve it for being such a
‘ fool—but it *was* provoking—a set of scoundrels !
‘ It is, however, but five and twenty pounds.

‘ *January 19th, 1821.*

‘ Rode. Winter’s wind somewhat more unkind
‘ than ingratitude itself, though Shakspeare says other-
‘ wise. At least, I am so much more accustomed to
‘ meet with ingratitude than the north wind, that I
‘ thought the latter the sharper of the two. I had
‘ met with both in the course of the twenty-four
‘ hours, so could judge.

‘ Thought of a plan of education for my daughter
‘ Allegra, who ought to begin soon with her studies.

‘ Wrote a letter—afterwards a postscript. Rather in
‘ low spirits—certainly hippish—liver touched—will
‘ take a dose of salts.

‘ I have been reading the *Life*, by himself and
‘ daughter, of Mr. R. L. Edgeworth, the father of *the*
‘ Miss Edgeworth. It is altogether a great name. In
‘ 1813, I recollect to have met them in the fashion-
‘ able world of London (of which I then formed an
‘ item, a fraction, the segment of a circle, the unit of a
‘ million, the nothing of something) in the assemblies
‘ of the hour, and at a breakfast of Sir Humphry and
‘ Lady Davy’s, to which I was invited for the nonce.
‘ I had been the lion of 1812; Miss Edgeworth and
‘ Madame de Staël, with “the Cossack,” towards the
‘ end of 1813, were the exhibitions of the succeeding
‘ year.

‘ I thought Edgeworth a fine old fellow, of a clarety,
‘ elderly, red complexion, but active, brisk, and end-
‘ less. He was seventy, but did not look fifty—no,
‘ nor forty-eight even. I had seen poor Fitzpatrick
‘ not very long before—a man of pleasure, wit, elo-
‘ quence, all things. He tottered—but still talked
‘ like a gentleman, though feebly. Edgeworth bounced
‘ about, and talked loud and long; but he seemed
‘ neither weakly nor decrepit, and hardly old.

‘ He began by telling “that he had given Dr. Parr
‘ a dressing, who had taken him for an Irish bog-
‘ trotter,” &c. &c. Now I, who know Dr. Parr, and
‘ who know (*not* by experience—for I never should
‘ have presumed so far as to contend with him—but
‘ by hearing him *with* others, and *of* others) that it
‘ is not so easy a matter to “dress him,” thought
‘ Mr. Edgeworth an assertor of what was not true.

‘ He could not have stood before Parr an instant.
 ‘ For the rest, he seemed intelligent, vehement, viva-
 ‘ cious, and full of life. He bids fair for a hundred
 ‘ years.

‘ He was not much admired in London, and I re-
 ‘ member a “ryghte merrie” and conceited jest which
 ‘ was rife among the gallants of the day,—viz. a
 ‘ paper had been presented for the *recall of Mrs. Sid-*
 ‘ *dons to the stage* (she having lately taken leave, to
 ‘ the loss of ages,—for nothing ever was, or can be,
 ‘ like her), to which all men had been called to sub-
 ‘ scribe. Whereupon, Thomas Moore, of profane and
 ‘ poetical memory, did propose that a similar paper
 ‘ should be *subscribed* and *circumscribed* “for the
 ‘ recall of Mr. Edgeworth to Ireland*.”

‘ The fact was—every body cared more about *her*.
 ‘ She was a nice little unassuming “Jeanie Deans’-
 ‘ looking bodie,” as we Scotch say—and, if not hand-
 ‘ some, certainly not ill-looking. Her conversation
 ‘ was as quiet as herself. One would never have
 ‘ guessed she could write *her name*; whereas her
 ‘ father talked, *not* as if he could write nothing else,
 ‘ but as if nothing else was worth writing.

‘ As for Mrs. Edgeworth, I forget—except that I
 ‘ think she was the youngest of the party. Alto-
 ‘ gether, they were an excellent cage of the kind; and
 ‘ succeeded for two months, till the landing of Madame
 ‘ de Staël.

‘ To turn from them to their works, I admire them;
 ‘ but they excite no feeling, and they leave no love—

* In this, I rather think he was misinformed; whatever merit there may be in the jest, I have not, as far as I can recollect, the slightest claim to it.

‘ except for some Irish steward or postilion. How-
‘ ever, the impression of intellect and prudence is pro-
‘ found—and may be useful.

‘ *January 20th, 1821.*

‘ Rode—fired pistols. Read from Grimm’s Corre-
‘ spondence. Dined—went out—heard music—re-
‘ turned—wrote a letter to the Lord Chamberlain to
‘ request him to prevent the theatres from repre-
‘ senting the Doge, which the Italian papers say that
‘ they are going to act. This is pretty work—what !
‘ without asking my consent, and even in opposition
‘ to it !

‘ *January 21st, 1821.*

‘ Fine, clear frosty day—that is to say, an Italian
‘ frost, for their winters hardly get beyond snow ; for
‘ which reason nobody knows how to skate (or skait)
‘ —a Dutch and English accomplishment. Rode out,
‘ as usual, and fired pistols. Good shooting—broke
‘ four common, and rather small, bottles, in four shots;
‘ at fourteen paces, with a common pair of pistols and
‘ indifferent powder. Almost as good *wafering* or
‘ shooting—considering the difference of powder and
‘ pistols—as when, in 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813,
‘ 1814, it was my luck to split walking-sticks, wafers,
‘ half-crowns, shillings, and even the *eye* of a walking-
‘ stick, at twelve paces, with a single bullet—and all
‘ by *eye* and calculation ; for my hand is not steady,
‘ and apt to change with the very weather. To the
‘ prowess which I here note, Joe Manton and others
‘ can bear testimony ! for the former taught, and the
‘ latter has seen me do, these feats.

‘ Dined—visited—came home—read. Remarked
‘ on an anecdote in Grimm’s Correspondence, which

‘ says that “Regnard et la plûpart des poètes comiques étaient gens bilieux et mélancoliques ; et que M. de Voltaire, qui est très gai, n’a jamais fait que des tragedies—et que la comédie gaie est le seul genre où il n’ait point réussi. C’est que celui qui rit et celui qui fait rire sont deux hommes fort différents.”—Vol. VI.

‘ At this moment I feel as bilious as the best comic writer of them all (even as Regnard himself, the next to Molière, who has written some of the best comedies in any language, and who is supposed to have committed suicide), and am not in spirits to continue my proposed tragedy of Sardanapalus, which I have, for some days, ceased to compose.

‘ To-morrow is my birth-day—that is to say, at twelve o’ the clock, midnight, *i. e.* in twelve minutes, I shall have completed thirty and three years of age!!!—and I go to my bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long, and to so little purpose.

‘ It is three minutes past twelve.—“ ’Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,” and I am now thirty-three !

‘ Eheu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
‘ Labuntur anni ;—

‘ but I don’t regret them so much for what I have done, as for what I *might* have done.

‘ Through life’s road, so dim and dirty,
‘ I have dragged to three-and-thirty.
‘ What have these years left to me ?
‘ Nothing—except thirty-three.

' January 22d, 1821.

1821.

Here lies
interred in the Eternity
of the Past,
from whence there is no
Resurrection
for the Days—whatever there may be
for the Dust—
the Thirty-Third Year
of an ill-spent Life,
Which, after
a lingering disease of many months,
sunk into a lethargy,
and expired,
January 22d, 1821, A.D.
Leaving a successor
Inconsolable
for the very loss which
occasioned its
Existence.

' January 23d, 1821.

*' Fine day. Read—rode—fired pistols, and re-
' turned. Dined—read. Went out at eight—made
' the usual visit. Heard of nothing but war,—“ the
' cry is still, They come.” The Car^l. seem to have no
' plan—nothing fixed among themselves, how, when,
' or what to do. In that case, they will make nothing
' of this project, so often postponed, and never put in
' action.*

‘ Came home, and gave some necessary orders, in
‘ case of circumstances requiring a change of place.
‘ I shall act according to what may seem proper, when
‘ I hear decidedly what the Barbarians mean to do.
‘ At present, they are building a bridge of boats over
‘ the Po, which looks very warlike. A few days will
‘ probably show. I think of retiring towards Ancona,
‘ nearer the northern frontier; that is to say, if
‘ Teresa and her father are obliged to retire, which is
‘ most likely, as all the family are Liberals. If not,
‘ I shall stay. But my movements will depend upon
‘ the lady’s wishes—for myself, it is much the same.

‘ I am somewhat puzzled what to do with my little
‘ daughter, and my effects, which are of some quan-
‘ tity and value,—and neither of them do in the seat
‘ of war, where I think of going. But there is an
‘ elderly lady who will take charge of *her*, and T.
‘ says that the Marchese C. will undertake to hold
‘ the chattels in safe keeping. Half the city are
‘ getting their affairs in marching trim. A pretty
‘ Carnival! The blackguards might as well have
‘ waited till Lent.

‘ *January 24th, 1821.*

‘ Returned—met some masques in the Corso—
‘ “Vive la bagatelle!”—the Germans are on the Po,
‘ the Barbarians at the gate, and their masters in
‘ council at Leybach (or whatever the eructation of
‘ the sound may syllable into a human pronunciation),
‘ and lo! they dance and sing and make merry, “for
‘ to-morrow they may die.” Who can say that the
‘ Arlequins are not right? Like the Lady Baussiere,
‘ and my old friend Burton—I “rode on.”

‘ Dined—(damn this pen!)—beef tough—there is
‘ no beef in Italy worth a curse ; unless a man could
‘ eat an old ox with the hide on, singed in the sun.

‘ The principal persons in the events which may
‘ occur in a few days are gone out on a *shooting party*.
‘ If it were like a “ *highland* hunting,” a pretext of
‘ the chase for a grand reunion of counsellors and
‘ chiefs, it would be all very well. But it is nothing
‘ more or less than a real snivelling, popping, small-
‘ shot, water-hen waste of powder, ammunition, and
‘ shot, for their own special amusement : a rare set of
‘ fellows for “ a man to risk his neck with,” as “ Ma-
‘ rishall Wells” says in the *Black Dwarf*.

‘ If they gather,—“ whilk is to be doubted,”—they
‘ will not muster a thousand men. The reason of
‘ this is, that the populace are not interested,—only
‘ the higher and middle orders. I wish that the pea-
‘ santry *were* : they are a fine savage race of two-
‘ legged leopards. But the Bolognese won’t—the
‘ Romagnuoles can’t without them. Or, if they try—
‘ what then ? They will try, and man can do no more
‘ —and, if he *would* but try his utmost, much might
‘ be done. The Dutch, for instance, against the Spa-
‘ niards—*then*, the tyrants of Europe, since, the slaves,
‘ and, lately, the freedmen.

‘ The year 1820 was not a fortunate one for the
‘ individual me, whatever it may be for the nations.
‘ I lost a lawsuit, after two decisions in my favour.
‘ The project of lending money on an Irish mortgage
‘ was finally rejected by my wife’s trustee after a
‘ year’s hope and trouble. The Rochdale lawsuit had
‘ endured fifteen years, and always prospered till I
‘ married ; since which, every thing has gone wrong
‘ —with me at least.

‘ In the same year, 1820, the Countess T. G. nata
 ‘ G^a. G^l., in despite of all I said and did to prevent it,
 ‘ *would* separate from her husband, Il Cavalier Com-
 ‘ mendatore G^l., &c. &c. &c., and all on the account of
 ‘ “ P. P. clerk of this parish.” The other little petty
 ‘ vexations of the year—overturns in carriages—the
 ‘ murder of people before one’s door, and dying in
 ‘ one’s beds—the cramp in swimming—colics—indi-
 ‘ gestions and bilious attacks, &c. &c. &c.—

‘ Many small articles make up a sum,

‘ And hey ho for Caleb Quotem, oh !’

‘ *January 26th, 1821.*

‘ Received a letter from Lord S. O. state secretary
 ‘ of the Seven Islands—a fine fellow—clever—dished
 ‘ in England five years ago, and came abroad to re-
 ‘ trench and to renew. He wrote from Ancona, in his
 ‘ way back to Corfu, on some matters of our own.
 ‘ He is son of the late Duke of L. by a second mar-
 ‘ riage. He wants me to go to Corfu. Why not?—
 ‘ perhaps I may, next spring.

‘ Answered Murray’s letter — read — lounged.
 ‘ Scrawled this additional page of life’s log-book.
 ‘ One day more is over of it, and of me :—but “ which
 ‘ is best, life or death, the gods only know,” as So-
 ‘ crates said to his judges, on the breaking up of the
 ‘ tribunal. Two thousand years since that sage’s de-
 ‘ claration of ignorance have not enlightened us more
 ‘ upon this important point ; for, according to the
 ‘ Christian dispensation, no one can know whether he
 ‘ is *sure* of salvation—even the most righteous—since
 ‘ a single slip of faith may throw him on his back,
 ‘ like a skaiter, while gliding smoothly to his paradise.
 ‘ Now, therefore, whatever the certainty of faith in
 ‘ the facts may be, the certainty of the individual as

‘ to his happiness or misery is no greater than it was
‘ under Jupiter.

‘ It has been said that the immortality of the soul
‘ is a “grand peut-être”—but still it is a *grand* one.
‘ Every body clings to it—the stupidest, and dullest,
‘ and wickedest of human bipeds is still persuaded
‘ that he is immortal.

‘ *January 26th, 1821.*

‘ Fine day—a few mares’ tails portending change,
‘ but the sky clear, upon the whole. Rode—fired
‘ pistols—good shooting. Coming back, met an old
‘ man. Charity—purchased a shilling’s worth of
‘ salvation. If that was to be bought, I have given
‘ more to my fellow-creatures in this life—sometimes
‘ for *vice*, but, if not more *often*, at least more *con-*
‘ *siderably*, for virtue—than I now possess. I never
‘ in my life gave a mistress so much as I have some-
‘ times given a poor man in honest distress; but no
‘ matter. The scoundrels who have all along perse-
‘ cuted me (with the help of * * who has crowned
‘ their efforts) will triumph;—and, when justice is
‘ done to me, it will be when this hand that writes is
‘ as cold as the hearts which have stung me.

‘ Returning, on the bridge near the mill, met an old
‘ woman. I asked her age—she said “*Tre croci.*”
‘ I asked my groom (though myself a decent Italian)
‘ what the devil *her* three crosses meant. He said,
‘ ninety years, and that she had five years more to
‘ boot!! I repeated the same three times, not to mis-
‘ take—ninety-five years!!!—and she was yet rather
‘ active—*heard* my question, for she answered it—*saw*
‘ me, for she advanced towards me; and did not
‘ appear at all decrepit, though certainly touched
‘ with years. Told her to come to-morrow, and will
‘ examine her myself. I love phenomena. If she is

‘ ninety-five years old, she must recollect the Cardinal
‘ Alberoni, who was legate here.

‘ On dismounting, found Lieutenant E. just arrived
‘ from Faenza. Invited him to dine with me to-mor-
‘ row. Did *not* invite him for to-day, because there
‘ was a small *turbot* (Friday, fast regularly and
‘ religiously) which I wanted to eat all myself.
‘ Ate it.

‘ Went out—found T. as usual—music. The gen-
‘ tlemen, who make revolutions and are gone on a
‘ shooting, are not yet returned. They don’t return
‘ till Sunday—that is to say, they have been out for
‘ five days, buffooning, while the interests of a whole
‘ country are at stake, and even they themselves com-
‘ promised.

‘ It is a difficult part to play amongst such a set
‘ of assassins and blockheads—but, when the scum is
‘ skimmed off, or has boiled over, good may come of
‘ it. If this country could but be freed, what would
‘ be too great for the accomplishment of that desire?
‘ for the extinction of that Sigh of Ages? Let us hope.
‘ They have hoped these thousand years. The very
‘ revolvment of the chances may bring it—it is upon
‘ the dice.

‘ If the Neapolitans have but a single Massaniello
‘ amongst them, they will beat the bloody butchers of
‘ the crown and sabre. Holland, in worse circum-
‘ stances, beat the Spains and Philips; America beat
‘ the English; Greece beat Xerxes; and France beat
‘ Europe, till she took a tyrant; South America beats
‘ her old vultures out of their nest; and, if these men
‘ are but firm in themselves, there is nothing to shake
‘ them from without.

‘ *January 28th, 1821.*

‘ Lugano Gazette did not come. Letters from Ve-

‘ nice. It appears that the Austrian brutes have
‘ seized my three or four pounds of English powder.
‘ The scoundrels!—I hope to pay them in *ball* for that
‘ powder. Rode out till twilight.

‘ Pondered the subjects of four tragedies to be
‘ written (life and circumstances permitting), to wit,
‘ Sardanapalus, already begun; Cain, a metaphysical
‘ subject, something in the style of Manfred, but in
‘ five *acts*, perhaps, with the chorus; Francesca of
‘ Rimini, in five acts; and I am not sure that I would
‘ not try Tiberius. I think that I could extract a
‘ something, of *my* tragic, at least, out of the gloomy
‘ sequestration and old age of the tyrant—and even
‘ out of his sojourn at Caprea—by softening the *details*,
‘ and exhibiting the despair which must have led to
‘ those very vicious pleasures. For none but a power-
‘ ful and gloomy mind overthrown would have had
‘ recourse to such solitary horrors,—being also, at the
‘ same time, *old*, and the master of the world.

‘ *Memoranda.*

‘ What is Poetry?—The feeling of a Former world
‘ and Future.

‘ *Thought Second.*

‘ Why, at the very height of desire and human
‘ pleasure,—worldly, social, amorous, ambitious, or
‘ even avaricious,—does there mingle a certain sense
‘ of doubt and sorrow—a fear of what is to come—a
‘ doubt of what *is*—a retrospect to the past, leading
‘ to a prognostication of the future? (The best of
‘ Prophets of the future is the Past.) Why is this?
‘ or these?—I know not, except that on a pinnacle
‘ we are most susceptible of giddiness, and that we
‘ never fear falling except from a precipice—the

‘ higher, the more awful, and the more sublime ; and,
 ‘ therefore, I am not sure that Fear is not a pleasurable
 ‘ sensation ; at least, *Hope* is ; and *what Hope* is there
 ‘ without a deep leaven of Fear ? and what sensation
 ‘ is so delightful as *Hope* ? and, if it were not for
 ‘ *Hope*, where would the Future be ?—in hell. It is
 ‘ useless to say *where* the Present is, for most of us
 ‘ know ; and as for the Past, *what* predominates in
 ‘ memory ?—*Hope baffled*. Ergo, in all human affairs,
 ‘ it is *Hope—Hope—Hope*. I allow sixteen minutes,
 ‘ though I never counted them, to any given or sup-
 ‘ posed possession. From whatever place we com-
 ‘ mence, we know where it all must end. And yet,
 ‘ what good is there in knowing it ? It does not make
 ‘ men better or wiser. During the greatest horrors of
 ‘ the greatest plagues (Athens and Florence, for ex-
 ‘ ample—see Thucydides and Machiavelli), men were
 ‘ more cruel and profligate than ever. It is all a mys-
 ‘ tery. I feel most things, but I know nothing, except

— — — — —
 — — — — — *

‘ *Thought for a speech of Lucifer, in the tragedy of Cain :—*

‘ Were *Death* an *evil*, would I let thee *live* ?
 ‘ Fool ! live as I live—as thy father lives,
 ‘ And thy son’s sons shall live for evermore.

‘ *Past Midnight. One o’ the clock.*

‘ I have been reading W. F. S * * (brother to the
 ‘ other of the name) till now, and I can make out
 ‘ nothing. He evidently shows a great power of words,
 ‘ but there is nothing to be taken hold of. He is like
 ‘ Hazlitt, in English, who *talks pimples*—a red and

* Thus marked, with impatient strokes of the pen, by himself in the original.

‘ white corruption rising up (in little imitation of mountains upon maps), but containing nothing, and discharging nothing, except their own humours.

‘ I dislike him the worse (that is, S * *), because he always seems upon the verge of meaning; and, lo, he goes down like sunset, or melts like a rainbow, leaving a rather rich confusion,—to which, however, the above comparisons do too much honour.

‘ Continuing to read Mr. F. S * *. He is not such a fool as I took him for, that is to say, when he speaks of the North. But still he speaks of things *all over the world* with a kind of authority that a philosopher would disdain, and a man of common sense, feeling, and knowledge of his own ignorance, would be ashamed of. The man is evidently wanting to make an impression, like his brother,—or like George in the Vicar of Wakefield, who found out that all the good things had been said already on the right side, and therefore “dressed up some paradoxes” upon the wrong side—ingenious, but false, as he himself says—to which “the learned world said nothing, nothing at all, sir.” The “learned world,” however, *has* said something to the brothers S * *.

‘ It is high time to think of something else. What they say of the antiquities of the North is best.

‘ *January 29th, 1821.*

‘ Yesterday, the woman of ninety-five years of age was with me. She said her eldest son (if now alive) would have been seventy. She is thin—short, but active—hears, and sees, and talks incessantly. Several teeth left—all in the lower jaw, and single front teeth. She is very deeply wrinkled, and has a sort of scattered grey beard over her chin, at least as long as my mustachios. Her head, in fact, resembles the

‘ drawing in crayons of Pope the poet’s mother, which
 ‘ is in some editions of his works.

‘ I forgot to ask her if she remembered Alberoni
 ‘ (legate here), but will ask her next time. Gave her
 ‘ a louis—ordered her a new suit of clothes, and put
 ‘ her upon a weekly pension. Till now, she had worked
 ‘ at gathering wood and pine-nuts in the forest,—
 ‘ pretty work at ninety-five years old! She had a
 ‘ dozen children, of whom some are alive. Her name
 ‘ is Maria Montanari.

‘ Met a company of the sect (a kind of Liberal Club)
 ‘ called the “Americani” in the forest, all armed, and
 ‘ singing, with all their might, in Romagnuolo—“*Son
 ‘ tutti soldat’ per la liberta*” (“we are all soldiers for
 ‘ liberty”). They cheered me as I passed—I returned
 ‘ their salute, and rode on. This may show the spirit
 ‘ of Italy at present.

‘ My to-day’s journal consists of what I omitted
 ‘ yesterday. To-day was much as usual. Have ra-
 ‘ ther a better opinion of the writings of the Schlegels
 ‘ than I had four-and-twenty hours ago; and will
 ‘ amend it still further, if possible.

‘ They say that the Piedmontese have at length
 ‘ risen—*ça ira!*

‘ Read S * *. Of Dante he says, “that at no time
 ‘ has the greatest and most national of all Italian
 ‘ poets ever been much the favourite of his country-
 ‘ men.” ’Tis false! There have been more editors
 ‘ and commentators (and imitators, ultimately) of
 ‘ Dante than of all their poets put together. *Not* a
 ‘ favourite! Why, they talk Dante—write Dante—
 ‘ and think and dream Dante at this moment (1821)
 ‘ to an excess, which would be ridiculous, but that he
 ‘ deserves it,

‘ In the same style this German talks of gondolas
‘ on the Arno—a precious fellow to dare to speak of
‘ Italy !

‘ He says also that Dante’s chief defect is a want,
‘ in a word, of gentle feelings. Of gentle feelings!—
‘ and Francesca of Rimini—and the father’s feelings
‘ in Ugolino—and Beatrice—and “ La Pia ! ” Why,
‘ there is gentleness in Dante beyond all gentleness,
‘ when he is tender. It is true that, treating of the
‘ Christian Hades, or Hell, there is not much scope or
‘ site for gentleness—but who *but* Dante could have
‘ introduced any “ gentleness ” at all into *Hell*? Is
‘ there any in Milton’s? No—and Dante’s Heaven is
‘ all love, and glory, and majesty.

‘ *One o’clock.*

‘ I have found out, however, where the German is
‘ right—it is about the Vicar of Wakefield. “ Of all
‘ romances in miniature (and, perhaps, this is the best
‘ shape in which romance can appear), the Vicar of
‘ Wakefield is, I think, the most exquisite.” He
‘ thinks!—he might be sure. But it is very well for
‘ a S * *. I feel sleepy, and may as well get me to
‘ bed. To-morrow there will be fine weather.

‘ Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay.’

‘ *January 30th, 1821.*

‘ The Count P. G. this evening (by commission
‘ from the C¹.) transmitted to me the new *words* for
‘ the next six month. * * * and * * *. The new sa-
‘ cred word is * * *—the reply * * *—the rejoinder
‘ * * *. The former word (now changed) was * * *—
‘ there is also * * *—* * *†. Things seem fast coming
‘ to a crisis—*ça ira* !

† In the original MS. these watch-words are blotted over so as to be illegible.

‘ We talked over various matters of moment and
‘ movement. These I omit;—if they come to any-
‘ thing, they will speak for themselves. After these,
‘ we spoke of Kosciusko. Count R. G. told me that
‘ he has seen the Polish officers in the Italian war
‘ burst into tears on hearing his name.

‘ Something must be up in Piedmont—all the let-
‘ ters and papers are stopped. Nobody knows any-
‘ thing, and the Germans are concentrating near Man-
‘ tua. Of the decision of Leybach nothing is known.
‘ This state of things cannot last long. The ferment
‘ in men’s minds at present cannot be conceived with-
‘ out seeing it.

‘ *January 31st, 1821.*

‘ For several days I have not written anything
‘ except a few answers to letters. In momentary
‘ expectation of an explosion of some kind, it is not
‘ easy to settle down to the desk for the higher kinds
‘ of composition. I *could* do it, to be sure, for, last
‘ summer, I wrote my drama in the very bustle of
‘ Madame la Contesse G.’s divorce, and all its process of
‘ accompaniments. At the same time, I also had the
‘ news of the loss of an important lawsuit in England.
‘ But these were only private and personal business;
‘ the present is of a different nature.

‘ I suppose it is this, but have some suspicion that
‘ it may be laziness, which prevents me from writing;
‘ especially as Rochefoucault says that “laziness often
‘ masters them all”—speaking of the *passions*. If
‘ this were true, it could hardly be said that “idleness
‘ is the root of all evil,” since this is supposed to
‘ spring from the passions only: ergo, that which
‘ masters all the passions (laziness, to wit) would in so
‘ much be a good. Who knows?

' *Midnight.*

' I have been reading Grimm's Correspondence. He repeats frequently, in speaking of a poet, or a man of genius in any department, even in music (Gretry, for instance), that he must have "une ame qui se tourmente, un esprit violent." How far this may be true, I know not; but if it were, I should be a poet "per eccellenza;" for I have always had "une ame," which not only tormented itself but every body else in contact with it; and an "esprit violent," which has almost left me without any "esprit" at all. As to defining what a poet *should* be, it is not worth while, for what are *they* worth? what have they done?

' Grimm, however, is an excellent critic and literary historian. His Correspondence form the annals of the literary part of that age of France, with much of her politics, and, still more, of her "way of life." He is as valuable, and far more entertaining than Muratori or Tiraboschi—I had almost said, than Ginguené—but there we should pause. However, 'tis a great man in its line.

' Monsieur St. Lambert has

' Et lorsqu'à ses regards la lumière est ravie,
' Il n'a plus, en mourant, à perdre que la vie.'

' This is, word for word, Thomson's

' And dying, all we can resign is breath,'

' without the smallest acknowledgment from the Lorrainer of a poet. M. St. Lambert is dead as a man, and (for anything I know to the contrary) damned, as a poet, by this time. However, his Seasons have good things, and, it may be, some of his own.

' *February 2d, 1821.*

' I have been considering what can be the reason

‘ why I always wake, at a certain hour in the morning, and always in very bad spirits—I may say, in actual despair and despondency, in all respects—even of that which pleased me over night. In about an hour or two, this goes off, and I compose either to sleep again, or, at least, to quiet. In England, five years ago, I had the same kind of hypochondria, but accompanied with so violent a thirst that I have drank as many as fifteen bottles of soda-water in one night, after going to bed, and been still thirsty—calculating, however, some lost from the bursting out and effervescence and overflowing of the soda-water, in drawing the corks, or striking off the necks of the bottles from mere thirsty impatience. At present, I have *not* the thirst; but the depression of spirits is no less violent.

‘ I read in Edgeworth’s *Memoirs* of something similar (except that his thirst expended itself on *small beer*) in the case of Sir F. B. Delaval;—but then he was, at least, twenty years older. What is it?—liver? In England, Le Man (the apothecary) cured me of the thirst in three days, and it had lasted as many years. I suppose that it is all hypochondria.

‘ What I feel most growing upon me are laziness, and a disrelish more powerful than indifference. If I rouse, it is into fury. I presume that I shall end (if not earlier by accident, or some such termination) like Swift—“dying at top.” I confess I do not contemplate this with so much horror as he apparently did for some years before it happened. But Swift had hardly *begun life* at the very period (thirty-three) when I feel quite an *old sort* of feel.

‘ Oh! there is an organ playing in the street—a

' waltz, too! I must leave off to listen. They are
' playing a waltz which I have heard ten thousand
' times at the balls in London, between 1812 and
' 1815. Music is a strange thing*.

* *February 5th, 1821.*

' At last, "the kiln's in a low." The Germans are
' ordered to march, and Italy is, for the ten thousandth
' time, to become a field of battle. Last night the
' news came.

' This afternoon—Count P. G. came to me to con-
' sult upon divers matters. We rode out together.
' They have sent off to the C. for orders. To-morrow
' the decision ought to arrive, and then something
' will be done. Returned—dined—read—went out—
' talked over matters. Made a purchase of some arms
' for the new inrolled Americani, who are all on tiptoe
' to march. Gave orders for some *harness* and port-
' manteaus necessary for the horses.

' Read some of Bowles's dispute about Pope, with
' all the replies and rejoinders. Perceive that my
' name has been lugged into the controversy, but
' have not time to state what I know of the subject.
' On some "piping day of peace" it is probable that I
' may resume it.

* *February 9th, 1821.*

' Before dinner wrote a little; also, before I rode
' out, Count P. G. called upon me, to let me know
' the result of the meeting of the C^l. at F. and at B.
' * * returned late last night. Everything was com-
' bined under the idea that the Barbarians would pass

* In this little incident of the music in the streets thus touching so suddenly upon the nerve of memory, and calling away his mind from its dark bodings to a recollection of years and scenes the happiest, perhaps, of his whole life, there is something that appears to me peculiarly affecting.

‘ the Po on the 15th inst. Instead of this, from some
‘ previous information or otherwise, they have hastened
‘ their march and actually passed two days ago ; so
‘ that all that can be done at present in Romagna is,
‘ to stand on the alert and wait for the advance of the
‘ Neapolitans. Every thing was ready, and the Nea-
‘ politans had sent on their own instructions and inten-
‘ tions, all calculated for the *tenth* and *eleventh*, on
‘ which days a general rising was to take place, under
‘ the supposition that the Barbarians could not ad-
‘ vance before the 15th.

‘ As it is, they have but fifty or sixty thousand
‘ troops, a number with which they might as well
‘ attempt to conquer the world as secure Italy in its
‘ present state. The artillery marches *last*, and alone,
‘ and there is an idea of an attempt to cut part of
‘ them off. All this will much depend upon the first
‘ steps of the Neapolitans. *Here*, the public spirit is
‘ excellent, provided it be kept up. This will be seen
‘ by the event.

‘ It is probable that Italy will be delivered from the
‘ Barbarians if the Neapolitans will but stand firm,
‘ and are united among themselves. *Here* they ap-
‘ pear so.

‘ *February 10th, 1821.*

‘ Day passed as usual—nothing new. Barbarians
‘ still in march—not well equipped, and, of course,
‘ not well received on their route. There is some talk
‘ of a commotion at Paris.

‘ Rode out between four and six—finished my letter
‘ to Murray on Bowles’s pamphlets—added postscript.
‘ Passed the evening as usual—out till eleven—and
‘ subsequently at home.

' February 11th, 1821.

' Wrote—had a copy taken of an extract from Petrarch's Letters, with reference to the conspiracy of the Doge, M. Faliero, containing the Poet's opinion of the matter. Heard a heavy firing of cannon towards Comacchio—the Barbarians rejoicing for their principal pig's birthday, which is to-morrow—or Saint day—I forget which. Received a ticket for the first ball to-morrow. Shall not go to the first, but intend going to the second, as also to the Veglioni.

' February 13th, 1821.

' To-day read a little in Louis B's. Hollande, but have written nothing since the completion of the letter on the Pope controversy. Politics are quite misty for the present. The Barbarians still upon their march. It is not easy to divine what the Italians will now do.

' Was elected yesterday "Socio" of the Carnival ball society. This is the fifth carnival that I have passed. In the four former, I racketed a good deal. In the present, I have been as sober as Lady Grace herself.

' February 14th, 1821.

' Much as usual. Wrote, before riding out, part of a scene of "Sardanapalus." The first act nearly finished. The rest of the day and evening as before—partly without, in conversazione—partly at home.

' Heard the particulars of the late fray at Russi, a town not far from this. It is exactly the fact of Romëo and Giulietta—not Romëo, as the Barbarian writes it. Two families of Contadini (peasants) are at feud. At a ball, the younger part of the families

‘ forget their quarrel, and dance together. An old
 ‘ man of one of them enters, and reproves the young
 ‘ men for dancing with the females of the opposite
 ‘ family. The male relatives of the latter resent this.
 ‘ Both parties rush home, and arm themselves. They
 ‘ meet directly, by moonlight, in the public way, and
 ‘ fight it out. Three are killed on the spot, and six
 ‘ wounded, most of them dangerously,—pretty well
 ‘ for two families, methinks—and all *fact*, of the last
 ‘ week. Another assassination has taken place at
 ‘ Cesenna,—in all about *forty* in Romagna within the
 ‘ last three months. These people retain much of the
 ‘ middle ages.

‘ *February 15th, 1821.*

‘ Last night finished the first act of Sardanapalus.
 ‘ To-night, or to-morrow, I ought to answer letters.

‘ *February 16th, 1821.*

‘ Last night Il Conte P. G. sent a man with a bag
 ‘ full of bayonets, some muskets, and some hundreds
 ‘ of cartridges to my house, without apprizing me,
 ‘ though I had seen him not half an hour before.
 ‘ About ten days ago, when there was to be a rising
 ‘ here, the Liberals and my brethren C^l. asked me to
 ‘ purchase some arms for a certain few of our raga-
 ‘ muffins. I did so immediately, and ordered ammu-
 ‘ nition, &c. and they were armed accordingly. Well
 ‘ —the rising is prevented by the Barbarians marching
 ‘ a week sooner than appointed; and an *order* is
 ‘ issued, and in force, by the Government, “that all
 ‘ persons having arms concealed, &c. &c. shall be
 ‘ liable to,” &c. &c.—and what do my friends, the
 ‘ patriots, do two days afterwards? Why, they throw
 ‘ back upon my hands, and into my house, these very

‘ arms (without a word of warning previously) with
 ‘ which I had furnished them at their own request,
 ‘ and at my own peril and expense.

‘ It was lucky that Lega was at home to receive
 ‘ them. If any of the servants had (except Tita and
 ‘ F. and Lega) they would have betrayed it immedi-
 ‘ ately. In the mean time, if they are denounced, or
 ‘ discovered, I shall be in a scrape.

‘ At nine went out—at eleven returned. Beat the
 ‘ crow for stealing the falcon’s victuals. Read “Tales
 ‘ of my Landlord”—wrote a letter—and mixed a
 ‘ moderate beaker of water with other ingredients.

‘ *February 18th, 1821.*

‘ The news are that the Neapolitans have broken a
 ‘ bridge, and slain four pontifical carabinieri, whilk
 ‘ carabinieri wished to oppose. Besides the disrespect
 ‘ to neutrality, it is a pity that the first blood shed in
 ‘ this German quarrel should be Italian. However,
 ‘ the war seems begun in good earnest; for, if the
 ‘ Neapolitans kill the Pope’s carabinieri, they will not
 ‘ be more delicate towards the Barbarians. If it be
 ‘ even so, in a short time “there will be news o’ thae
 ‘ craws,” as Mrs. Alison Wilson says of Jenny Blane’s
 ‘ “unco cockernony” in the Tales of my Landlord.

‘ In turning over Grimm’s Correspondence to-day,
 ‘ I found a thought of Tom Moore’s in a song of Mau-
 ‘ pertuis to a female Laplander.

‘ Et tous les lieux,
 ‘ OÙ sont ses yeux,
 ‘ Font la Zone brûlante.

‘ This is Moore’s—

‘ And those eyes make my climate, wherever I roam.

‘ But I am sure that Moore never saw it; for this
 ‘ was published in Grimm’s Correspondence in 1813,

‘ and I knew Moore’s by heart in 1812. There is
 ‘ also another, but an antithetical coincidence—

‘ Le soleil luit,
 ‘ Des jours sans nuit
 ‘ Bientôt il nous destine ;
 ‘ Mais ces longs jours
 ‘ Seront trop courts,
 ‘ Passés près des Christine.

‘ This is the *thought, reversed*, of the last stanza of the
 ‘ ballad on Charlotte Lynes, given in Miss Seward’s
 ‘ Memoirs of Darwin, which is pretty—I quote from
 ‘ memory of these last fifteen years.

‘ For my first night I’ll go
 ‘ To those regions of snow,
 ‘ Where the sun for six months never shines ;
 ‘ And think, even then,
 ‘ He too soon came again,
 ‘ To disturb me with fair Charlotte Lynes.

‘ To-day I have had no communication with my
 ‘ Carbonari cronies ; but, in the mean time, my lower
 ‘ apartments are full of their bayonets, fusils, cart-
 ‘ ridges, and what not. I suppose that they consider
 ‘ me as a dépôt, to be sacrificed, in case of accidents.
 ‘ It is no great matter, supposing that Italy could be
 ‘ liberated, who or what is sacrificed. It is a grand
 ‘ object—the very *poetry* of politics. Only think—a
 ‘ free Italy !!! Why, there has been nothing like it
 ‘ since the days of Augustus. I reckon the times of
 ‘ Cæsar (Julius) free ; because the commotions left
 ‘ every body a side to take, and the parties were
 ‘ pretty equal at the set out. But, afterwards, it was
 ‘ all prætorian and legionary business—and since !—
 ‘ we shall see, or, at least, some will see, what card
 ‘ will turn up. It is best to hope, even of the hope-
 ‘ less. The Dutch did more than these fellows have
 ‘ to do, in the Seventy Years’ War.

‘ February 19th, 1821.

‘ Came home solus—very high wind—lightning—
‘ moonshine—solitary stragglers muffled in cloaks—
‘ women in mask—white houses—clouds hurrying
‘ over the sky, like spilt milk blown out of the pail—
‘ altogether very poetical. It is still blowing hard—
‘ the tiles flying, and the house rocking—rain splash-
‘ ing—lightning flashing—quite a fine Swiss Alpine
‘ evening, and the sea roaring in the distance.

‘ Visited—conversazione. All the women fright-
‘ ened by the squall : they *won't* go to the masquerade
‘ because it lightens—the pious reason !

‘ Still blowing away. A. has sent me some news
‘ to-day. The war approaches nearer and nearer.
‘ Oh those scoundrel sovereigns ! Let us but see
‘ them beaten—let the Neapolitans but have the
‘ pluck of the Dutch of old, or the Spaniards of now,
‘ or of the German protestants, the Scotch presbyte-
‘ rians, the Swiss under Tell, or the Greeks under
‘ Themistocles—all small and solitary nations (except
‘ the Spaniards and German Lutherans), and there is
‘ yet a resurrection for Italy, and a hope for the world.

‘ February 20th, 1821.

‘ The news of the day are, that the Neapolitans are
‘ full of energy. The public spirit *here* is certainly
‘ well kept up. The “Americani” (a patriotic society
‘ here, an under branch of the “Carbonari”) give a
‘ dinner in *the Forest* in a few days, and have invited
‘ me, as one of the C^l. It is to be in *the Forest* of
‘ Boccaccio’s and Dryden’s “Huntsman’s Ghost ;” and,
‘ even if I had not the same political feelings (to say
‘ nothing of my old convivial turn, which every now
‘ and then revives), I would go as a poet, or, at least,
‘ as a lover of poetry. I shall expect to see the

‘ spectre of “Ostasio* degli Onesti” (Dryden has
 ‘ turned him into Guido Cavalcanti—an essentially
 ‘ different person, as may be found in Dante) come
 ‘ “thundering for his prey” in the midst of the fes-
 ‘ tival. At any rate, whether he does or no, I will
 ‘ get as tipsy and patriotic as possible.

‘ Within these few days I have read, but not
 written.

‘ February 21st, 1821.

‘ As usual, rode—visited, &c. Business begins to
 ‘ thicken. The Pope has printed a declaration against
 ‘ the patriots, who, he says, meditate a rising. The
 ‘ consequence of all this will be, that, in a fortnight,
 ‘ the whole country will be up. The proclamation is
 ‘ not yet published, but printed, ready for distribution.
 ‘ * * sent me a copy privately—a sign that he does
 ‘ not know what to think. When he wants to be well
 ‘ with the patriots, he sends to me some civil message
 ‘ or other.

‘ For my own part, it seems to me, that nothing but
 ‘ the most decided success of the Barbarians can pre-
 ‘ vent a general and immediate rise of the whole
 ‘ nation.

‘ February 23d, 1821.

‘ Almost ditto with yesterday—rode, &c.—visited
 ‘ —wrote nothing—read Roman History.

‘ Had a curious letter from a fellow, who informs
 ‘ me that the Barbarians are ill-disposed towards me.
 ‘ He is probably a spy, or an impostor. But be it so,
 ‘ even as he says. They cannot bestow their hostility
 ‘ on one who loathes and execrates them more than I
 ‘ do, or who will oppose their views with more zeal,
 ‘ when the opportunity offers.

* In Boccacio, the name is, I think, Nastagio.

‘ February 24th, 1821.

‘ Rode, &c. as usual. The secret intelligence arrived this morning from the frontier to the C. is as bad as possible. The *plan* has missed—the Chiefs are betrayed, military, as well as civil—and the Neapolitans not only have *not* moved, but have declared to the P. government, and to the Barbarians; that they know nothing of the matter !!!

‘ Thus the world goes; and thus the Italians are always lost for lack of union among themselves. What is to be done *here*, between the two fires, and cut off from the N^a. frontier, is not decided. My opinion was,—better to rise than be taken in detail; but how it will be settled now, I cannot tell. Messengers are despatched to the delegates of the other cities to learn their resolutions.

‘ I always had an idea that it would be *bungled*; but was willing to hope, and am so still. Whatever I can do by money, means, or person, I will venture freely for their freedom; and have so repeated to them (some of the Chiefs here) half an hour ago. I have two thousand five hundred soudi, better than five hundred pounds, in the house, which I offered to begin with.

‘ February 25th, 1821.

‘ Came home—my head aches—plenty of news, but too tiresome to set down. I have neither read nor written, nor thought, but led a purely animal life all day. I mean to try to write a page or two before I go to bed. But, as Squire Sullen says, “My head aches consumedly: Scrub, bring me a dram!” Drank some Imola wine, and some punch.

*' Log-book continued *.**' February 27th, 1821.*

' I have been a day without continuing the log, because I could not find a blank book. At length I recollected this.

*' Rode, &c.—dined—wrote down an additional stanza for the 5th canto of D. J., which I had composed in bed this morning. Visited l'Amica. We are invited, on the night of the Veglione (next Domenica) with the Marchesa Clelia Cavalli and the Countess Spinelli Rusponi. I promised to go. Last night there was a row at the ball, of which I am a "socio." The Vice-legate had the imprudent insolence to introduce *three* of his servants in masque —without tickets, too! and in spite of remonstrances. The consequence was, that the young men of the ball took it up, and were near throwing the Vice-legate out of the window. His servants, seeing the scene, withdrew, and he after them. His reverence Monsignore ought to know, that these are not times for the predominance of priests over decorum. Two minutes more, two steps farther, and the whole city would have been in arms, and the government driven out of it.*

' Such is the spirit of the day, and these fellows appear not to perceive it. As far as the simple fact went, the young men were right, servants being prohibited always at these festivals.

' Yesterday wrote two notes on the "Bowles and Pope" controversy, and sent them off to Murray by the post. The old woman whom I relieved in the forest (she is ninety-four years of age) brought me two bunches of violets. "Nam vita gaudet mortua

* In another paper-book.

‘ floribus.” I was much pleased with the present.
 ‘ An Englishwoman would have presented a pair of
 ‘ worsted stockings, at least, in the month of February.
 ‘ Both excellent things ; but the former are more ele-
 ‘ gant. The present, at this season, reminds one of
 ‘ Gray’s stanza, omitted from his elegy :

‘ Here scatter’d oft, the *earliest* of the year,

‘ By hands unseen, are showers of violets found ;

‘ The red-breast loves to build and warble here,

‘ And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

‘ As fine a stanza as any in his elegy. I wonder that
 ‘ he could have the heart to omit it.

‘ Last night I suffered horribly—from an indiges-
 ‘ tion, I believe. I *never* sup—that is, never at home.
 ‘ But, last night, I was prevailed upon by the Coun-
 ‘ tess Gamba’s persuasion, and the strenuous example
 ‘ of her brother, to swallow, at supper, a quantity of
 ‘ boiled cockles, and to dilute them, *not* reluctantly,
 ‘ with some Imola wine. When I came home, appre-
 ‘ prehensive of the consequences, I swallowed three
 ‘ or four glasses of spirits, which men (the venders)
 ‘ call brandy, rum, or hollands, but which Gods
 ‘ would entitle spirits of wine, coloured or sugared.
 ‘ All was pretty well till I got to bed, when I became
 ‘ somewhat swollen, and considerably vertiginous. I
 ‘ got out, and mixing some soda-powders, drank them
 ‘ off. This brought on temporary relief. I returned
 ‘ to bed ; but grew sick and sorry once and again.
 ‘ Took more soda-water. At last I fell into a dreary
 ‘ sleep. Woke, and was ill all day, till I had galloped
 ‘ a few miles. Query—was it the cockles, or what I
 ‘ took to correct them, that caused the commotion ? I
 ‘ think both. I remarked in my illness the complete
 ‘ inertion, inaction, and destruction of my chief mental
 ‘ faculties. I tried to rouse them, and yet could not

‘—and this is the *Soul*!!! I should believe that it
 ‘ was married to the body, if they did not sympathize
 ‘ so much with each other. If the one rose, when
 ‘ the other fell, it would be a sign that they longed
 ‘ for the natural state of divorce. But as it is, they
 ‘ seem to draw together like post-horses.

‘ Let us hope the best—it is the grand possession.’

During the two months comprised in this Journal, some of the Letters of the following series were written. The reader must, therefore, be prepared to find in them occasional notices of the same train of events.

LETTER 404.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, January 2d, 1821.*

‘ Your entering into my project for the Memoir is
 ‘ pleasant to me. But I doubt (contrary to my dear
 ‘ Mad^e Mac F * *, whom I always loved, and always
 ‘ shall—not only because I really *did* feel attached to
 ‘ her *personally*, but because she and about a dozen
 ‘ others of that sex were all who stuck by me in the
 ‘ grand conflict of 1815)—but I doubt, I say, whether
 ‘ the Memoir could appear in my lifetime;—and,
 ‘ indeed, I had rather it did not; for a man always
 ‘ *looks dead* after his Life has appeared, and I should
 ‘ certes not survive the appearance of mine. The
 ‘ first part I cannot consent to alter, even although
 ‘ Mad^e. de S.’s opinion of B. C., and my remarks upon
 ‘ Lady C.’s beauty (which is surely great, and I sup-
 ‘ pose that I have said so—at least, I ought) should
 ‘ go down to our grandchildren in unsophisticated
 ‘ nakedness.

‘ As to Madame de S * *, I am by no means

' bound to be her beadsman—she was always more
 ' civil to me in person than during my absence. Our
 ' dear defunct friend, M * * L * *†, who was too
 ' great a bore ever to lie, assured me, upon his tire-
 ' some word of honour, that, at Florence, the said
 ' Madame de S * * was open-mouthed against me;
 ' and when asked, in *Switzerland*, why she had changed
 ' her opinion, replied, with laudable sincerity, that I
 ' had named her in a sonnet with Voltaire, Rousseau,
 ' &c. &c. and that she could not help it through de-
 ' cency. Now, I have not forgotten this, but I have
 ' been generous,—as mine acquaintance, the late Cap-
 ' tain Whitby, of the navy, used to say to his seamen
 ' (when “ married to the gunner’s daughter ”)—“ two
 ' dozen, and let you off easy.” The “ two dozen ” were
 ' with the cat-o’-nine tails;—the “ let you off easy ” was
 ' rather his own opinion than that of the patient.

+ Of this gentleman, the following notice occurs in the ‘ Detached Thoughts.’—‘ L * * was a good man, a clever man, but a bore. My only
 ‘ revenge or consolation used to be, setting him by the ears with some
 ‘ vivacious person who hated bores especially,—Madame de S— or H—,
 ‘ for example. But I liked L * *; he was a jewel of a man, had he been
 ‘ better set;—I don’t mean *personally*, but less *tiresome*, for he was
 ‘ tedious, as well as contradictory to every thing and every body. Being
 ‘ short-sighted when we used to ride out together near the Brenta in the
 ‘ twilight in summer, he made me go *before*, to pilot him: I am absent
 ‘ at times, especially towards evening; and the consequence of this pilot-
 ‘ age was some narrow escapes to the M * * on horseback. Once I led
 ‘ him *into* a ditch over which I had passed as usual, forgetting to warn
 ‘ my convoy; once I led him nearly into the river, instead of *on* the
 ‘ *moveable* bridge which *incommodes* passengers; and twice did we both
 ‘ run against the Diligence, which, being heavy and slow, did communi-
 ‘ cate less damage than it received in its leaders, who were *terrified* by
 ‘ the charge; thrice did I lose him in the gray of the gloaming, and was
 ‘ obliged to bring-to to his distant signals of distance and distress;—all
 ‘ the time he went on talking without intermission, for he was a man of
 ‘ many words. Poor fellow! he died a martyr to his new riches—of a
 ‘ second visit to Jamaica.

‘ I’d give the lands of Deloraine
 ‘ Dark Musgrave were alive again!

that is,

‘ I would give many a sugar cane
 ‘ M * * L * * were alive again!

‘ My acquaintance with these terms and practices
 ‘ arises from my having been much conversant with
 ‘ ships of war and naval heroes in the year of my
 ‘ voyages in the Mediterranean. Whitby was in the
 ‘ gallant action off Lissa in 1811. He was brave, but
 ‘ a disciplinarian. When he left his frigate, he left a
 ‘ *parrot*, which was taught by the crew the following
 ‘ sounds—(it must be remarked that Captain Whitby
 ‘ was the image of Fawcett the actor, in voice, face,
 ‘ and figure, and that he squinted).

‘ The Parrot *loquitur*.

‘ “ Whitby! Whitby! funny eye! funny eye! two
 ‘ dozen, and let you off easy. Oh you ——!”

‘ Now, if Madame de B. has a parrot, it had better
 ‘ be taught a French parody of the same sounds.

‘ With regard to our purposed Journal, I will call it
 ‘ what you please, but it should be a newspaper, to
 ‘ make it *pay*. We can call it “The Harp,” if you
 ‘ like—or any thing.

‘ I feel exactly as you do about our “art*,” but it
 ‘ comes over me in a kind of rage every now and then,
 ‘ like * * * *, and then, if I don’t write to empty my
 ‘ mind, I go mad. As to that regular, uninterrupted

* The following passage from the letter of mine, to which the above was an answer, will best explain what follows:—‘ With respect to the newspaper, it is odd enough that Lord * * * * and myself had been (about a week or two before I received your letter) speculating upon your assistance in a plan somewhat similar, but more literary and less regularly periodical in its appearance. Lord * *, as you will see by his volume of Essays, if it reaches you, has a very sly, dry, and pithy way of putting sound truths, upon politics and manners, and whatever scheme we adopt, he will be a very useful and active ally in it, as he has a pleasure in writing quite inconceivable to a poor hack scribe like me, who always feel, about my art, as the French husband did when he found a man making love to his (the Frenchman’s) wife:—“Comment, Mounsier,—sans y être *obligé*!” When I say this, however, I mean it only of the executive part of writing; for the imagining, the shadowing out of the future work is, I own, a delicious fool’s-paradise.’

‘ love of writing, which you describe in your friend,
‘ I do not understand it. I feel it as a torture, which
‘ I must get rid of, but never as a pleasure. On the
‘ contrary, I think composition a great pain.

‘ I wish you to think seriously of the Journal scheme
‘ —for I am as serious as one can be, in this world,
‘ about any thing. As to matters here, they are high
‘ and mighty—but not for paper. It is much about
‘ the state of things betwixt Cain and Abel. There
‘ is, in fact, no law or government at all; and it is
‘ wonderful how well things go on without them.
‘ Excepting a few occasional murders (every body kill-
‘ ing whomsoever he pleases, and being killed, in turn,
‘ by a friend, or relative, of the defunct), there is as
‘ quiet a society and as merry a Carnival as can be
‘ met with in a tour through Europe. There is no-
‘ thing like habit in these things.

‘ I shall remain here till May or June, and, unless
‘ “honour comes unlooked for,” we may perhaps meet,
‘ in France or England, within the year.

‘ Yours, &c.

‘ Of course, I cannot explain to you existing cir-
‘ cumstances, as they open all letters.

‘ Will you set me right about your curst “Champs
‘ Elysées?”—are they “és” or “ées” for the adjec-
‘ tive? I know nothing of French, being all Italian.
‘ Though I can read and understand French, I never
‘ attempt to speak it; for I hate it. From the second
‘ part of the Memoirs cut what you please.”

LETTER 405.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, January 4th, 1821.*

‘ I just see, by the papers of Galignani, that there
‘ is a new tragedy of great expectation, by Barry

‘ Cornwall. Of what I have read of his works, I liked
‘ the *Dramatic Sketches*, but thought his *Sicilian Story*
‘ and *Marcian Colonna*, in rhyme, quite spoilt, by I
‘ know not what affectation of Wordsworth, and
‘ Moore, and myself,—all mixed up into a kind of
‘ chaos. I think him very likely to produce a good
‘ tragedy, if he keep to a natural style, and not play
‘ tricks to form harlequinades for an audience. As
‘ he (Barry Cornwall is not his *true* name) was a
‘ schoolfellow of mine, I take more than common in-
‘ terest in his success, and shall be glad to hear of it
‘ speedily. If I had been aware that he was in that
‘ line, I should have spoken of him in the preface to
‘ *Marino Faliero*. He will do a world’s wonder if he
‘ produce a great tragedy. I am, however, persuaded,
‘ that this is not to be done by following the old dra-
‘ matists,—who are full of gross faults, pardoned only
‘ for the beauty of their language,—but by writing
‘ naturally and *regularly*, and producing *regular* tra-
‘ gedies, like the *Greeks*; but not in *imitation*,—merely
‘ the outline of their conduct, adapted to our own
‘ times and circumstances, and of course *no* chorus.

‘ You will laugh, and say, “Why don’t you do so?”
‘ I have, you see, tried a sketch in *Marino Faliero*;
‘ but many people think my talent “*essentially undra-*
‘ *matic*,” and I am not at all clear that they are not
‘ right. If *Marino Faliero* don’t fall—in the perusal
‘ —I shall, perhaps, try again (but not for the stage);
‘ and, as I think that *love* is not the principal passion
‘ for tragedy (and yet most of ours turn upon it), you
‘ will not find me a popular writer. Unless it is love,
‘ *furious*, *criminal*, and *hapless*, it ought not to make a
‘ tragic subject. When it is melting and maudlin, it
‘ *does*, but it ought not to do; it is then for the gallery
‘ and second-price boxes.

‘ If you want to have a notion of what I am trying, take up a *translation* of any of the *Greek* tragedians. If I said the original, it would be an impudent presumption of mine ; but the translations are so inferior to the originals, that I think I may risk it. Then judge of the “ simplicity of plot,” &c. and do not judge me by your old mad dramatists, which is like drinking usquebaugh and then proving a fountain. Yet after all, I suppose that you do not mean that spirits is a nobler element than a clear spring bubbling in the sun ? and this I take to be the difference between the Greeks and those turbid mountebanks—always excepting Ben Jonson, who was a scholar and a classic. Or, take up a translation of Alfieri, and try the interest, &c. of these my new attempts in the old line, by *him* in *English* ; and then tell me fairly your opinion. But don’t measure me by *YOUR OWN old or new tailors’ yards*. Nothing so easy as intricate confusion of plot and rant. Mrs. Centlivre, in comedy, has *ten times the bustle of Congreve* ; but are they to be compared ? and yet she drove Congreve from the theatre.’

LETTER 406.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, January 19th, 1821.*

‘ Yours of the 29th ultimo hath arrived. I must really and seriously request that you will beg of Messrs. Harris or Elliston to let the Doge alone : it is *not* an acting play ; it will not serve *their* purpose ; it will destroy *yours* (the *sale*) ; and it will distress me. It is not courteous, it is hardly even gentlemanly, to persist in this appropriation of a man’s writings to their mountebanks.

‘ I have already sent you by last post a short pro-

‘test* to the public (against this proceeding); in case
 ‘that *they* persist, which I trust that they will not,
 ‘you must then publish it in the newspapers. I shall
 ‘not let them off with that only, if they go on; but
 ‘make a longer appeal on that subject, and state what
 ‘I think the injustice of their mode of behaviour. It
 ‘is hard that I should have all the buffoons in Britain
 ‘to deal with—*pirates* who *will* publish, and *players*
 ‘who *will* act—when there are thousands of worthy
 ‘men who can get neither bookseller nor manager for
 ‘love nor money.

‘You never answered me a word about *Galignani*.
 ‘If you mean to use the two *documents*, *do*; if not,
 ‘*burn* them. I do not choose to leave them in any
 ‘one’s possession: suppose some one found them
 ‘without the letters, what would they *think*? why,
 ‘that *I* had been doing the *opposite* of what I *have*
 ‘*done*, to wit, referred the whole thing to you—an act
 ‘of civility at least, which required saying, “I have
 ‘received your letter.” I thought that you might have
 ‘some hold upon those publications by this means; to
 ‘*me* it can be no interest one way or the other†.

‘The *third* canto of *Don Juan* is “dull,” but you
 ‘must really put up with it: if the two first and the

* To the letter which inclosed this protest, and which has been omitted to avoid repetitions, he had subjoined a passage from Spence’s *Anecdotes* (p. 197 of Singer’s edition), where Pope says, speaking of himself, ‘I had taken such strong resolutions against anything of that kind, from seeing how much every body that *did* write for the stage was obliged to subject themselves to the players and the town.’—*Spence’s Anecdotes*, p. 22.

In the same paragraph, Pope is made to say, ‘After I had got acquainted with the town, I resolved never to write anything for the stage, though solicited by many of my friends to do so, and particularly *Betterton*.’

† No further step was ever taken in this affair; and the documents, which were of no use whatever, are, I believe, still in Mr. Murray’s possession.

‘two following are tolerable, what do you expect?
‘particularly as I neither dispute with you on it as a
‘matter of criticism, nor as a matter of business.

‘Besides, what am I to understand? you and
‘Douglas Kinnaird, and others, write to me, that the
‘two first published cantos are among the best that I
‘ever wrote, and are reckoned so; Augusta writes
‘that they are thought “*execrable*” (bitter word *that*
‘for an author—eh, Murray?) as a *composition* even,
‘and that she had heard so much against them that
‘she would *never read them*, and never has. Be that
‘as it may, I can’t alter; that is not my forte. If you
‘publish the three new ones without ostentation, they
‘may perhaps succeed.

‘Pray publish the Dante and the *Pulci* (the *Pro-*
‘*phesy of Dante*, I mean). I look upon the *Pulci* as
‘my grand performance*. The remainder of the
‘“Hints,” where be they? Now, bring them all out
‘about the same time, otherwise “the *variety*” you
‘wot of will be less obvious.

‘I am in bad humour:—some obstructions in busi-
‘ness with those plaguy trustees, who object to an
‘advantageous loan which I was to furnish to a noble-
‘man on mortgage, because his property is in *Ire-*
‘*land*, have shown me how a man is treated in his
‘absence. Oh, if I *do* come back, I will make some
‘of those who little dream of it *spin*,—or they or I
‘shall go down.’

* The self-will of Lord Byron was in no point more conspicuous than in the determination with which he thus persisted in giving the preference to one or two works of his own which, in the eyes of all other persons, were most decided failures. Of this class was the translation from *Pulci*, so frequently mentioned by him, which appeared afterwards in the *Liberal*, and which, though thus rescued from the fate of remaining unpublished, must for ever, I fear, submit to the doom of being unread.

LETTER 407.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ January 20th, 1821.

‘ I did not think to have troubled you with the
‘ plague and postage of a *double letter* this time, but I
‘ have just read in an *Italian paper*, “ That Lord
‘ Byron has a tragedy coming out,” &c. &c. &c., and
‘ that the Courier and Morning Chronicle, &c. &c. are
‘ pulling one another to pieces about it and him, &c.

‘ Now I do reiterate and desire, that every thing
‘ may be done to prevent it from coming out on *any*
‘ *theatre*, for which it never was designed, and on
‘ which (in the present state of the stage of London)
‘ it could never succeed. I have sent you my appeal
‘ by last post, which you *must publish in case of need* ;
‘ and I require you even in *your own name* (if my honour
‘ is dear to you) to declare that such representation
‘ would be contrary to my *wish and to my judgment*.
‘ If you do not wish to drive me mad altogether, you
‘ will hit upon some way to prevent this.

‘ Yours, &c.

‘ P.S. I cannot conceive how Harris or Elliston
‘ should be so insane as to think of acting Marino
‘ Faliero ; they might as well act the Prometheus of
‘ Æschylus. I speak of course humbly, and with the
‘ greatest sense of the distance of time and merit
‘ between the two performances ; but merely to show
‘ the absurdity of the attempt.

‘ The Italian paper speaks of a “ party against it : ”
‘ to be sure there would be a party. Can you ima-
‘ gine, that after having never flattered man, nor
‘ beast, nor opinion, nor politics, there would *not* be a
‘ party against a man, who is also a *popular* writer—
‘ at least a successful ? Why, all parties would be a
‘ party against.’

LETTER 408.

TO MR. MURRAY.

' Ravenna, January 20th, 1821.

' If Harris or Elliston persist, after the remonstrance which I desired you and Mr. Kinnaird to make on my behalf, and which I hope will be sufficient—but *if*, I say, they *do persist*, then I pray you to *present in person* the enclosed letter to the Lord Chamberlain: I have said *in person*, because otherwise I shall have neither answer nor knowledge that it has reached its address, owing to "the insolence of office."

' I wish you would speak to Lord Holland, and to all my friends and yours, to interest themselves in preventing this cursed attempt at representation,

' God help me! at this distance, I am treated like a corpse or a fool by the few people that I thought I could rely upon; and I *was* a fool to think any better of them than of the rest of mankind,

' Pray write.

' Yours, &c.

' P.S. I have nothing more at heart (that is, in literature) than to prevent this drama from going upon the stage: in short, rather than permit it, it must be *suppressed altogether*, and only *forty copies struck off privately* for presents to my friends. What curst fools those speculating buffoons must be *not* to see that it is unfit for their fair—or their booth!'

LETTER 409.

TO MR. MOORE.

' Ravenna, January 22d, 1821.

' Pray get well. I do not like your complaint. So, let me have a line to say you are up and doing again. To-day I am thirty-three years of age,

"Through life's road, &c. &c.*"

' Have you heard that the "Braziers' Company"

* Already given in his Journal.

‘ have, or mean to present an address at Branden-
 ‘ burgh-house, “in armour,” and with all possible
 ‘ variety and splendour of brazen apparel?

‘ The Braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass

‘ An address, and present it themselves all in brass—

‘ A superfluous pageant—for, by the Lord Harry,

‘ They ’ll find where they ’re going much more than they carry.

‘ There’s an Ode for you, is it not?—worthy

‘ Of * * * *, the grand metaquizzical poet,

‘ A man of vast merit, though few people know it;

‘ The perusal of whom (as I told *you* at Mestri)

‘ I owe, in great part, to my passion for pastry.

‘ Mestri and Fusina are the “trajects, or common
 ‘ ferries,” to Venice; but it was from Fusina that you
 ‘ and I embarked, though “the wicked necessity of
 ‘ rhyming” has made me press Mestri into the voyage.

‘ So, you have had a book dedicated to you? I am
 ‘ glad of it, and shall be very happy to see the volume.

‘ I am in a peck of troubles about a tragedy of
 ‘ mine, which is fit only for the (* * * *) closet,
 ‘ and which it seems that the managers, assuming a
 ‘ *right* over published poetry, are determined to enact,
 ‘ whether I will or no, with their own alterations by
 ‘ Mr. Dibdin, I presume. I have written to Murray,
 ‘ to the Lord Chamberlain, and to others, to interfere
 ‘ and preserve me from such an exhibition. I want
 ‘ neither the impertinence of their hisses, nor the inso-
 ‘ lence of their applause. I write only for the *reader*,
 ‘ and care for nothing but the *silent* approbation of
 ‘ those who close one’s book with good humour and
 ‘ quiet contentment.

‘ Now, if you would also write to our friend Perry,
 ‘ to beg of him to mediate with Harris and Elliston
 ‘ to *forbear* this intent, you will greatly oblige me.
 ‘ The play is quite unfit for the stage, as a single

‘glance will show them, and, I hope, *has* shown
‘them; and, if it were ever so fit, I will never have
‘anything to do willingly with the theatres.

‘Yours ever, in haste, &c.’

LETTER 410.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘*Ravenna, January 27th, 1821.*

‘I differ from you about the *Dante*, which I think
‘should be published with the tragedy. But do as
‘you please: you must be the best judge of your own
‘craft. I agree with you about the *title*. The play
‘may be good or bad, but I flatter myself that it is
‘original as a picture of *that* kind of passion, which
‘to my mind is so natural, that I am convinced that I
‘should have done precisely what the Doge did on
‘those provocations.

‘I am glad of Foscolo’s approbation.

‘Excuse haste. I believe I mentioned to you that
‘——I forget what it was; but no matter.

‘Thanks for your compliments of the year. I
‘hope that it will be pleasanter than the last. I
‘speak with reference to *England* only, as far as
‘regards myself, *where* I had every kind of disap-
‘pointment—lost an important lawsuit—and the trus-
‘tees of Lady Byron refusing to allow of an advan-
‘tageous loan to be made from my property to Lord
‘Blessington, &c. &c., by way of closing the four sea-
‘sons. These, and a hundred other such things,
‘made a year of bitter business for me in England.
‘Luckily, things were a little pleasanter for me *here*,
‘else I should have taken the liberty of Hannibal’s
‘ring.

‘Pray thank Gifford for all his goodnesses. The
‘winter is as cold here as Parry’s polarities. I must

' now take a canter in the forest ; my horses are
' waiting.

' Yours ever and truly.'

LETTER 411.

TO MR. MURRAY.

' *Ravenna, February 2d, 1821.*

' Your letter of excuses has arrived. I receive the
' letter, but do not admit the excuses, except in cour-
' tesy ; as when a man treads on your toes and begs
' your pardon, the pardon is granted, but the joint
' aches, especially if there be a corn upon it. How-
' ever, I shall scold you presently.

' In the last speech of the Doge, there occurs (I
' think, from memory) the phrase

" And Thou who makest and unmakest suns :"

' change this to

" And Thou who kindest and who quenchest suns ;"

' that is to say, if the versé runs equally well, and
' Mr. Gifford thinks the expression improved. Pray
' have the bounty to attend to this. You are grown
' quite a minister of state. Mind if some of these
' days you are not thrown out. * * will not be
' always a Tory, though Johnson says the first Whig
' was the devil.

' You have learnt one secret from Mr. Galignani's
' (somewhat tardily acknowledged) correspondence :
' this is, that an *English* author may dispose of his
' exclusive copyright in *France*,—a fact of some con-
' sequence (in *time of peace*) in the case of a popular
' writer. Now I will tell you what *you* shall do, and
' take no advantage of you, though you were scurvy
' enough never to acknowledge my letter for three
' months. Offer Galignani the refusal of the copy-

‘ right in France ; if he refuses, appoint any book-seller in France you please, and I will sign any assignment you please, and it shall never cost you a sou on my account.

‘ Recollect that I will have nothing to do with it, except as far as it may secure the copyright to yourself. I will have no bargain but with the English booksellers, and I desire no interest out of that country.

‘ Now, that’s fair and open, and a little handsomer than your *dodging* silence, to see what would come of it. You are an excellent fellow, mio caro Moray, but there is still a little leaven of Fleet-street about you now and then—a crum of the old loaf. You have no right to act suspiciously with me, for I have given you no reason. I shall always be frank with you ; as, for instance, whenever you talk with the votaries of Apollo arithmetically, it should be in guineas, not pounds—to poets, as well as physicians, and bidders at auctions.

‘ I shall say no more at this present, save that I am,

‘ Yours, &c.

‘ P.S. If you venture, as you say, to Ravenna this year, I will exercise the rites of hospitality while you live, and bury you handsomely (though not in holy ground), if you get “ shot or slashed in a creagh or splore,” which are rather frequent here of late among the native parties. But perhaps your visit may be anticipated ; I may probably come to your country ; in which case write to her ladyship the duplicate of the epistle the King of France wrote to Prince John.’

LETTER 412.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, February 16th, 1821.*

‘ In the month of March will arrive from Barcelona
 ‘ *Signor Curioni*, engaged for the Opera. He is an
 ‘ acquaintance of mine, and a gentlemanly young
 ‘ man, high in his profession. I must request your
 ‘ personal kindness and patronage in his favour. Pray
 ‘ introduce him to such of the theatrical people, edi-
 ‘ tors of papers, and others, as may be useful to him
 ‘ in his profession, publicly and privately.

‘ The fifth is so far from being the last of Don Juan,
 ‘ that it is hardly the beginning. I meant to take
 ‘ him the tour of Europe, with a proper mixture of
 ‘ siege, battle, and adventure, and to make him finish
 ‘ as *Anacharsis Cloots*, in the French Revolution. To
 ‘ how many cantos this may extend, I know not, nor
 ‘ whether (even if I live) I shall complete it: but
 ‘ this was my notion. I meant to have made him a
 ‘ cavalier servente in Italy, and a cause for a divorce
 ‘ in England, and a sentimental “Werter-faced man”
 ‘ in Germany, so as to show the different ridicules of
 ‘ the society in each of those countries, and to have
 ‘ displayed him gradually *gâté* and *blasé* as he grew
 ‘ older, as is natural. But I had not quite fixed
 ‘ whether to make him end in hell, or in an unhappy
 ‘ marriage, not knowing which would be the severest:
 ‘ the Spanish tradition says hell; but it is probably
 ‘ only an allegory of the other state. You are now in
 ‘ possession of my notions on the subject.

‘ You say the Doge will not be popular: did I ever
 ‘ write for *popularity*? I defy you to show a work of
 ‘ mine (except a tale or two) of a popular style or com-
 ‘ plexion. It appears to me that there is room for a
 ‘ different style of the drama; neither a servile follow-

‘ing of the old drama, which is a grossly erroneous
‘one, not yet *too French*, like those who succeeded
‘the older writers. It appears to me, that good
‘English, and a severer approach to the rules, might
‘combine something not dishonourable to our litera-
‘ture. I have also attempted to make a play without
‘love; and there are neither rings, nor mistakes, nor
‘starts, nor outrageous ranting villains, nor melodrama
‘in it. All this will prevent its popularity, but does
‘not persuade me that it is *therefore* faulty. What-
‘ever faults it has will arise from deficiency in the
‘conduct, rather than in the conception, which is
‘simple and severe.

‘*So you epigrammatize upon my epigram?* I will
‘*pay* you for *that*, mind if I don’t, some day. I never
‘let any one off in the long run (*who first begins*).
‘Remember * * *, and see if I don’t do you as good a
‘turn. You unnatural publisher! what! quiz your
‘own authors? you are a paper cannibal!

‘In the Letter on Bowles (which I sent by Tues-
‘day’s post) after the words “*attempts had been*
‘*made,*” (alluding to the republication of “English
‘Bards,”) add the words, “*in Ireland;*” for I believe
‘that English pirates did not begin their attempts till
‘after I had left England the second time. Pray
‘attend to this. Let me know what you and your
‘synod think on Bowles.

‘I did not think the second *seal* so bad; surely it
‘is far better than the Saracen’s head with which you
‘have sealed your *last letter*; the larger, in *profile*,
‘was surely much better than that.

‘So Foscolo says he will get you a *seal cut* better
‘in Italy? he means a *throat*—that is the only thing
‘they do dexterously. The Arts—all but Canova’s,

‘ and Morghen’s, and *Ovid’s* (I don’t *mean poetry*),—
 ‘ are as low as need be : look at the seal which I gave
 ‘ to William Bankes, and own it. How came George
 ‘ Bankes to quote “ English Bards ” in the House of
 ‘ Commons ? All the world keep flinging that poem
 ‘ in my face.

‘ Belzoni is a grand traveller, and his English is
 ‘ very prettily broken.

‘ As for news, the Barbarians are marching on
 ‘ Naples, and if they lose a single battle, all Italy will
 ‘ be up. It will be like the Spanish row, if they have
 ‘ any bottom.

‘ “ Letters opened ? ”—to be sure they are, and that’s
 ‘ the reason why I always put in my opinion of the
 ‘ German Austrian scoundrels. There is not an Ita-
 ‘ lian who loathes them more than I do ; and what-
 ‘ ever I could do to scour Italy and the earth of their
 ‘ infamous oppression would be done *con amore*.

‘ Yours, &c.’

LETTER 413.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ Ravenna, February 21st, 1821.

‘ In the forty-fourth page, volume first, of Turner’s
 ‘ Travels (which you lately sent me), it is stated that
 ‘ “ Lord Byron, when he expressed such confidence
 ‘ of its practicability, seems to have forgotten that
 ‘ Leander swam both ways, with and against the
 ‘ tide ; whereas *he* (Lord Byron) only performed the
 ‘ easiest part of the task by swimming with it from
 ‘ Europe to Asia.” I certainly could not have for-
 ‘ gotten, what is known to every schoolboy, that
 ‘ Leander crossed in the night, and returned towards
 ‘ the morning. My object was, to ascertain that the
 ‘ Hellespont could be crossed *at all* by swimming,

‘ and in this Mr. Ekenhead and myself both succeeded,
‘ the one in an hour and ten minutes, and the other
‘ in one hour and five minutes. The *tide* was *not* in
‘ our favour; on the contrary, the great difficulty was
‘ to bear up against the current; which, so far from
‘ helping us into the Asiatic side, set us down right
‘ towards the Archipelago. Neither Mr. Ekenhead,
‘ myself, nor, I will venture to add, any person on
‘ board the frigate, from Captain Bathurst downwards,
‘ had any notion of a difference of the current on the
‘ Asiatic side, of which Mr. Turner speaks. I never
‘ heard of it till this moment, or I would have taken
‘ the other course. Lieutenant Ekenhead’s sole mo-
‘ tive and mine also, for setting out from the European
‘ side was, that the little cape above Sestos was a
‘ more prominent starting place, and the frigate,
‘ which lay below, close under the Asiatic castle,
‘ formed a better point of view for us to swim towards;
‘ and, in fact, we landed immediately below it.

‘ Mr. Turner says, “ Whatever is thrown into the
‘ stream on this part of the European bank *must*
‘ arrive at the Asiatic shore.” This is so far from
‘ being the case, that it *must* arrive in the Archipe-
‘ lago, if left to the current, although a strong wind
‘ in the Asiatic direction might have such an effect
‘ occasionally.

‘ Mr. Turner attempted the passage from the
‘ Asiatic side, and failed: “ After five-and-twenty
‘ minutes, in which he did not advance a hundred
‘ yards, he gave it up from complete exhaustion.”
‘ This is very possible, and might have occurred to
‘ him just as readily on the European side. He
‘ should have set out a couple of miles higher, and
‘ could then have come out below the European

‘ castle. I particularly stated, and Mr. Hobhouse has
‘ done so also, that we were obliged to make the real
‘ passage of one mile extend to between *three* and
‘ *four*, owing to the force of the stream. I can
‘ assure Mr. Turner, that his success would have
‘ given me great pleasure, as it would have added one
‘ more instance to the proofs of the probability. It is
‘ not quite fair in him to infer, that because *he* failed,
‘ Leander could not succeed. There are still four in-
‘ stances on record : a Neapolitan, a young Jew, Mr.
‘ Ekenhead, and myself ; the two last done in the
‘ presence of hundreds of *English* witnesses.

‘ With regard to the difference of the *current*, I per-
‘ ceived none ; it is favourable to the swimmer on
‘ neither side, but may be stemmed by plunging into
‘ the sea, a considerable way above the opposite point
‘ of the coast which the swimmer wishes to make, but
‘ still bearing up against it ; it is strong, but if you
‘ calculate well, you may reach land. My own ex-
‘ perience and that of others bids me pronounce the
‘ passage of Leander perfectly practicable. Any young
‘ man, in good and tolerable skill in swimming, might
‘ succeed in it from *either* side. I was three hours
‘ in swimming across the Tagus, which is much more
‘ hazardous, being two hours longer than the Helles-
‘ pont. Of what may be done in swimming, I will
‘ mention one more instance. In 1818, the Chevalier
‘ Mengaldo (a gentleman of Bassano), a good swim-
‘ mer, wished to swim with my friend Mr. Alexander
‘ Scott and myself. As he seemed particularly anxious
‘ on the subject, we indulged him. We all three
‘ started from the island of the Lido and swam to Ve-
‘ nice. At the entrance of the Grand Canal, Scott and
‘ I were a good way ahead, and we saw no more of



Designed by J. L. Harding from a sketch by R. Page

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The Waterfront
 1850-1851

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‘ that Leander’s exploit was perfectly practicable? If
‘ three individuals did more than the passage of the
‘ Hellespont, why should he have done less? But
‘ Mr. Turner failed, and, naturally seeking a plausible
‘ reason for his failure, lays the blame on the *Asiatic*
‘ side of the strait. He tried to swim directly across,
‘ instead of going higher up to take the vantage: he
‘ might as well have tried to *fly* over Mount Athos.

‘ That a young Greek of the heroic times, in love,
‘ and with his limbs in full vigour, might have suc-
‘ ceeded in such an attempt is neither wonderful nor
‘ doubtful. Whether he *attempted* it or *not* is another
‘ question, because he might have had a small *boat* to
‘ save him the trouble. I am yours very truly,

‘ BYRON.

‘ P.S. Mr. Turner says that the swimming from
‘ Europe to Asia was “ the *easiest* part of the task.”
‘ I doubt whether Leander found it so, as it was the
‘ return; however, he had several hours between the
‘ intervals. The argument of Mr. Turner, “ that
‘ higher up, or lower down, the strait widens so consi-
‘ derably that he would save little labour by his start-
‘ ing,” is only good for indifferent swimmers; a man
‘ of any practice or skill will always consider the dis-
‘ tance less than the strength of the stream. If Eken-
‘ head and myself had thought of crossing at the
‘ narrowest point, instead of going up to the Cape
‘ above it, we should have been swept down to Te-
‘ nedos. The strait, however, is not so extremely
‘ wide, even where it broadens above and below the
‘ forts. As the frigate was stationed some time in the
‘ Dardanelles waiting for the firman, I bathed often
‘ in the strait subsequently to our trajet, and gene-
‘ rally on the Asiatic side, without perceiving the

‘ greater strength of the opposite stream by which the
 ‘ diplomatic traveller palliates his own failure. Our
 ‘ amusement in the small bay which opens immediately
 ‘ below the Asiatic fort was to *dive* for the LAND tor-
 ‘ toises, which we flung in on purpose, as they amphi-
 ‘ biously crawled along the bottom. *This* does not
 ‘ argue any greater violence of current than on the
 ‘ European shore. With regard to the *modest* insinua-
 ‘ tion that we chose the European side as “easier,” I
 ‘ appeal to Mr. Hobhouse and Captain Bathurst if it be
 ‘ true or no (poor Ekenhead being since dead). Had
 ‘ we been aware of any such difference of current as
 ‘ is asserted, we would at least have proved it, and
 ‘ were not likely to have given it up in the twenty-five
 ‘ minutes of Mr. Turner’s own experiment. The
 ‘ secret of all this is, that Mr. Turner failed, and that
 ‘ we succeeded; and he is consequently disappointed,
 ‘ and seems not unwilling to overshadow whatever
 ‘ little merit there might be in our success. Why did
 ‘ he not try the European side? If he had succeeded
 ‘ there, after failing on the Asiatic, his plea would
 ‘ have been more graceful and gracious. Mr. Turner
 ‘ may find what fault he pleases with my poetry, or my
 ‘ politics; but I recommend him to leave aquatic
 ‘ reflections till he is able to swim “five-and-twenty
 ‘ minutes” without being “*exhausted*,” though I be-
 ‘ lieve he is the first modern Tory who ever swam
 ‘ “*against* the stream” for half the time*.’

LETTER 414.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, February 22d, 1821.*

‘ As I wish the soul of the late Antoine Galigani

* To the above letter, which was published at the time, Mr. Turner wrote a reply, but, for reasons stated by himself, did not print it. At his request, I give insertion to his paper in the Appendix.

‘ to rest in peace (you will have read his death, published by himself, in his own newspaper), you are requested particularly to inform his children and heirs, that of their “Literary Gazette,” to which I subscribed more than *two* months ago, I have only received one *number*, notwithstanding I have written to them repeatedly. If they have no regard for me, a subscriber, they ought to have some for their deceased parent, who is undoubtedly no better off in his present residence for this total want of attention. If not, let me have my francs. They were paid by Missiaglia, the *W*enetian bookseller. You may also hint to them that when a gentleman writes a letter, it is usual to send an answer. If not, I shall make them “a speech,” which will comprise an eulogy on the deceased.

‘ We are here full of war, and within two days of the seat of it, expecting intelligence momentarily. We shall now see if our Italian friends are good for anything but “shooting round a corner,” like the Irishman’s gun. Excuse haste,—I write with my spurs putting on. My horses are at the door, and an Italian Count waiting to accompany me in my ride.

‘ Yours, &c.

‘ P.S. Pray, amongst my letters, did you get one detailing the death of the commandant here? He was killed near my door, and died in my house.

‘ BOWLES AND CAMPBELL.

‘ To the air of “*How now, Madame Flirt*,” in the Beggars’ Opera.

BOWLES. ‘ Why, how now, saucy Tom,
‘ If you thus must ramble,
‘ I will publish some
‘ Remarks on Mr. Campbell.

CAMPBELL. ‘ Why, how now, Billy Bowles,
‘ &c. &c. &c.’

LETTER 415.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *March 2d, 1821.*

‘ This was the beginning of a letter which I meant
‘ for Perry, but stopped short, hoping you would be
‘ able to prevent the theatres. Of course you need
‘ not send it; but it explains to you my feelings on the
‘ subject. You say that “there is nothing to fear, let
‘ them do what they please;” that is to say, that
‘ you would see me damned with great tranquillity.
‘ You are a fine fellow.’

TO MR. PERRY.

‘ *Ravenna, January 22d, 1821.*

‘ Dear Sir,

‘ I have received a strange piece of news, which
‘ cannot be more disagreeable to your public than it is
‘ to me. Letters and the gazettes do me the honour
‘ to say that it is the intention of some of the London
‘ managers to bring forward on their stage the poem of
‘ “Marino Faliero,” &c. which was never intended for
‘ such an exhibition, and I trust will never undergo it.
‘ It is certainly unfit for it. I have never written but
‘ for the solitary *reader*, and require no experiments for
‘ applause beyond his silent approbation. Since such
‘ an attempt to drag me forth as a gladiator in the
‘ theatrical arena is a violation of all the courtesies of
‘ literature, I trust that the impartial part of the press
‘ will step between me and this pollution. I say pol-
‘ lution, because every violation of a *right* is such, and
‘ I claim my right as an author to prevent what I
‘ have written from being turned into a stage-play. I
‘ have too much respect for the public to permit this
‘ of my own free will. Had I sought their favour, it
‘ would have been by a pantomime.

‘ I have said that I write only for the reader. Beyond this I cannot consent to any publication, or to the abuse of any publication of mine to the purposes of histrionism. The applauses of an audience would give me no pleasure ; their disapprobation might, however, give me pain. The wager is therefore not equal. You may, perhaps, say, “ How can this be ? if their disapprobation gives pain, their praise might afford pleasure ? ” By no means : the kick of an ass or the sting of a wasp may be painful to those who would find nothing agreeable in the braying of the one or the buzzing of the other.

‘ This may not seem a courteous comparison, but I have no other ready ; and it occurs naturally.’

LETTER 416.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, Marzo, 1821.*

‘ Dear Moray,

‘ In my packet of the 12th instant, in the last sheet (not the *half* sheet), last page, omit the sentence which (defining, or attempting to define, what and who are gentlemen) begins, “ I should say at least in life that most military men have it, and few naval ; that several men of rank have it, and few lawyers,” &c. &c. I say, omit the whole of that sentence, because, like the “cosmogony, or creation of the world,” in the “ Vicar of Wakefield,” it is not much to the purpose.

‘ In the sentence above, too, almost at the top of the same page, after the words “ that there ever was, or can be, an aristocracy of poets,” add and insert these words—“ I do not mean that they should write in the style of the song by a person of quality, or *parle euphuism* ; but there is a *nobility* of thought and

‘ expression to be found no less in Shakspeare, Pope, and Burns, than in Dante, Alfieri,” &c. &c. and so on. Or, if you please, perhaps you had better omit the whole of the latter digression on the *vulgar* poets, and insert only as far as the end of the sentence on Pope’s Homer, where I prefer it to Cowper’s, and quote Dr. Clarke in favour of its accuracy.

‘ Upon all these points, take an opinion ; take the sense (or nonsense) of your learned visitants, and act thereby. I am very tractable—in PROSE.

‘ Whether I have made out the case for Pope, I know not ; but I am very sure that I have been zealous in the attempt. If it comes to the proofs, we shall beat the blackguards. I will show more *imagery* in twenty lines of Pope than in any equal length of quotation in English poesy, and that in places where they least expect it. For instance, in his lines on *Sporus*,—now, do just *read* them over—the subject is of no consequence (whether it be *satire* or *epic*)—we are talking of *poetry* and *imagery* from *nature* and *art*. Now, mark the images separately and arithmetically :—

- ‘ 1. The thing of *silk*.
- ‘ 2. *Curd* of *ass’s* milk.
- ‘ 3. The *butterfly*.
- ‘ 4. The *wheel*.
- ‘ 5. Bug with gilded wings.
- ‘ 6. *Painted* child of dirt.
- ‘ 7. Whose *buzz*.
- ‘ 8. Well-bred *spaniels*.
- ‘ 9. *Shallow streams* run *dimpling*.
- ‘ 10. Florid impotence.
- ‘ 11. *Prompter*. *Puppet squeaks*.
- ‘ 12. The ear of *Eve*.
- ‘ 13. *Familiar* toad.
- ‘ 14. *Half froth*, *half venom*, *spits* himself abroad.
- ‘ 15. *Fop* at the toilet.
- ‘ 16. *Flatterer* at the board.

- ‘ 17. *Amphibious thing.*
- ‘ 18. Now *trips* a lady.
- ‘ 19. Now *struts* a lord.
- ‘ 20. A *cherub’s* face.
- ‘ 21. A *reptile* all the rest.
- ‘ 22. The *Rabbins.*
- ‘ 23. Pride that *licks the dust.*

‘ Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 ‘ Wit that can creep, and *pride that licks the dust.*’

‘ Now, is there a line of all the passage without the
 ‘ most *forcible* imagery (for his purpose)? Look at
 ‘ the *variety*—at the *poetry* of the passage—at the
 ‘ *imagination*: there is hardly a line from which a
 ‘ painting might not be made, and *is*. But this is
 ‘ nothing in comparison with his higher passages in
 ‘ the Essay on Man, and many of his other poems,
 ‘ serious and comic. There never was such an unjust
 ‘ outcry in this world as that which these fellows are
 ‘ trying against Pope.

‘ Ask Mr. Gifford if, in the fifth act of “the Doge,”
 ‘ you could not contrive (where the sentence of the
 ‘ *Veil* is passed) to insert the following lines in Marino
 ‘ Faliero’s answer?

‘ But let it be so. It will be in vain :
 ‘ The veil which blackens o’er this blighted name,
 ‘ And hides, or seems to hide, these lineaments,
 ‘ Shall draw more gazers than the thousand portraits
 ‘ Which glitter round it in their painted trappings,
 ‘ *Your* delegated slaves—the people’s tyrants*.

‘ Yours, truly, &c.

‘ P.S. Upon *public* matters here I say little: you
 ‘ will all hear soon enough of a general row through-
 ‘ out Italy. There never was a more foolish step
 ‘ than the expedition to Naples by these fellows.

‘ I wish to propose to *Holmes*, the miniature painter,

* These lines,—perhaps from some difficulty in introducing them,—
 were never inserted in the Tragedy.

‘ to come out to me this spring. I will pay his expenses, and any sum in reason. I wish him to take my daughter’s picture (who is in a convent) and the Countess G.’s, and the head of a peasant girl, which latter would make a study for Raphael. It is a complete *peasant* face, but an *Italian* peasant’s, and quite in the Raphael Fornarina style. Her figure is tall, but rather large, and not at all comparable to her face, which is really superb. She is not seventeen, and I am anxious to have her face while it lasts. Madame G. is also very handsome, but it is quite in a different style—completely blonde and fair—very uncommon in Italy; yet not an *English* fairness, but more like a Swede or a Norwegian. Her figure, too, particularly the bust, is uncommonly good. It must be *Holmes*: I like him because he takes such inveterate likenesses. There is a war here; but a solitary traveller, with little baggage, and nothing to do with politics, has nothing to fear. Pack him up in the Diligence. Don’t forget.’

LETTER 417.

TO MR. HOPPNER.

‘ *Ravenna, April 3d, 1821.*

‘ Thanks for the translation. I have sent you some books, which I do not know whether you have read or no—you need not return them, in any case. I enclose you also a letter from Pisa. I have neither spared trouble nor expense in the care of the child; and as she was now four years old complete, and quite above the control of the servants—and as a *man* living without any woman at the head of his house cannot much attend to a nursery—I had no resource but to place her for a time (at a high pension too) in the convent of Bagna-Cavalli (twelve

‘ miles off), where the air is good, and where she will,
 ‘ at least, have her learning advanced, and her morals
 ‘ and religion inculcated*. I had also another reason;
 ‘ —things were and are in such a state here, that I
 ‘ had no reason to look upon my own personal safety
 ‘ as particularly insurable; and I thought the infant
 ‘ best out of harm’s way, for the present.

‘ It is also fit that I should add that I by no means
 ‘ intended, nor intend, to give a *natural* child an *Eng-
 ‘ lish* education, because with the disadvantages of
 ‘ her birth, her after settlement would be doubly dif-
 ‘ ficult. Abroad, with a fair foreign education and a
 ‘ portion of five or six thousand pounds, she might
 ‘ and may marry very respectably. In England such
 ‘ a dowry would be a pittance, while elsewhere it is a
 ‘ fortune. It is, besides, my wish that she should be
 ‘ a Roman Catholic, which I look upon as the best
 ‘ religion, as it is assuredly the oldest of the various
 ‘ branches of Christianity. I have now explained
 ‘ my notions as to the *place* where she now is—it is
 ‘ the best I could find for the present; but I have no
 ‘ prejudices in its favour.

‘ I do not speak of politics, because it seems a
 ‘ hopeless subject, as long as those scoundrels are to
 ‘ be permitted to bully states out of their independ-
 ‘ ence. Believe me,

‘ Yours ever and truly.

‘ P.S. There is a report here of a change in France;
 ‘ but with what truth is not yet known.

‘ P.S. My respects to Mrs. H. I *have* the “ best

* With such anxiety did he look to this essential part of his daughter’s education, that notwithstanding the many advantages she was sure to derive from the kind and feminine superintendence of Mrs. Shelley, his apprehensions lest her feeling upon religious subjects might be disturbed by the conversation of Shelley himself prevented him from allowing her to remain under his friend’s roof.

‘opinion’ of her countrywomen; and at my time of
 ‘life (three and thirty, 22d January, 1821), that is to
 ‘say, after the life I have led, a *good* opinion is the
 ‘only rational one which a man should entertain of
 ‘the whole sex:—up to *thirty*, the worst possible
 ‘opinion a man can have of them in *general*, the
 ‘better for himself. Afterwards, it is a matter of no
 ‘importance to *them*, nor to him either, *what opinion*
 ‘he entertains—his day is over, or, at least, should be.
 ‘You see how sober I am become.’

LETTER 418.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘*Ravenna, April 21st, 1821.*

‘I enclose you another letter on Bowles. But I
 ‘premise that it is not like the former, and that I am
 ‘not at all sure how *much*, if *any*, of it should be pub-
 ‘lished. Upon this point you can consult with Mr.
 ‘Gifford, and think twice before you publish it at all.
 ‘Yours truly, B.

‘P.S. You may make my subscription for Mr.
 ‘Scott’s widow, &c. *thirty* instead of the proposed *ten*
 ‘pounds: but do not put down *my name*; put down
 ‘N. N. only. The reason is, that, as I have men-
 ‘tioned him in the enclosed pamphlet, it would look
 ‘*indelicate*. I would give more, but my disappoint-
 ‘ments last year about Rochdale and the transfer
 ‘from the funds render me more economical for the
 ‘present.’

LETTER 419.

TO MR. SHELLEY.

‘*Ravenna, April 26th, 1821.*

‘The child continues doing well, and the accounts
 ‘are regular and favourable. It is gratifying to me
 ‘that you and Mrs. Shelley do not disapprove of the

‘step which I have taken, which is merely temporary.

‘I am very sorry to hear what you say of Keats—is it *actually* true? I did not think criticism had been so killing. Though I differ from you essentially in your estimate of his performances, I so much abhor all unnecessary pain, that I would rather he had been seated on the highest peak of Parnassus than have perished in such a manner. Poor fellow! though with such inordinate self-love he would probably have not been very happy. I read the review of “Endymion” in the Quarterly. It was severe,—but surely not so severe as many reviews in that and other journals upon others.

‘I recollect the effect on me of the Edinburgh on my first poem; it was rage, and resistance, and redress—but not despondency nor despair. I grant that those are not amiable feelings; but, in this world of bustle and broil, and especially in the career of writing, a man should calculate upon his powers of *resistance* before he goes into the arena.

‘Expect not life from pain nor danger free,

‘Nor deem the doom of man reversed for thee.

‘You know my opinion of *that second-hand* school of poetry. You also know my high opinion of your own poetry,—because it is of *no* school. I read Cenci—but, besides that I think the *subject* essentially *undramatic*, I am not an admirer of our old dramatists, *as models*. I deny that the English have hitherto had a drama at all. Your Cenci, however, was a work of power, and poetry. As to *my* drama, pray revenge yourself upon it, by being as free as I have been with yours.

‘ I have not yet got your Prometheus, which I long to see. I have heard nothing of mine, and do not know that it is yet published. I have published a pamphlet on the Pope controversy, which you will not like. Had I known that Keats was dead—or that he was alive and so sensitive—I should have omitted some remarks upon his poetry, to which I was provoked by his *attack* upon *Pope*, and my disapprobation of *his own* style of writing.

‘ You want me to undertake a great Poem—I have not the inclination nor the power. As I grow older, the indifference—*not* to life, for we love it by instinct—but to the stimuli of life, increases. Besides, this late failure of the Italians has latterly disappointed me for many reasons,—some public, some personal. My respects to Mrs. S.

‘ Yours ever.

‘ P.S. Could not you and I contrive to meet this summer? Could not you take a run here *alone*?’

LETTER 420.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, April 26th, 1821.*

‘ I sent you by last *postis* a large packet, which will not do for publication (I suspect), being, as the apprentices say, “damned low.” I put off also for a week or two sending the Italian scrawl which will form a note to it. The reason is that, letters being opened, I wish to “bide a wee.”

‘ Well, have you published the Tragedy? and does the Letter take?

‘ Is it true, what Shelley writes me, that poor John Keats died at Rome of the Quarterly Review? I am very sorry for it, though I think he took the wrong line as a poet, and was spoilt by Cockneyfying, and

‘suburbing, and versifying Tooke’s Pantheon and Lempriere’s Dictionary. I know, by experience, that a savage review is hemlock to a sucking author; and the one on me (which produced the English Bards, &c.) knocked me down—but I got up again. Instead of bursting a blood-vessel, I drank three bottles of claret, and began an answer, finding that there was nothing in the article for which I could lawfully knock Jeffrey on the head, in an honourable way. However, I would not be the person who wrote the homicidal article for all the honour and glory in the world, though I by no means approve of that school of scribbling which it treats upon.

‘You see the Italians have made a sad business of it,—all owing to treachery and disunion amongst themselves. It has given me great vexation. The execrations heaped upon the Neapolitans by the other Italians are quite in unison with those of the rest of Europe. Yours, &c.

‘P.S. Your latest packet of books is on its way here, but not arrived. Kenilworth excellent. Thanks for the pocket-books, of which I have made presents to those ladies who like cuts, and landscapes, and all that. I have got an Italian book or two which I should like to send you if I had an opportunity.

‘I am not at present in the very highest health,—spring, probably; so I have lowered my diet and taken to Epsom salts.

‘As you say my *prose* is good, why don’t you treat with Moore for the reversion of the Memoirs?—*conditionally, recollect*; not to be published before decease. He has the permission to dispose of them; and I advised him to do so.’

LETTER 421.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ Ravenna, April 28th, 1821.

‘ You cannot have been more disappointed than myself, nor so much deceived. I have been so at some personal risk also, which is not yet done away with. However, no time nor circumstances shall alter my tone nor my feelings of indignation against tyranny triumphant. The present business has been as much a work of treachery as of cowardice,—though both may have done their part. If ever you and I meet again, I will have a talk with you upon the subject. At present, for obvious reasons, I can write but little, as all letters are opened. In *mine* they shall always find *my* sentiments, but nothing that can lead to the oppression of others.

‘ You will please to recollect that the Neapolitans are nowhere now more execrated than in Italy, and not blame a whole people for the vices of a province. That would be like condemning Great Britain because they plunder wrecks in Cornwall.

‘ And now let us be literary;—a sad falling off, but it is always a consolation. If “Othello’s occupation be gone,” let us take to the next best; and, if we cannot contribute to make mankind more free and wise, we may amuse ourselves and those who like it. What are you writing? I have been scribbling at intervals, and Murray will be publishing about now.

‘ Lady Noel has, as you say, been dangerously ill; but it may console you to learn that she is dangerously well again.

‘ I have written a sheet or two more of Memoranda for you; and I kept a little Journal for about a month or two, till I had filled the paper-book. I then left it off, as things grew busy, and, afterwards, too

‘ gloomy to set down without a painful feeling. This
 ‘ I should be glad to send you, if I had an opportunity;
 ‘ but a volume, however small, don’t go well by such
 ‘ posts as exist in this Inquisition of a country.

‘ I have no news. As a very pretty woman said to
 ‘ me a few nights ago, with the tears in her eyes, as
 ‘ she sat at the harpsichord, “ Alas! the Italians must
 ‘ now return to making operas.” I fear *that* and mac-
 ‘ caroni are their forte, and “ motley their only wear.”
 ‘ However, there are some high spirits among them
 ‘ still. Pray write. And believe me, &c.’

LETTER 422.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, May 3d, 1821.*

‘ Though I wrote to you on the 28th ultimo, I must
 ‘ acknowledge yours of this day, with the lines*.
 ‘ They are sublime, as well as beautiful, and in your
 ‘ very best mood and manner. They are also but too
 ‘ true. However, do not confound the scoundrels at
 ‘ the *heel* of the boot with their betters at the top of
 ‘ it. I assure you that there are some loftier spirits.

‘ Nothing, however, can be better than your poem,
 ‘ or more deserved by the Lazzaroni. They are now
 ‘ abhorred and disclaimed nowhere more than here.
 ‘ We will talk over these things (if we meet) some
 ‘ day, and I will recount my own adventures, some of
 ‘ which have been a little hazardous, perhaps.

‘ So, you have got the Letter on Bowles†? I do
 ‘ not recollect to have said anything of *you* that could
 ‘ offend,—certainly, nothing intentionally. As for **,
 ‘ I meant him a compliment. I wrote the whole off-

* ‘ Aye, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are,’ &c. &c.

† I had not, when I wrote, *seen* this pamphlet, as he supposes, but
 had merely heard from some friends, that his pen had ‘run a-muck’ in
 it, and that I myself had not escaped a slight graze in its career.

‘ hand, without copy or correction, and expecting then
‘ every day to be called into the field. What have I
‘ said of you? I am sure I forget. It must be some-
‘ thing of regret for your approbation of Bowles. And
‘ did you *not* approve, as he says? Would I had
‘ known that before! I would have given him some
‘ more gruel*. My intention was to make fun of all
‘ these fellows; but how I succeeded, I don’t know.

‘ As to Pope, I have always regarded him as the
‘ greatest name in our poetry. Depend upon it, the
‘ rest are barbarians. He is a Greek Temple, with a
‘ Gothic Cathedral on one hand, and a Turkish
‘ Mosque and all sorts of fantastic pagodas and con-
‘ venticles about him. You may call Shakspeare and
‘ Milton pyramids, if you please, but I prefer the
‘ Temple of Theseus or the Parthenon to a mountain
‘ of burnt brick-work.

‘ The Murray has written to me but once, the day
‘ of its publication, when it seemed prosperous. But
‘ I have heard of late from England but rarely. Of
‘ Murray’s other publications (of mine), I know no-
‘ thing,—nor whether he *has* published. He was to
‘ have done so a month ago. I wish you would do
‘ something,—or that we were together.

‘ Ever yours and affectionately,

‘ B.’

* It may be sufficient to say of the use to which both Lord Byron and Mr. Bowles thought it worth their while to apply my name in this controversy, that, as far as my own knowledge of the subject extended, I was disposed to agree with *neither* of the extreme opinions into which, as it appeared to me, my distinguished friends had diverged;—neither with Lord Byron in that spirit of partisanship which led him to place Pope *above* Shakspeare and Milton, nor with Mr. Bowles in such an application of the ‘principles’ of poetry as could tend to sink Pope, on the scale of his art, to any rank below the very first. Such being the middle state of my opinion on the question, it will not be difficult to understand how one of my controversial friends should be as mistaken in supposing me to differ altogether from his views, as the other was in taking for granted that I had ranged myself wholly on his side.

It was at this time that he began, under the title of 'Detached Thoughts,' that Book of Notices or Memorandums, from which, in the course of these pages, I have extracted so many curious illustrations of his life and opinions, and of which the opening article is as follows :

' Amongst various Journals, Memoranda, Diaries, &c. which I have kept in the course of my living, I began one about three months ago, and carried it on till I had filled one paper-book (thinnish), and two sheets or so of another. I then left off, partly because I thought we should have some business here, and I had furbished up my arms and got my apparatus ready for taking a turn with the patriots, having my drawers full of their proclamations, oaths, and resolutions, and my lower rooms of their hidden weapons, of most calibres,—and partly because I had filled my paper-book.

' But the Neapolitans have betrayed themselves and all the world ; and those who would have given their blood for Italy can now only give her their tears.

' Some day or other, if dust holds together, I have been enough in the secret (at least in this part of the country) to cast perhaps some little light upon the atrocious treachery which has replunged Italy into barbarism : at present, I have neither the time nor the temper. However, the *real* Italians are not to blame ; merely the scoundrels at the *heel of the boot*, which the *Hun* now wears, and will trample them to ashes with for their servility. I have risked myself with the others *here*, and how far I may or may not be compromised is a problem at this moment. Some of them, like Craigengelt, would " tell all, and more than all, to save themselves." But, come what may,

‘ the cause was a glorious one, though it reads at
 ‘ present as if the Greeks had run away from Xerxes:
 ‘ Happy the few who have only to reproach them-
 ‘ selves with believing that these rascals were less
 ‘ “ rascaille ” than they proved !—*Here* in Romagna;
 ‘ the efforts were necessarily limited to preparations
 ‘ and good intentions, until the Germans were fairly
 ‘ engaged in *equal* warfare—as we are upon their very
 ‘ frontiers, without a single fort or hill nearer than
 ‘ San Marino. Whether “ hell will be paved with ”
 ‘ those “ good intentions,” I know not ; but there will
 ‘ probably be good store of Neapolitans to walk upon
 ‘ the pavement, whatever may be its composition.
 ‘ Slabs of lava from their mountain, with the bodies of
 ‘ their own damned souls for cement, would be the
 ‘ fittest causeway for Satan’s “ Corso.” ’

LETTER 423.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, May 10th, 1821.*

‘ I have just got your packet. I am obliged to Mr.
 ‘ Bowles, and Mr. Bowles is obliged to me, for having
 ‘ restored him to good-humour. He is to write, and
 ‘ you to publish, what you please,—*motto* and subject.
 ‘ I desire nothing but fair play for all parties. Of
 ‘ course, after the new tone of Mr. Bowles, you will
 ‘ *not* publish my *defence of Gilchrist*: it would be
 ‘ brutal to do so after his urbanity, for it is rather too
 ‘ rough, like his own attack upon Gilchrist. You
 ‘ may tell him what I say there of *his Missionary* (it
 ‘ is praised, as it deserves). However, and if there
 ‘ are any passages *not personal* to Bowles, and yet
 ‘ bearing upon the question, you may add them to the
 ‘ reprint (if it is reprinted) of my first Letter to you.
 ‘ Upon this consult Gifford ; and, above all, don’t let

‘ any thing be added which can *personally* affect Mr. Bowles.

‘ In the enclosed notes, of course what I say of the ‘ *democracy* of poetry cannot apply to Mr. Bowles, ‘ but to the Cockney and water washing-tub schools.

‘ I hope and trust that Elliston *won't* be permitted ‘ to act the drama? Surely *he* might have the grace ‘ to wait for Kean's return before he attempted it; ‘ though, *even then*, I should be as much against the ‘ attempt as ever.

‘ I have got a small packet of books, but neither ‘ Waldegrave, Oxford, nor Scott's novels among them. ‘ Why don't you republish Hodgson's Childe Harold's ‘ Monitor and Latino-mastix? they are excellent. ‘ Think of this—they are all for *Pope*.

‘ Yours, &c.’

The controversy, in which Lord Byron, with so much grace and good-humour, thus allowed himself to be disarmed by the courtesy of his antagonist, it is not my intention to run the risk of reviving by any inquiry into its origin or merits. In all such discussions on matters of mere taste and opinion, where, on one side, it is the aim of the disputants to elevate the object of the contest, and on the other, to depreciate it, Truth will usually be found, like Shakspeare's gatherer of samphire on the cliff, ‘ half-way down.’ Whatever judgment, however, may be formed respecting the controversy itself, of the urbanity and gentle feeling on both sides, which (notwithstanding some slight trials of this good understanding afterwards) led ultimately to the result anticipated in the foregoing letter, there can be but one opinion; and it is only to be wished that such honourable forbear-

ance were as sure of imitators as it is, deservedly, of eulogists. In the lively pages thus suppressed, when ready fledged for flight, with a power of self-command rarely exercised by wit, there are some passages, of a general nature, too curious to be lost, which I shall accordingly proceed to extract for the reader.

‘Pope himself “sleeps well—nothing can touch him further;” but those who love the honour of their country, the perfection of her literature, the glory of her language, are not to be expected to permit an atom of his dust to be stirred in his tomb, or a leaf to be stripped from the laurel which grows over it. * * *

‘To me it appears of no very great consequence whether Martha Blount was or was not Pope’s mistress, though I could have wished him a better. She appears to have been a cold-hearted, interested, ignorant, disagreeable woman, upon whom the tenderness of Pope’s heart in the desolation of his latter days was cast away, not knowing whither to turn, as he drew towards his premature old age, childless and lonely,—like the needle which, approaching within a certain distance of the pole, becomes helpless and useless, and ceasing to tremble, rusts. She seems to have been so totally unworthy of tenderness, that it is an additional proof of the kindness of Pope’s heart to have been able to love such a being. But we must love something. I agree with Mr. B. that *she* “could at no time have regarded *Pope personally* with attachment,” because she was incapable of attachment; but I deny that Pope could not be regarded with personal attachment by a worthier woman. It is not probable, indeed, that a woman

‘ would have fallen in love with him as he walked
‘ along the Mall, or in a box at the opera, nor from a
‘ balcony, nor in a ball-room ; but in society he seems
‘ to have been as amiable as unassuming, and, with
‘ the greatest disadvantages of figure, his head and
‘ face were remarkably handsome, especially his eyes.
‘ He was adored by his friends—friends of the most
‘ opposite dispositions, ages, and talents—by the old
‘ and wayward Wycherley, by the cynical Swift, the
‘ rough Atterbury, the gentle Spence, the stern attorney-bishop Warburton, the virtuous Berkeley, and
‘ the “ cankered Bolingbroke.” Bolingbroke wept
‘ over him like a child ; and Spence’s description of
‘ his last moments is at least as edifying as the more
‘ ostentatious account of the deathbed of Addison.
‘ The soldier Peterborough and the poet Gay, the
‘ witty Congreve and the laughing Rowe, the eccentric Cromwell and the steady Bathurst, were all his
‘ intimates. The man who could conciliate so many
‘ men of the most opposite description, not one of
‘ whom but was a remarkable or a celebrated character, might well have pretended to all the attachment
‘ which a reasonable man would desire of an amiable
‘ woman.

‘ Pope, in fact, wherever he got it, appears to have
‘ understood the sex well. Bolingbroke, “ a judge
‘ of the subject,” says Warton, thought his “ Epistle
‘ on the Characters of Women,” his “ masterpiece.”
‘ And even with respect to the grosser passion, which
‘ takes occasionally the name of “ *romantic*,” accordingly as the degree of sentiment elevates it above
‘ the definition of love by Buffon, it may be remarked,
‘ that it does not always depend upon personal appearance, even in a woman. Madame Cottin was a

‘ plain woman, and might have been virtuous, it may
 ‘ be presumed, without much interruption. Virtuous
 ‘ she was, and the consequences of this inveterate
 ‘ virtue were that two different admirers (one an
 ‘ elderly gentleman) killed themselves in despair (see
 ‘ Lady Morgan’s “France”). I would not, however,
 ‘ recommend this rigour to plain women in general, in
 ‘ the hope of securing the glory of two suicides apiece.
 ‘ I believe that there are few men who, in the course
 ‘ of their observations on life, may not have perceived
 ‘ that it is not the greatest female beauty who forms
 ‘ the longest and the strongest passions.

‘ But, apropos of Pope.—Voltaire tells us that the
 ‘ Marechal Luxembourg (who had precisely Pope’s
 ‘ figure) was not only somewhat too amatory for a
 ‘ great man, but fortunate in his attachments. La
 ‘ Valière, the passion of Louis XIV., had an unsightly
 ‘ defect. The Princess of Eboli, the mistress of
 ‘ Philip the Second of Spain, and Maugiron, the
 ‘ minion of Henry the Third of France, had each of
 ‘ them lost an eye; and the famous Latin epigram
 ‘ was written upon them, which has, I believe, been
 ‘ either translated or imitated by Goldsmith :

‘ *Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,*

‘ *Et potis est forma vincere uterque Deos;*

‘ *Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori,*

‘ *Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.*

‘ Wilkes, with his ugliness, used to say that “ he
 ‘ was but a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest
 ‘ man in England ;” and this vaunt of his is said not
 ‘ to have been disproved by circumstances. Swift,
 ‘ when neither young, nor handsome, nor rich, nor
 ‘ even amiable, inspired the two most extraordinary
 ‘ passions upon record, Vanessa’s and Stella’s.

‘ Vanessa, aged scarce a score,
 ‘ Sighs for a gown of *forty-four*.

‘ He requited them bitterly ; for he seems to have
 ‘ broken the heart of the one, and worn out that of the
 ‘ other ; and he had his reward, for he died a solitary
 ‘ idiot in the hands of servants.

‘ For my own part, I am of the opinion of Pausa-
 ‘ nias, that success in love depends upon Fortune.
 ‘ “ They particularly renounce Celestial Venus, into
 ‘ whose temple, &c. &c. &c. I remember, too, to have
 ‘ seen a building in Ægina in which there is a statue
 ‘ of Fortune, holding a horn of Amalthea ; and near
 ‘ her there is a winged Love. The meaning of this
 ‘ is, that the success of men in love affairs depends
 ‘ more on the assistance of Fortune than the charms
 ‘ of beauty. I am persuaded, too, with Pindar (to
 ‘ whose opinion I submit in other particulars), that
 ‘ Fortune is one of the Fates, and that in a certain
 ‘ respect she is more powerful than her sisters.”—
 ‘ See Pausanias, *Achaics*, book vii. chap. 26, page 246,
 ‘ “ Taylor’s Translation.”

‘ Grimm has a remark of the same kind on the dif-
 ‘ ferent destinies of the younger Crebillon and Rous-
 ‘ seau. The former writes a licentious novel, and a
 ‘ young English girl of some fortune and family (a
 ‘ Miss Strafford) runs away, and crosses the sea to
 ‘ marry him ; while Rousseau, the most tender and
 ‘ passionate of lovers, is obliged to espouse his cham-
 ‘ bermaid. If I recollect rightly, this remark was
 ‘ also repeated in the *Edinburgh Review* of Grimm’s
 ‘ Correspondence, seven or eight years ago.

‘ In regard “ to the strange mixture of indecent, and
 ‘ sometimes *profane* levity, which his conduct and
 ‘ language *often* exhibited,” and which so much shocks

‘ Mr. Bowles, I object to the indefinite word “*often*,”
‘ and in extenuation of the occasional occurrence of
‘ such language it is to be recollected, that it was less
‘ the tone of *Pope*, than the tone of the *time*. With
‘ the exception of the correspondence of Pope and his
‘ friends, not many private letters of the period have
‘ come down to us; but those, such as they are—a
‘ few scattered scraps from Farquhar and others—are
‘ more indecent and coarse than anything in Pope’s
‘ letters. The comedies of Congreve, Vanbrugh, Far-
‘ quhar, Cibber, &c., which naturally attempted to
‘ represent the manners and conversation of private
‘ life, are decisive upon this point; as are also some of
‘ Steele’s papers, and even Addison’s. We all know
‘ what the conversation of Sir R. Walpole, for seven-
‘ teen years the prime-minister of the country, was at
‘ his own table, and his excuse for his licentious lan-
‘ guage, viz., “that every body understood *that*, but
‘ few could talk rationally upon less common topics.”
‘ The refinement of latter days,—which is perhaps the
‘ consequence of vice, which wishes to mask and
‘ soften itself, as much as of virtuous civilization,—
‘ had not yet made sufficient progress. Even John-
‘ son, in his “*London*,” has two or three passages
‘ which cannot be read aloud, and Addison’s “*Drum-*
‘ *mer*” some indelicate allusions.’

To the extract that follows I beg to call the particular attention of the reader. Those who at all remember the peculiar bitterness and violence with which the gentleman here commemorated assailed Lord Byron, at a crisis when both his heart and fame were most vulnerable, will, if I am not mistaken, feel a thrill of pleasurable admiration in reading these sen-

tences, such as alone can convey any adequate notion of the proud, generous pleasure that must have been felt in writing them.

‘ Poor Scott is now no more. In the exercise of his
‘ vocation, he contrived at last to make himself the
‘ subject of a coroner’s inquest. But he died like a
‘ brave man, and he lived an able one. I knew him
‘ personally, though slightly. Although several years
‘ my senior, we had been schoolfellows together at the
‘ “grammar-schule” (or, as the Aberdonians pro-
‘ nounce it, “*squeel*”) of New Aberdeen. He did not
‘ behave to me quite handsomely in his capacity of
‘ editor a few years ago, but he was under no obliga-
‘ tion to behave otherwise. The moment was too
‘ tempting for many friends and for all enemies. At a
‘ time when all my relations (save one) fell from me
‘ like leaves from the tree in autumn winds, and my
‘ few friends became still fewer,—when the whole pe-
‘ riodical press (I mean the daily and weekly, *not* the
‘ *literary* press) was let loose against me in every shape
‘ of reproach, with the two strange exceptions (from
‘ their usual opposition) of “the Courier” and “the Ex-
‘ aminer,”—the paper of which Scott had the direction
‘ was neither the last, nor the least vituperative. Two
‘ years ago I met him at Venice, when he was bowed
‘ in griefs by the loss of his son, and had known, by
‘ experience, the bitterness of domestic privation. He
‘ was then earnest with me to return to England; and
‘ on my telling him, with a smile, that he was once of
‘ a different opinion, he replied to me, “that he and
‘ others had been greatly misled; and that some
‘ pains, and rather extraordinary means, had been
‘ taken to excite them.” Scott is no more, but there

‘are more than one living who were present at this dialogue. He was a man of very considerable talents, and of great acquirements. He had made his way, as a literary character, with high success, and in a few years. Poor fellow ! I recollect his joy at some appointment which he had obtained, or was to obtain, through Sir James Mackintosh, and which prevented the further extension (unless by a rapid run to Rome) of his travels in Italy. I little thought to what it would conduct him. Peace be with him ! and may all such other faults as are inevitable to humanity be as readily forgiven him, as the little injury which he had done to one who respected his talents and regrets his loss.’

In reference to some complaints made by Mr. Bowles, in his Pamphlet, of a charge of ‘hypochondriacism’ which he supposed to have been brought against him by his assailant, Mr. Gilchrist, the noble writer thus proceeds :—

‘I cannot conceive a man in perfect health being much affected by such a charge, because his complexion and conduct must amply refute it. But were it true, to what does it amount?—to an impeachment of a liver complaint. “I will tell it to the world,” exclaimed the learned Smelfungus : “you had better (said I) tell it to your physician.” There is nothing dishonourable in such a disorder, which is more peculiarly the malady of students. It has been the complaint of the good and the wise and the witty, and even of the gay. Regnard, the author of the last French comedy after Molière, was atrabilarious, and Molière himself saturnine. Dr.

‘ Johnson, Gray, and Burns, were all more or less
 ‘ affected by it occasionally. It was the prelude to the
 ‘ more awful malady of Collins, Cowper, Swift, and
 ‘ Smart; but it by no means follows that a partial
 ‘ affliction of this disorder is to terminate like theirs.
 ‘ But even were it so,

‘ Nor best, nor wisest, are exempt from thee;
 ‘ Folly—Folly’s only free.

PENROSE.

‘ Mendelsohn and Bayle were at times so overcome
 ‘ with this depression as to be obliged to recur to
 ‘ seeing “puppet-shows,” and “counting tiles upon
 ‘ the opposite houses,” to divert themselves. Dr.
 ‘ Johnson, at times, “would have given a limb to re-
 ‘ cover his spirits.”

‘ In page 14 we have a large assertion, that “the
 ‘ Eloisa alone is sufficient to convict him (Pope) of
 ‘ *gross licentiousness*.” Thus, out it comes at last—
 ‘ Mr. B. *does* accuse Pope of “gross licentiousness,”
 ‘ and grounds the charge upon a Poem. The *licen-
 ‘ tiousness* is a “grand peut-être,” according to the
 ‘ turn of the times being:—the *grossness* I deny. On
 ‘ the contrary, I do believe that such a subject never
 ‘ was, nor ever could be, treated by any poet with so
 ‘ much delicacy mingled with, at the same time, such
 ‘ true and intense passion. Is the “Atys” of Catullus
 ‘ *licentious*? No, nor even gross; and yet Catullus is
 ‘ often a coarse writer. The subject is nearly the
 ‘ same, except that Atys was the suicide of his man-
 ‘ hood, and Abelard the victim.’

‘ The “licentiousness” of the story was *not* Pope’s,
 ‘ —it was a fact. All that it had of gross he has soft-
 ‘ ened; all that it had of indelicate he has purified;
 ‘ all that it had of passionate he has beautified; all

‘ that it had of holy he has hallowed. Mr. Campbell
‘ has admirably marked this in a few words (I quote
‘ from memory), in drawing the distinction between
‘ Pope and Dryden, and pointing out where Dryden
‘ was wanting. “I fear,” says he, “that had the sub-
‘ ject of “Eloisa” fallen into his (Dryden’s) hands,
‘ that he would have given us but a *coarse* draft of her
‘ passion.” Never was the delicacy of Pope so much
‘ shown as in this poem. With the facts and the let-
‘ ters of “Eloisa” he has done what no other mind
‘ but that of the best and purest of poets could have
‘ accomplished with such materials. Ovid, Sappho (in
‘ the Ode called hers)—all that we have of ancient,
‘ all that we have of modern poetry, sinks into nothing
‘ compared with him in this production.

‘ Let us hear no more of this trash about “licen-
‘ tiousness.” Is not “Anacreon” taught in our schools?
‘ —translated, praised, and edited? and are the En-
‘ glish schools or the English women the more cor-
‘ rupt for all this? When you have thrown the
‘ ancients into the fire, it will be time to denounce the
‘ moderns. “Licentiousness!”—there is more real
‘ mischief and sapping licentiousness in a single French
‘ prose novel, in a Moravian hymn, or a German
‘ comedy, than in all the actual poetry that ever was
‘ penned or poured forth since the rhapsodies of
‘ Orpheus. The sentimental anatomy of Rousseau
‘ and Mad. de S. are far more formidable than
‘ any quantity of verse. They are so, because they
‘ sap the principles by *reasoning* upon the *passions*;
‘ whereas poetry is in itself passion, and does not sys-
‘ tematize. It assails, but does not argue; it may be
‘ wrong, but it does not assume pretensions to op-
‘ timism.’

Mr. Bowles having, in his pamphlet, complained of some anonymous communication which he had received, Lord Byron thus comments on the circumstance.

‘ I agree with Mr. B. that the intention was to annoy him ; but I fear that this was answered by his notice of the reception of the criticism. An anonymous writer has but one means of knowing the effect of his attack. In this he has the superiority over the viper ; he knows that his poison has taken effect when he hears the victim cry ;—the adder is *deaf*. The best reply to an anonymous intimation is to take no notice directly nor indirectly. I wish Mr. B. could see only one or two of the thousand which I have received in the course of a literary life, which, though begun early, has not yet extended to a third part of his existence as an author. I speak of *literary* life only ;—were I to add *personal*, I might double the amount of *anonymous* letters. If he could but see the violence, the threats, the absurdity of the whole thing, he would laugh, and so should I, and thus be both gainers.

‘ To keep up the farce, within the last month of this present writing (1821), I have had my life threatened in the same way which menaced Mr. B.’s fame, excepting that the anonymous denunciation was addressed to the Cardinal Legate of Romagna, instead of to * * * *. I append the menace in all its barbaric but literal Italian, that Mr. B. may be convinced ; and as this is the only “ promise to pay ” which the Italians ever keep, so my person has been at least as much exposed to “ a shot in the gloaming ” from “ John Heatherblutter ” (see *Waverley*), as ever Mr. B.’s glory was from an editor. I am, neverthe-

‘ less, on horseback and lonely for some hours (*one* of them twilight) in the forest daily ; and this, because it was my “ custom in the afternoon,” and that I believe if the tyrant cannot escape amidst his guards (should it be so written), so the humbler individual would find precautions useless.’

The following just tribute to my Reverend Friend’s merits as a poet I have peculiar pleasure in extracting.

‘ Mr. Bowles has no reason to “ succumb ” but to Mr. Bowles. As a poet, the author of “ the Missionary ” may compete with the foremost of his cotemporaries. Let it be recollected, that all my previous opinions of Mr. Bowles’s poetry were *written* long before the publication of his last and best poem ; and that a poet’s *last* poem should be his best, is his highest praise. But, however, he may duly and honourably rank with his living rivals, &c. &c. &c.’

Among various Addenda for this pamphlet, sent at different times to Mr. Murray, I find the following curious passages.

‘ It is worthy of remark that, after all this outcry about “ *in-door* nature ” and “ artificial images,” Pope was the principal inventor of that boast of the English, *Modern Gardening*. He divides this honour with Milton. Hear Warton :—“ It hence appears that this *enchanted* art of modern gardening, in which this kingdom claims a preference over every nation in Europe, chiefly owes *its origin* and its improvements to two great poets, Milton and *Pope*.”

‘ Walpole (no friend to Pope) asserts that Pope formed *Kent’s* taste, and that Kent was the artist to whom the English are chiefly indebted for diffusing “ a taste in laying out grounds.” The design of the Prince of Wales’s garden was copied from *Pope’s* at

‘ Twickenham. Warton applauds “his singular effort
‘ of art and taste; in impressing so much variety and
‘ scenery on a spot of five acres.” Pope was the *first*
‘ who ridiculed the “formal, French, Dutch, false and
‘ unnatural taste in gardening,” both in *prose* and
‘ verse. (See, for the former, “the Guardian.”)

‘ “Pope has given not only some of our *first* but
‘ *best* rules and observations on *Architecture* and *Gar-*
‘ *dening*.” (See Warton’s Essay, vol. ii., p. 237,
‘ &c. &c.)

‘ Now, is it not a shame, after this, to hear our
‘ Lakers in “Kendal green,” and our Bucolical Cock-
‘ neys, crying out (the latter in a wilderness of bricks
‘ and mortar) about “Nature,” and Pope’s “artificial
‘ in-door habits?” Pope had seen all of nature that
‘ *England* alone can supply. He was bred in Windsor
‘ Forest, and amidst the beautiful scenery of Eton; he
‘ lived familiarly and frequently at the country seats
‘ of Bathurst, Cobham, Burlington, Peterborough,
‘ Digby, and Bolingbroke; amongst whose seats was
‘ to be numbered *Stowe*. He made his own little “five
‘ acres” a model to Princes, and to the first of our
‘ artists who imitated nature. Warton thinks “that
‘ the most engaging of *Kent*’s works was also planned
‘ on the model of Pope’s,—at least in the opening and
‘ retiring shades of *Venus’s Vale*.”

‘ It is true that Pope was infirm and deformed; but
‘ he could walk, and he could ride (he rode to Oxford
‘ from London at a stretch), and he was famous for
‘ an exquisite eye. On a tree at Lord Bathurst’s is
‘ carved, “Here Pope sang,”—he composed beneath it.
‘ Bolingbroke, in one of his letters, represents them
‘ both writing in a hayfield. No poet ever admired
‘ Nature more, or used her better, than Pope has

‘ done, as I will undertake to prove from his works,
‘ *prose* and *verse*, if not anticipated in so easy and
‘ agreeable a labour. I remember a passage in Wal-
‘ pole, somewhere, of a gentleman who wished to give
‘ directions about some willows to a man who had
‘ long served Pope in his grounds: “I understand,
‘ sir,” he replied: “you would have them hang down,
‘ sir, *somewhat poetical*.” Now if nothing existed but this
‘ little anecdote, it would suffice to prove Pope’s taste
‘ for *Nature*, and the impression which he had made
‘ on a common-minded man. But I have already
‘ quoted Warton and Walpole (*both* his enemies), and,
‘ were it necessary, I could amply quote Pope himself
‘ for such tributes to *Nature* as no poet of the present
‘ day has even approached.

‘ His various excellence is really wonderful: archi-
‘ tecture, painting, *gardening*, all are alike subject to
‘ his genius. Be it remembered, that English *garden-*
‘ *ing* is the purposed perfectioning of niggard *Nature*,
‘ and that without it England is but a hedge-and-ditch,
‘ double-post-and-rail, Hounslow-heath and Clapham-
‘ common sort of a country, since the principal forests
‘ have been felled. It is, in general, far from a pic-
‘ turesque country. The case is different with Scot-
‘ land, Wales, and Ireland; and I except also the
‘ lake counties and Derbyshire, together with Eton,
‘ Windsor, and my own dear Harrow on the Hill, and
‘ some spots near the coast. In the present rank fer-
‘ tility of “great poets of the age,” and “schools of
‘ poetry”—a word which, like “schools of eloquence”
‘ and of “philosophy,” is never introduced till the
‘ decay of the art has increased with the number of
‘ its professors—in the present day, then, there have
‘ sprung up two sorts of Naturals;—the Lakers, who

‘ whine about Nature because they live in Cumber-
‘ land; and their *under-sect* (which some one has
‘ maliciously called the “Cockney School”), who are
‘ enthusiastical for the country because they live in
‘ London. It is to be observed, that the rustical
‘ founders are rather anxious to disclaim any con-
‘ nexion with their metropolitan followers, whom they
‘ ungraciously review, and call cockneys, atheists,
‘ foolish fellows, bad writers, and other hard names,
‘ not less ungrateful than unjust. I can understand
‘ the pretensions of the aquatic gentlemen of Winder-
‘ mere to what Mr. B * * terms “*entusumusy*,” for lakes,
‘ and mountains, and daffodils, and buttercups; but I
‘ should be glad to be apprized of the foundation of
‘ the London propensities of their imitative brethren
‘ to the same “high argument.” Southey, Words-
‘ worth, and Coleridge have rambled over half Europe,
‘ and seen Nature in most of her varieties (although I
‘ think that they have occasionally not used her very
‘ well); but what on earth—of earth, and sea, and
‘ Nature—have the others seen? Not a half, nor a
‘ tenth part so much as Pope. While they sneer at
‘ his Windsor Forest, have they ever seen anything of
‘ Windsor except its *brick*?

‘ When they have really seen life—when they have
‘ felt it—when they have travelled beyond the far dis-
‘ tant boundaries of the wilds of Middlesex—when
‘ they have overpassed the Alps of Highgate, and
‘ traced to its sources the Nile of the New River—
‘ then, and not till then, can it properly be permitted
‘ to them to despise Pope; who had, if not *in Wales*,
‘ been *near* it, when he described so beautifully the
‘ “*artificial*” works of the Benefactor of Nature and
‘ mankind, the “Man of Ross,” whose picture, still

‘suspended in the parlour of the inn, I have so often
‘contemplated with reverence for his memory, and
‘admiration of the poet, without whom even his own
‘still existing good works could hardly have preserved
‘his honest renown.

‘If they had said nothing of *Pope*, they might have
‘remained “alone with their glory” for aught I should
‘have said or thought about them or their nonsense.
‘But if they interfere with the little “Nightingale” of
‘Twickenham, they may find others who will bear it
‘—I won’t. Neither time, nor distance, nor grief,
‘nor age, can ever diminish my veneration for him,
‘who is the great moral poet of all times, of all climes,
‘of all feelings, and of all stages of existence. The
‘delight of my boyhood, the study of my manhood,
‘perhaps (if allowed to me to attain it) he may be the
‘consolation of my age. His poetry is the Book of
‘Life. Without canting, and yet without neglecting,
‘religion, he has assembled all that a good and great
‘man can gather together of moral wisdom clothed in
‘consummate beauty. Sir William Temple observes,
‘“That of all the members of mankind that live within
‘the compass of a thousand years, for one man that is
‘born capable of making a *great poet*, there may be a
‘*thousand* born capable of making as great generals
‘and ministers of state as any in story.” Here is a
‘statesman’s opinion of poetry: it is honourable to
‘him and to the art. Such a “poet of a thousand
‘years” was *Pope*. A thousand years will roll away
‘before such another can be hoped for in our litera-
‘ture. But it can *want* them—he himself is a lite-
‘rature.

‘One word upon his so brutally abused translation
‘of Homer. “Dr. Clarke, whose critical exactness is

‘ well known, has *not been* able to point out above
‘ three or four mistakes *in the sense* through the whole
‘ Iliad. The real faults of the translation are of a
‘ different kind.” So says Warton, himself a scholar.
‘ It appears by this, then, that he avoided the chief
‘ fault of a translator. As to its other faults, they
‘ consist in his having made a beautiful English poem
‘ of a sublime Greek one. It will always hold.
‘ Cowper and all the rest of the blank pretenders may
‘ do their best and their worst; they will never wrench
‘ Pope from the hands of a single reader of sense and
‘ feeling.

‘ The grand distinction of the under forms of the
‘ new school of poets is their *vulgarity*. By this I do
‘ not mean that they are *coarse*, but “shabby-gen-
‘ teel,” as it is termed. A man may be *coarse* and yet
‘ not *vulgar*, and the reverse. Burns is often coarse,
‘ but never *vulgar*. Chatterton is never vulgar, nor
‘ Wordsworth, nor the higher of the Lake school,
‘ though they treat of low life in all its branches. It
‘ is in their *finery* that the new under school are *most*
‘ vulgar, and they may be known by this at once; as
‘ what we called at Harrow “a Sunday blood” might
‘ be easily distinguished from a gentleman, although
‘ his clothes might be better cut, and his boots the
‘ best blackened, of the two;—probably because he
‘ made the one or cleaned the other with his own
‘ hands.

‘ In the present case, I speak of writing, not of
‘ persons. Of the latter, I know nothing; of the
‘ former, I judge as it is found. * * They may be
‘ honourable and *gentlemanly* men, for what I know,
‘ but the latter quality is studiously excluded from
‘ their publications. They remind me of Mr. Smith

' and the Miss Broughtons at the Hampstead Assembly, in "Evelina." In these things (in private life, at least) I pretend to some small experience; because, in the course of my youth, I have seen a little of all sorts of society, from the Christian prince and the Mussulman sultan and pacha, and the higher ranks of their countries, down to the London boxer, the "*flash and the swell*," the Spanish muleteer, the wandering Turkish dervise, the Scotch highlander, and the Albanian robber;—to say nothing of the curious varieties of Italian social life. Far be it from me to presume that there are now, or can be, such a thing as an *aristocracy* of poets; but there is a nobility of thought and of style, open to all stations, and derived partly from talent, and partly from education,—which is to be found in Shakespeare, and Pope, and Burns, no less than in Dante and Alfieri, but which is nowhere to be perceived in the mock birds and bards of Mr. Hunt's little chorus. If I were asked to define what this gentlemanliness is, I should say that it is only to be defined by *examples*—of those who have it, and those who have it not. In *life*, I should say that most *military* men have it, and few *naval*; that several men of rank have it, and few lawyers; that it is more frequent among authors than divines (when they are not pedants); that *fencing-masters* have more of it than dancing-masters, and singers than players; and that (if it be not an *Irishism* to say so) it is far more generally diffused among women than among men. In poetry, as well as writing in general, it will never *make* entirely a poet or a poem; but neither poet nor poem will ever be good for anything without it. It is the *salt* of society, and the seasoning of composition. *Vulgarity* is far worse than downright *black-*

‘ *guardism* ; for the latter comprehends wit, humour, and strong sense at times ; while the former is a sad abortive attempt at all things, “ signifying nothing.” It does not depend upon low themes, or even low language, for Fielding revels in both ;—but is he ever *vulgar* ? No. You see the man of education, the gentleman, and the scholar, sporting with his subject,—its master, not its slave. Your vulgar writer is always most vulgar the higher his subject ; as the man who showed the menagerie at Pidcock’s was wont to say, “ This, gentlemen, is the *Eagle* of the *Sun*, from Archangel in Russia : the *otterer* it is, the *igherer* he flies.” ’

In a note on a passage relative to Pope’s lines upon Lady Mary W. Montague, he says—

‘ I think that I could show, if necessary, that Lady Mary W. Montague was also greatly to blame in that quarrel, *not* for having rejected, but for having encouraged him ; but I would rather decline the task—though she should have remembered her own line, “ *He comes too near, that comes to be denied.*” I admire her so much—her beauty, her talents—that I should do this reluctantly. I, besides, am so attached to the very name of *Mary*, that as Johnson once said, “ If you called a dog *Harvey*, I should love him ;” so, if you were to call a female of the same species “ *Mary*,” I should love it better than others (biped or quadruped) of the same sex with a different appellation. She was an extraordinary woman : she could translate *Epictetus*, and yet write a song worthy of Aristippus. The lines,

‘ And when the long hours of the public are past,
 ‘ And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last,
 ‘ May every fond pleasure that moment endear !
 ‘ Be banish’d afar both discretion and fear !

‘ Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,
 ‘ He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
 ‘ Till,’ &c. &c.

‘ There, Mr. Bowles!—what say you to such a supper
 ‘ with such a woman? and her own description too?
 ‘ Is not her “*champaigne and chicken*” worth a forest
 ‘ or two? Is it not poetry? It appears to me that this
 ‘ stanza contains the “*purée*” of the whole philosophy
 ‘ of Epicurus:—I mean the *practical* philosophy of
 ‘ his school, not the precepts of the master; for I
 ‘ have been too long at the university not to know that
 ‘ the philosopher was himself a moderate man. But
 ‘ after all, would not some of us have been as great
 ‘ fools as Pope? For my part, I wonder that, with his
 ‘ quick feelings, her coquetry, and his disappointment,
 ‘ he did no more,—instead of writing some lines,
 ‘ which are to be condemned if false, and regretted if
 ‘ true.’

LETTER 424.

TO MR. HOPPNER.

‘ *Ravenna, May 11th, 1821.*

‘ If I had but known your notion about Switzerland
 ‘ before, I should have adopted it at once. As it is, I
 ‘ shall let the child remain in her convent, where she
 ‘ seems healthy and happy, for the present; but I
 ‘ shall feel much obliged if you will *inquire*, when you
 ‘ are in the cantons, about the usual and better modes
 ‘ of education there for females, and let me know the
 ‘ result of your opinions. It is some consolation that
 ‘ both Mr. and Mrs. Shelley have written to approve
 ‘ entirely my placing the child with the nuns for the
 ‘ present. I can refer to my whole conduct, as having
 ‘ neither spared care, kindness, nor expense, since the

‘ child was sent to me. The people may say what
‘ they please, I must content myself with not deserv-
‘ ing (in this instance) that they should speak ill.

‘ The place is a *country* town, in a good air, where
‘ there is a large establishment for education, and
‘ many children, some of considerable rank, placed in
‘ it. As a *country* town, it is less liable to objections
‘ of every kind. It has always appeared to me, that
‘ the moral defect in Italy does *not* proceed from a
‘ *conventual* education,—because, to my certain know-
‘ ledge, they come out of their convents innocent even
‘ to *ignorance* of moral evil,—but to the state of so-
‘ ciety into which they are directly plunged on coming
‘ out of it. It is like educating an infant on a moun-
‘ tain-top, and then taking him to the sea and throw-
‘ ing him into it and desiring him to swim. The evil,
‘ however, though still too general, is partly wearing
‘ away, as the women are more permitted to marry
‘ from attachment: this is, I believe, the case also in
‘ France. And after all, what is the higher society of
‘ England? According to my own experience, and to
‘ all that I have seen and heard (and I have lived
‘ there in the very highest and what is called the *best*),
‘ no way of life can be more corrupt. In Italy, how-
‘ ever, it is, or rather *was*, more *systematized*; but *now*,
‘ they themselves are ashamed of *regular* Serventism.
‘ In England, the only homage which they pay to
‘ virtue is hypocrisy. I speak of course of the *tone* of
‘ high life,—the middle ranks may be very virtuous.

‘ I have not got any copy (nor have yet had) of the
‘ letter on Bowles; of course I should be delighted to
‘ send it to you. How is Mrs. H.? well again, I
‘ hope. Let me know when you set out. I regret

‘ that I cannot meet you in the Bernese Alps this summer, as I once hoped and intended. With my best respects to madam, ‘ I am ever, &c.

‘ P.S. I gave to a musicianer a letter for you some time ago—has he presented himself? Perhaps you could introduce him to the Ingrams and other dilet-tanti. He is simple and unassuming—two strange things in his profession—and he fiddles like Orpheus himself or Amphion: ‘tis a pity that he can’t make Venice dance away from the brutal tyrant who tramples upon it.’

LETTER 425.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ May 14th, 1821.

‘ A Milan paper states that the play has been represented and universally condemned. As remonstrance has been vain, complaint would be useless. I presume, however, for your own sake (if not for mine), that you and my other friends will have at least published my different protests against its being brought upon the stage at all; and have shown that Elliston (in spite of the writer) *forced* it upon the theatre. It would be nonsense to say that this has not vexed me a good deal, but I am not dejected, and I shall not take the usual resource of blaming the public (which was in the right), or my friends for not preventing—what they could not help, nor I neither—a *forced* representation by a speculating manager. It is a pity that you did not show them its *unfitness* for the stage before the play was *published*, and exact a promise from the managers not to act it. In case of their refusal, we would not have published it at all. But this is too late.

‘ Yours.

‘ P.S. I enclose Mr. Bowles’s letters : thank him in
 ‘ my name for their candour and kindness.—Also a
 ‘ letter for Hodgson, which pray forward. The Milan
 ‘ paper states that I “ *brought forward the play !!!* ”
 ‘ This is pleasanter still. But don’t let yourself be
 ‘ worried about it ; and if (as is likely) the folly of
 ‘ Elliston checks the sale, I am ready to make any
 ‘ deduction, or the entire cancel of your agreement.

‘ You will of course *not* publish my defence of Gil-
 ‘ christ, as, after Bowles’s good humour upon the sub-
 ‘ ject, it would be too savage.

‘ Let me hear from you the particulars ; for, as yet,
 ‘ I have only the simple fact.

‘ If you knew what I have had to go through here,
 ‘ on account of the failure of these rascally Neapoli-
 ‘ tans, you would be amused ; but it is now apparently
 ‘ over. They seemed disposed to throw the whole
 ‘ project and plans of these parts upon me chiefly.’

LETTER 426.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ May 14th, 1821.

‘ If any part of the letter to Bowles has (uninten-
 ‘ tionally, as far as I remember the contents) vexed
 ‘ you, you are fully avenged ; for I see by an Italian
 ‘ paper that, notwithstanding all my remonstrances
 ‘ through all my friends (and yourself among the rest),
 ‘ the managers persisted in attempting the tragedy,
 ‘ and that it has been “ unanimously hissed !! ” This
 ‘ is the consolatory phrase of the Milan paper (which
 ‘ detests me cordially, and abuses me, on all oc-
 ‘ casions, as a Liberal), with the addition, that I
 ‘ “ brought the play out ” of my own good will.

‘ All this is vexatious enough, and seems a sort of
 ‘ dramatic Calvinism—predestined damnation, with-

‘ out a sinner’s own fault. I took all the pains poor
‘ mortal could to prevent this inevitable catastrophe—
‘ partly by appeals of all kinds up to the Lord Cham-
‘ berlain, and partly to the fellows themselves. But,
‘ as remonstrance was vain, complaint is useless. I
‘ do not understand it—for Murray’s letter of the 24th,
‘ and all his preceding ones, gave me the strongest
‘ hopes that there would be no representation. As
‘ yet, I know nothing but the fact, which I presume
‘ to be true, as the date is Paris, and the 30th. They
‘ must have been in a *hell* of a hurry for this damna-
‘ tion, since I did not even know that it was pub-
‘ lished; and, without its being first published, the
‘ histrions could not have got hold of it. Any one
‘ might have seen, at a glance, that it was utterly
‘ impracticable for the stage; and this little accident
‘ will by no means enhance its merit in the closet.

‘ Well, patience is a virtue, and, I suppose, practice
‘ will make it perfect. Since last year (spring, that
‘ is) I have lost a lawsuit, of great importance, on
‘ Rochdale collieries—have occasioned a divorce—
‘ have had my poesy disparaged by Murray and the
‘ critics—my fortune refused to be placed on an ad-
‘ vantageous settlement (in Ireland) by the trustees—
‘ my life threatened last month (they put about a
‘ paper here to excite an attempt at my assassination,
‘ on account of politics, and a notion which the priests
‘ disseminated that I was in a league against the Ger-
‘ mans)—and, finally, my mother-in-law recovered
‘ last fortnight, and my play was damned last week!
‘ These are like “the eight-and-twenty misfortunes of
‘ Harlequin.” But they must be borne. If I give
‘ in, it shall be after keeping up a spirit at least. I
‘ should not have cared so much about it, if our

‘ southern neighbours had not bungled us all out of freedom for these five hundred years to come.

‘ Did you know John Keats? They say that he was killed by a review of him in the Quarterly—if he be dead, which I really don’t know. I don’t understand that *yielding* sensitiveness. What I feel (as at this present) is an immense rage for eight-and-forty hours, and then, as usual—unless this time it should last longer. I must get on horseback to quiet me. ‘ Yours, &c.

‘ Francis I. wrote, after the battle of Pavia, “All is lost except our honour.” A hissed author may reverse it—“*Nothing* is lost, except our honour.” But the horses are waiting, and the paper full. I wrote last week to you.’

LETTER 427.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, May 19th, 1821.*

‘ By the papers of Thursday, and two letters of Mr. Kinnaird, I perceive that the Italian gazette had lied most *Itally*, and that the drama had *not* been hissed, and that my friends *had* interfered to prevent the representation. So it seems they continue to act it, in spite of us all : for this we must “trouble them at ’size.” Let it by all means be brought to a plea : I am determined to try the right, and will meet the expenses. The reason of the Lombard lie was that the Austrians—who keep up an Inquisition throughout Italy, and a *list of names* of all who think or speak of anything but in favour of their despotism—have for five years past abused me in every form in the Gazette of Milan, &c. I wrote to you a week ago on the subject.

‘ Now I should be glad to know what compensation

‘ Mr. Elliston would make me, not only for dragging
 ‘ my writings on the stage in *five* days, but for being
 ‘ the cause that I was kept for *four* days (from Sunday
 ‘ to Thursday morning, the only post-days) in the
 ‘ *belief* that the *tragedy* had been acted and “unani-
 ‘ mously hissed;” and this with the addition that I
 ‘ “had brought it upon the stage,” and consequently
 ‘ that none of my friends had attended to my request
 ‘ to the contrary. Suppose that I had burst a blood-
 ‘ vessel, like John Keats, or blown my brains out in a
 ‘ fit of rage,—neither of which would have been
 ‘ unlikely a few years ago. At present I am, luckily,
 ‘ calmer than I used to be, and yet I would not pass
 ‘ those four days over again for—I know not what*.

* The account, given by Madame Guiccioli, of his anxiety on this occasion, fully corroborates his own:—‘ His quiet was, in spite of himself, often disturbed by public events, and by the attacks which, principally in his character of author, the journals levelled at him. In vain did he protest that he was indifferent to these attacks. The impression was, it is true, but momentary, and he, from a feeling of noble pride, but too much disdained to reply to his detractors. But, however brief his annoyance was, it was sufficiently acute to occasion him much pain, and to afflict those who loved him. Every occurrence relative to the bringing Marino Faliero on the stage caused him excessive inquietude. On the occasion of an article in the Milan Gazette, in which mention was made of this affair, he wrote to me in the following manner:—“ You will see here confirmation of what I told you the other day! I am sacrificed in every way, without knowing the *why* or the *wherefore*. The tragedy in question is not (nor ever was) written for, or adapted to, the stage; nevertheless, the plan is not romantic; it is rather regular than otherwise;—in point of unity of time, indeed, perfectly regular, and failing but slightly in unity of place. You well know whether it was ever my intention to have it acted, since it was written at your side, and at a period assuredly rather more *tragical* to me as a *man* than as an *author*; for *you* were in affliction and peril. In the mean time, I learn from your Gazette that a cabal and party has been formed, while I myself have never taken the slightest step in the business. It is said that the author read it aloud!!!—here, probably, at Ravenna?—and to whom? perhaps to Fletcher!!!—that illustrious literary character, &c. &c.” —‘ Ma però la sua tranquillità era suo malgrado sovente alterata dalle pubbliche vicende, e dagli attacchi che spesso si direggevano a lui nei giornali come ad autore principalmente. Era invano che egli protestava indifferenza per codesti attacchi. L’impressione non era é vero che momentanea, e purtroppo per una nobile fieraZZa sdegnava

‘ I wrote to you to keep up your spirits, for reproach
 ‘ is useless always, and irritating—but my feelings
 ‘ were very much hurt, to be dragged like a gladiator
 ‘ to the fate of a gladiator by that “*retiarius*,” Mr.
 ‘ Elliston. As to his defence and offers of compen-
 ‘ sation, what is all this to the purpose? It is like
 ‘ Louis the XIVth., who insisted upon buying at any
 ‘ price Algernon Sydney’s horse, and, on his refusal,
 ‘ on taking it by force, Sydney shot his horse. I could
 ‘ not shoot my tragedy, but I would have flung it into
 ‘ the fire rather than have had it represented.

‘ I have now written nearly three *acts* of another
 ‘ (intending to complete it in five), and am more anxious
 ‘ than ever to be preserved from such a breach of all
 ‘ literary courtesy and gentlemanly consideration.

‘ If we succeed, well; if not, previous to any future
 ‘ publication, we will request a *promise* not to be acted,
 ‘ which I would even pay for (as money is their ob-
 ‘ ject), or I will not publish—which, however, you
 ‘ will probably not much regret.

‘ The Chancellor has behaved nobly. You have
 ‘ also conducted yourself in the most satisfactory

‘ sempre di rispondere ai suoi detrattori. Ma per quanto fosse breve
 ‘ quella impressione era però assai forte per farlo molto soffrire e per
 ‘ affiggere quelli che lo amavano. Tuttociò che ebbe luogo per la
 ‘ rappresentazione del suo Marino Faliero lo inquietò pure moltissimo e
 ‘ dietro ad un articolo di una Gazzetta di Milano in cui si parlava di quell’
 ‘ affare egli mi scrisse così—“ Ecco la verità di ciò che io vi dissi pochi
 ‘ giorni fa, come vengo sacrificato in tutte le maniere senza sapere il
 ‘ *perché* e il *come*. La tragedia di cui si parla non è (e non era mai) nè
 ‘ scritta nè adattata al teatro; ma non è però romantico il disegno, è
 ‘ piuttosto regolare—regolarissimo per l’ unità del tempo, e mancando
 ‘ poco a quella del sito. Voi sapete bene se io aveva intenzione di farla
 ‘ rappresentare, poichè era scritta al vostro fianco e nei momenti per
 ‘ certo più *tragici* per me come *uomo* che come *autore*,—perchè voi
 ‘ eravate in affanno ed in pericolo. Intanto sento dalla vostra Gazzetta
 ‘ che sia nata una cabala, un partito, e senza ch’ io vi abbia presa la
 ‘ minima parte. Si dice che l’ *autore ne fece la lettura* !!!—qui forse?
 ‘ a Ravenna?—ed a chi? forse a Fletcher!!!—quel illustre letterato,
 ‘ &c. &c.”

‘ manner ; and I have no fault to find with any body
 ‘ but the stage-players and their proprietor. I was
 ‘ always so civil to Elliston personally, that he ought
 ‘ to have been the last to attempt to injure me.

‘ There is a most rattling thunder-storm pelting
 ‘ away at this present writing ; so that I write neither
 ‘ by day, nor by candle, nor torchlight, but by *light-*
 ‘ *ning* light : the flashes are as brilliant as the most
 ‘ gaseous glow of the gas-light company. My chim-
 ‘ ney-board has just been thrown down by a gust of
 ‘ wind : I thought that it was the “ Bold Thunder ” and
 ‘ “ Brisk Lightning ” in person.—*Three* of us would be
 ‘ too many. There it goes—*flash* again ! but

‘ I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness ;

‘ I never gave ye *franks*, nor *call’d* upon you ;

‘ as I have done by and upon Mr. Elliston.

‘ Why do you not write ? You should at least send
 ‘ me a line of particulars : I know nothing yet but by
 ‘ Galignani and the Honourable Douglas.

‘ Well, and how does our Pope controversy go on ?
 ‘ and the pamphlet ? It is impossible to write any
 ‘ news : the Austrian scoundrels rummage all letters.

‘ P.S. I could have sent you a good deal of gossip.
 ‘ and some *real* information, were it not that all letters
 ‘ pass through the Barbarians’ inspection, and I have
 ‘ no wish to inform *them* of anything but my utter
 ‘ abhorrence of them and theirs. They have only con-
 ‘ quered by treachery, however.’

LETTER 428.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, May 20th, 1821.*

‘ Since I wrote to you last week I have received
 ‘ English letters and papers, by which I perceive that
 ‘ what I took for an Italian *truth* is, after all, a French

‘ lie of the Gazette de France. It contains two ultra-
 ‘ falsehoods in as many lines. In the first place, Lord B.
 ‘ did *not* bring forward his play, but opposed the
 ‘ same; and, secondly, it was *not* condemned, but is
 ‘ continued to be acted, in despite of publisher, author,
 ‘ Lord Chancellor, and (for aught I know to the con-
 ‘ trary) of audience, up to the first of May, at least—
 ‘ the latest date of my letters. You will oblige me,
 ‘ then, by causing Mr. Gazette of France to contradict
 ‘ himself, which, I suppose, he is used to. I never
 ‘ answer a foreign *criticism*; but this is a mere matter
 ‘ of *fact*, and not of *opinions*. I presume that you
 ‘ have English and French interest enough to do this
 ‘ for me—though, to be sure, as it is nothing but the
 ‘ *truth* which we wish to state, the insertion may be
 ‘ more difficult.

‘ As I have written to you often lately at some
 ‘ length, I won’t bore you further now, than by beg-
 ‘ ging you to comply with my request; and I presume
 ‘ the “*esprit du corps*” (is it “*du*” or “*de*?” for this
 ‘ is more than I know) will sufficiently urge you, as
 ‘ one of “*ours*,” to set this affair in its real aspect.
 ‘ Believe me always yours ever and most affection-
 ‘ ately,

‘ BYRON.’

LETTER 429.

TO MR. HOPPNER.

‘ *Ravenna, May 25th, 1821.*

‘ I am very much pleased with what you say of
 ‘ Switzerland, and will ponder upon it. I would ra-
 ‘ ther she married there than here for that matter.
 ‘ For fortune, I shall make all that I can spare (if I
 ‘ live and she is correct in her conduct); and if I die
 ‘ before she is settled, I have left her by will five thou-

‘ sand pounds, which is a fair provision *out* of England
‘ for a natural child. I shall increase it all I can, if
‘ circumstances permit me; but, of course (like all
‘ other human things), this is very uncertain.

‘ You will oblige me very much by interfering to
‘ have the *FACTS* of the play-acting stated, as these
‘ scoundrels appear to be organizing a system of abuse
‘ against me, because I am in their “*list*.” I care
‘ nothing for *their criticism*, but the matter of fact.
‘ I have written *four* acts of another tragedy, so you
‘ see they *can’t* bully me.

‘ You know, I suppose, that they actually keep a
‘ *list* of all individuals in Italy who dislike them—it
‘ must be numerous. Their suspicions and actual
‘ alarms, about my conduct and presumed intentions
‘ in the late row, were truly ludicrous—though, not to
‘ bore you, I touched upon them lightly. They be-
‘ lieved, and still believe here, or affect to believe it,
‘ that the whole plan and project of rising was settled
‘ by me, and the *means* furnished, &c. &c. All this
‘ was more fomented by the barbarian agents, who are
‘ numerous here (one of them was stabbed yesterday,
‘ by the way, but not dangerously):—and although
‘ when the Commandant was shot here before my door
‘ in December, I took him into my house, where he
‘ had every assistance, till he died on Fletcher’s bed;
‘ and although not one of them dared to receive him
‘ into their houses but myself, they leaving him to
‘ perish in the night in the streets, they put up a paper
‘ about three months ago, denouncing me as the Chief
‘ of the Liberals, and stirring up persons to assassi-
‘ nate me. But this shall never silence nor bully my
‘ opinions. All this came from the German Bar-
‘ barians.’

LETTER 430.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘*Ravenna, May 25th, 1821.*

‘ Mr. Moray,

‘ Since I wrote the enclosed a week ago, and for
 ‘ some weeks before, I have not had a line from you :
 ‘ now, I should be glad to know upon what principle
 ‘ of common or *uncommon* feeling, you leave me with-
 ‘ out any information but what I derive from garbled
 ‘ gazettes in English, and abusive ones in Italian (the
 ‘ Germans hating me as a *coal-heaver*), while all this
 ‘ kick-up has been going on about the play? You
 ‘ *SHABBY* fellow !!! Were it not for two letters from
 ‘ Douglas Kinniard, I should have been as ignorant as
 ‘ you are negligent.

‘ So, I hear Bowles has been abusing Hobhouse? If
 ‘ that’s the case, he has broken the truce, like Mo-
 ‘ rillo’s successor, and I will cut him out, as Cochrane
 ‘ did the Esmeralda.

‘ Since I wrote the enclosed packet, I have com-
 ‘ pleted (but not copied out) four acts of a new tra-
 ‘ gedy. When I have finished the fifth, I will copy it
 ‘ out. It is on the subject of “Sardanapalus,” the
 ‘ last king of the Assyrians. The words *Queen* and
 ‘ *Pavilion* occur, but it is not an allusion to his Bri-
 ‘ tannic majesty, as you may tremulously imagine.
 ‘ This you will one day see (if I finish it), as I have
 ‘ made Sardanapalus *brave* (though voluptuous, as his-
 ‘ tory represents him), and also as *amiable* as my poor
 ‘ powers could render him :—so that it could neither
 ‘ be truth nor satire on any living monarch. I have
 ‘ strictly preserved all the unities hitherto, and mean
 ‘ to continue them in the fifth, if possible ; but *not* for
 ‘ *the stage*. Yours, in haste and hatred, you shabby
 ‘ correspondent !

N.’

LETTER 431.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, May 28th, 1821.*

‘ Since my last of the 26th or 25th, I have dashed
 ‘ off my fifth act of the tragedy called “ Sardanapa-
 ‘ lus.” But now comes the copying over, which may
 ‘ prove heavy work—heavy to the writer as to the
 ‘ reader. I have written to you at least six times sans
 ‘ answer, which proves you to be a—bookseller. I
 ‘ pray you to send me a copy of Mr. *Wrangham’s* re-
 ‘ formation of “ *Langhorne’s* Plutarch.” I have the
 ‘ Greek, which is somewhat small of print, and
 ‘ the Italian, which is too heavy in style, and as false
 ‘ as a Neapolitan patriot proclamation. I pray you
 ‘ also to send me a Life, published some years ago,
 ‘ of the *Magician Apollonius* of Tyana. It is in Eng-
 ‘ lish, and I think edited or written by what Martin
 ‘ Marprelate calls “ *a bouncing priest.*” I shall trouble
 ‘ you no farther with this sheet than with the postage.
 ‘ Yours, &c. N.

‘ P.S. Since I wrote this, I determined to enclose
 ‘ it (as a half sheet) to Mr. Kinnaird, who will have
 ‘ the goodness to forward it. Besides, it saves seal-
 ‘ ing-wax.’

LETTER 432.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, May 30th, 1821.*

‘ Dear Moray,

‘ You say you have written often : I have only
 ‘ received yours of the eleventh, which is very short.
 ‘ By this post, in *five* packets, I send you the tragedy
 ‘ of Sardanapalus, which is written in a rough hand :
 ‘ perhaps Mrs. Leigh can help you to decipher it.
 ‘ You will please to acknowledge it by *return* of post.
 ‘ You will remark that the *unities* are all *strictly* ob-

‘ served. The scene passes in the same *hall* always :
 ‘ the time, a *summer’s night*, about nine hours, or less,
 ‘ though it begins before sunset and ends after sunrise.
 ‘ In the third act, when Sardanapalus calls for a *mirror*
 ‘ to look at himself in his armour, recollect to quote
 ‘ the Latin passage from *Juvenal* upon *Otho* (a similar
 ‘ character, who did the same thing): Gifford will
 ‘ help you to it. The trait is perhaps too familiar,
 ‘ but it is historical (of *Otho*, at least), and natural in
 ‘ an effeminate character.’

LETTER 433.

TO MR. HOPNER.

‘ *Ravenna, May 31st, 1821.*

‘ I enclose you another letter, which will only confirm what I have said to you.

‘ About Allegra—I will take some decisive step in the course of the year; at present, she is so happy where she is, that perhaps she had better have her *alphabet* imparted in her convent.

‘ What you say of the *Dante* is the first I have heard of it—all seeming to be merged in the *row* about the tragedy. Continue it!—Alas! what could *Dante* himself *now* prophesy about Italy? I am glad you like it, however, but doubt that you will be singular in your opinion. My *new* tragedy is completed.

‘ The B * * is *right*,—I ought to have mentioned her *humour* and *amiability*, but I thought at her *sixty*, beauty would be most agreeable or least likely. However, it shall be rectified in a new edition; and if any of the parties have either looks or qualities which they wish to be noticed, let me have a minute of them. I have no private nor personal dislike to *Venice*, rather the contrary, but I merely speak of

‘ what is the subject of all remarks and all writers
 ‘ upon her present state. Let me hear from you
 ‘ before you start. Believe me,

‘ Ever, &c.

‘ P.S. Did you receive two letters of Douglas Kin-
 ‘ naird’s in an endorse from me? Remember me to
 ‘ Mengaldo, Soranzo, and all who care that I should
 ‘ remember them. The letter alluded to in the en-
 ‘ closed, “ to the *Cardinal*,” was in answer to some
 ‘ *queries* of the government, about a poor devil of a
 ‘ Neapolitan, arrested at Sinigaglia on suspicion, who
 ‘ came to beg of me here; being without breeches,
 ‘ and consequently without pockets for halfpence, I
 ‘ relieved and forwarded him to his country, and they
 ‘ arrested him at Pesaro on suspicion, and have since
 ‘ interrogated me (civilly and politely, however) about
 ‘ him. I sent them the poor man’s petition, and such
 ‘ information as I had about him, which I trust will
 ‘ get him out again, that is to say, if they give him a
 ‘ fair hearing.

‘ I *am* content with the article. Pray, did you re-
 ‘ ceive, some posts ago, Moore’s lines, which I
 ‘ enclosed to you, written at Paris?’

LETTER 434.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, June 4th, 1821.*

‘ You have not written lately, as is the usual cus-
 ‘ tom with literary gentlemen, to console their friends
 ‘ with their observations in cases of magnitude. I do
 ‘ not know whether I sent you my “ *Elegy on the*
 ‘ *recovery of Lady * *:*” —

‘ Behold the blessings of a lucky lot—

‘ My play is damn’d, and Lady * * *not*.

‘ The papers (and perhaps your letters) will have

‘ put you in possession of Muster Elliston’s dramatic
 ‘ behaviour. It is to be presumed that the play was
 ‘ *fitted* for the stage by Mr. Dibdin, who is the tailor
 ‘ upon such occasions, and will have taken measure
 ‘ with his usual accuracy. I hear that it is still con-
 ‘ tinued to be performed—a piece of obstinacy for
 ‘ which it is some consolation to think that the dis-
 ‘ courteous histrio will be out of pocket.

‘ You will be surprised to hear that I have finished
 ‘ another tragedy in *five* acts, observing all the unities
 ‘ strictly. It is called “Sardanapalus,” and was sent
 ‘ by last post to England. It is *not* for the stage, any
 ‘ more than the other was intended for it—and I shall
 ‘ take better care *this* time that they don’t get hold
 ‘ on’t.

‘ I have also sent, two months ago, a further letter
 ‘ on Bowles, &c. ; but he seems to be so taken up with
 ‘ my “respect” (as he calls it) towards him in the
 ‘ former case, that I am not sure that it will be pub-
 ‘ lished, being somewhat too full of “pastime and
 ‘ prodigality.” I learn from some private letters of
 ‘ Bowles’s, that *you* were “the gentleman in aste-
 ‘ risks.” Who would have dreamed it? you see what
 ‘ mischief that clergyman has done by printing notes
 ‘ without names. How the deuce was I to suppose
 ‘ that the first four asterisks meant “Campbell” and
 ‘ *not* “Pope,” and that the blank signature meant
 ‘ Thomas Moore*. You see what comes of being

* In their eagerness, like true controversialists, to avail themselves of every passing advantage, and convert even straws into weapons on an emergency, my two friends, during their short warfare, contrived to place me in that sort of embarrassing position, the most provoking feature of which is, that it excites more amusement than sympathy. On the one side, Mr. Bowles chose to cite, as a support to his argument, a short fragment of a note, addressed to him, as he stated, by ‘a gentleman of the highest literary, &c. &c.,’ and saying, in reference to Mr. Bowles’s

'familiar with parsons. His answers have not yet reached *me*, but I understand from Hobhouse, that *he* (H.) is attacked in them. If that be the case, Bowles has broken the truce (which he himself proclaimed, by the way), and I must have at him again.

'Did you receive my letters with the two or three concluding sheets of Memoranda?

'There are no news here to interest much. A German spy (*boasting* himself such) was stabbed last week, but *not* mortally. The moment I heard that he went about bullying and boasting, it was easy for me, or any one else, to foretel what would occur to

former pamphlet, 'You have hit the right nail on the head, and * * * too.' This short scrap was signed with four asterisks; and when, on the appearance of Mr. Bowles's Letter, I met with it in his pages, not the slightest suspicion ever crossed my mind that I had been myself the writer of it;—my communications with my reverend friend and neighbour having been (for years, I am proud to say) sufficiently frequent to allow of such a hasty compliment to his disputative powers passing from my memory. When Lord Byron took the field against Mr. Bowles's Letter, this unlucky scrap, so authoritatively brought forward, was, of course, too tempting a mark for his facetiousness to be resisted; more especially as the person mentioned in it, as having suffered from the reverend critic's vigour, appeared, from the number of asterisks employed in designating him, to have been Pope himself, though, in reality, the name was that of Mr. Bowles's former antagonist, Mr. Campbell. The noble assailant, it is needless to say, made the most of this vulnerable point; and few readers could have been more diverted than I was with his happy ridicule of 'the gentleman in asterisks,' little thinking that I was myself, all the while, this veiled victim,—nor was it till about the time of the receipt of the above letter, that, by some communication on the subject from a friend in England, I was startled into the recollection of my own share in the transaction.

While by one friend I was thus unconsciously, if not innocently, drawn into the scrape, the other was not slow in rendering me the same friendly service;—for, on the appearance of Lord Byron's answer to Mr. Bowles, I had the mortification of finding that, with a far less pardonable want of reserve, he had all but named me as his authority for an anecdote of his reverend opponent's early days, which I had, in the course of an after-dinner conversation, told him at Venice, and which,—pleasant in itself, and, whether true or false, harmless,—derived its sole sting from the manner in which the noble disputant triumphantly applied it. Such are the consequences of one's near and dear friends taking to controversy.

‘ him, which I did, and it came to pass in two days
‘ after. He has got off, however, for a slight incision.

‘ A row the other night, about a lady of the place,
‘ between her various lovers, occasioned a midnight
‘ discharge of pistols, but nobody wounded. Great
‘ scandal, however—planted by her lover—to *be*
‘ thrashed by her husband, for inconstancy to her
‘ regular Servente, who is coming home post about it,
‘ and she herself retired in confusion into the country,
‘ although it is the acme of the opera season. All the
‘ women furious against her (she herself having been
‘ censorious) for being *found out*. She is a pretty
‘ woman—a Countess * * * *—a fine old Visigoth
‘ name, or Ostrogoth.

‘ The Greeks! what think you? They are my old
‘ acquaintances—but what to think I know not. Let
‘ us hope, howsomever.

‘ Yours,
‘ B.’

LETTER 435.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, June 22d, 1821.*

‘ Your dwarf of a letter came yesterday. That is
‘ right;—keep to your “magnum opus”—magnope-
‘ rate away. Now, if we were but together a little to
‘ combine our “Journal of Trevoux!” But it is use-
‘ less to sigh, and yet very natural,—for I think you
‘ and I draw better together, in the social line, than
‘ any two other living authors.

‘ I forgot to ask you, if you had seen your own
‘ panegyric in the correspondence of Mrs. Waterhouse
‘ and Colonel Berkeley? To be sure *their* moral is
‘ not quite exact; but *your passion* is fully effective;
‘ and all poetry of the *Asiatic* kind—I mean Asiatic,

‘ as the Romans called “ Asiatic oratory,” and not
 ‘ because the scenery is Oriental—must be tried by
 ‘ that test only. I am not quite sure that I shall
 ‘ allow the Miss Byrons (legitimate or illegitimate) to
 ‘ read Lalla Rookh—in the first place, on account of
 ‘ this said *passion*; and, in the second, that they
 ‘ mayn’t discover that there was a better poet than
 ‘ papa.

‘ You say nothing of politics—but, alas! what can
 ‘ be said?

‘ The world is a bundle of hay,
 ‘ Mankind are the asses who pull,
 ‘ Each tugs it a different way,—
 ‘ And the greatest of all is John Bull!

‘ How do you call your new project? I have sent
 ‘ Murray a new tragedy, ycleped “ Sardanapalus,”
 ‘ writ according to Aristotle—all, save the chorus—I
 ‘ could not reconcile me to that. I have begun an-
 ‘ other, and am in the second act;—so you see I
 ‘ saunter on as usual.

‘ Bowles’s answers have reached me; but I can’t
 ‘ go on disputing for ever,—particularly in a polite
 ‘ manner. I suppose he will take being *silent* for
 ‘ *silenced*. He has been so civil that I can’t find it in
 ‘ my liver to be facetious with him,—else I had a
 ‘ savage joke or two at his service. * * *

‘ I can’t send you the little journal, because it is in
 ‘ boards, and I can’t trust it per post. Don’t suppose
 ‘ it is anything particular; but it will show the *inten-*
 ‘ *tions* of the natives at that time—and one or two
 ‘ other things, chiefly personal, like the former one.

‘ So, Longman don’t *bite*.—It was my wish to have
 ‘ made that work of use. Could you not raise a sum
 ‘ upon it (however small), reserving the power of
 ‘ redeeming it, on repayment?

‘ Are you in Paris, or a villaging? If you are in
 ‘ the city, you will never resist the Anglo-invasion you
 ‘ speak of. I do not see an Englishman in half a year,
 ‘ and, when I do, I turn my horse’s head the other
 ‘ way. The fact, which you will find in the last note
 ‘ to the Doge, has given me a good excuse for quite
 ‘ dropping the least connexion with travellers.

‘ I do not recollect the speech you speak of, but
 ‘ suspect it is not the Doge’s, but one of Israel Ber-
 ‘ tuccio to Calendaro. I hope you think that Elliston
 ‘ behaved shamefully—it is my only consolation. I
 ‘ made the Milanese fellows contradict their lie, which
 ‘ they did with the grace of people used to it.

‘ Yours, &c.

‘ B.’

LETTER 436.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, July 5th, 1821.*

‘ How could you suppose that I ever would allow
 ‘ anything that *could* be said on your account to weigh
 ‘ with *me*? I only regret that Bowles had not *said*
 ‘ that you were the writer of that note, until after-
 ‘ wards, when out he comes with it, in a private letter
 ‘ to Murray, which Murray sends to me. D—n the
 ‘ controversy!

‘ D—n Twizzle,

‘ D—n the bell,

‘ And d—n the fool who rung it—Well!

‘ From all such plagues I’ll quickly be deliver’d.

‘ I have had a friend of your Mr. Irving’s—a very
 ‘ pretty lad—a Mr. Coolidge, of Boston—only some-
 ‘ what too full of poesy and “entusymusy.” I was
 ‘ very civil to him during his few hours’ stay, and
 ‘ talked with him much of Irving, whose writings are
 ‘ my delight. But I suspect that he did not take

‘ quite so much to me, from his having expected
‘ to meet a misanthropical gentleman, in wolf-skin
‘ breeches, and answering in fierce monosyllables, in-
‘ stead of a man of this world. I can never get
‘ people to understand that poetry is the expression of
‘ *excited passion*, and that there is no such thing as a
‘ life of passion any more than a continuous earth-
‘ quake, or an eternal fever. Besides, who would ever
‘ *shave* themselves in such a state ?

‘ I have had a curious letter to-day from a girl in
‘ England (I never saw her), who says she is given
‘ over of a decline, but could not go out of the world
‘ without thanking me for the delight which my poesy
‘ for several years, &c. &c. &c. It is signed simply
‘ N. N. A. and has not a word of “cant” or preach-
‘ ment in it upon *any* opinions. She merely says that
‘ she is dying, and that as I had contributed so highly
‘ to her existing pleasure, she thought that she might
‘ say so, begging me to *burn* her *letter*—which, by the
‘ way, I can *not* do, as I look upon such a letter, in
‘ such circumstances, as better than a diploma from
‘ Gottingen. I once had a letter from Drontheim, in
‘ *Norway* (but not from a dying woman), in verse, on
‘ the same score of gratulation. These are the things
‘ which make one at times believe oneself a poet.
‘ But if I must believe that * * * *, and such fel-
‘ lows, are poets also, it is better to be out of the
‘ corps.

‘ I am now in the fifth act of “Foscari,” being the
‘ third tragedy in twelve months, besides *proses*; so
‘ you perceive that I am not at all idle. And are you,
‘ too, busy ? I doubt that your life at Paris draws too
‘ much upon your time, which is a pity. Can’t you
‘ divide your day, so as to combine both ? I have had

‘ plenty of all sorts of worldly business on my hands
 ‘ last year, and yet it is not so difficult to give a few
 ‘ hours to the *Muses*. This sentence is so like * * *
 ‘ that—— ‘ Ever, &c.

‘ If we were together, I should publish both my
 ‘ plays (periodically) in our *joint* journal. It should be
 ‘ our plan to publish all our best things in that way.’

In the Journal entitled ‘ Detached Thoughts,’ I find the tribute to his genius which he here mentions; as well as some others, thus interestingly dwelt upon.

‘ As far as fame goes (that is to say, *living* fame) I
 ‘ have had my share, perhaps—indeed, *certainly*—
 ‘ more than my deserts.

‘ Some odd instances have occurred, to my own
 ‘ experience, of the wild and strange places to which
 ‘ a name may penetrate, and where it may impress.
 ‘ Two years ago (almost three, being in August or
 ‘ July, 1819) I received at Ravenna a letter, in
 ‘ *English* verse, from *Drontheim* in Norway, written by
 ‘ a Norwegian, and full of the usual compliments, &c.
 ‘ &c. It is still somewhere amongst my papers. In
 ‘ the same month I received an invitation into *Hol-*
 ‘ *stein* from a Mr. Jacobsen (I think) of Hamburgh:
 ‘ also, by the same medium, a translation of Medora’s
 ‘ song in the Corsair by a Westphalian baroness (*not*
 ‘ “Thunderton-Tronck”), with some original verses of
 ‘ hers (very pretty and Klopstock-ish), and a prose
 ‘ translation annexed to them, on the subject of my
 ‘ wife:—as they concerned her more than me, I sent
 ‘ them to her, together with Mr. Jacobsen’s letter. It
 ‘ was odd enough to receive an invitation to pass the
 ‘ *summer* in *Holstein* while in *Italy*, from people I
 ‘ never knew. The letter was addressed to Venice.

‘ Mr. Jacobsen talked to me of the “wild roses growing in the Holstein summer.” Why then did the Cimbri and Teutones emigrate?

‘ What a strange thing is life and man! Were I to present myself at the door of the house where my daughter now is, the door would be shut in my face —unless (as is not impossible) I knocked down the porter; and if I had gone in that year (and perhaps now) to Drontheim (the furthest town in Norway), or into Holstein, I should have been received with open arms into the mansion of strangers and foreigners, attached to me by no tie but that of mind and rumour.

‘ As far as *fame* goes, I have had my share: it has indeed been leavened by other human contingencies, and this in a greater degree than has occurred to most literary men of a *decent* rank in life; but, on the whole, I take it that such equipoise is the condition of humanity.’

Of the visit, too, of the American gentleman, he thus speaks in the same Journal.

‘ A young American, named Coolidge, called on me not many months ago. He was intelligent, very handsome, and not more than twenty years old, according to appearances; a little romantic, but that sits well upon youth, and mighty fond of poesy, as may be suspected from his approaching me in my cavern. He brought me a message from an old servant of my family (Joe Murray), and told me that *he* (Mr. Coolidge) had obtained a copy of my bust from Thorwaldsen at Rome, to send to America. I confess I was more flattered by this young enthusiasm of a solitary Trans-Atlantic traveller, than if they had decreed me a statue in the Paris Pantheon (I have seen

‘emperors and demagogues cast down from their pedestals even in my own time, and Grattan’s name razed from the street called after him in Dublin); I say that I was more flattered by it, because it was *single, unpolitical*, and was without motive or ostentation,—the pure and warm feeling of a boy for the poet he admired. It must have been expensive, though;—I would not pay the price of a Thorwaldsen bust for any human head and shoulders, except Napoleon’s, or my children’s, or some “*absurd woman-kind’s*,” as Monkbarns calls them,—or my sister’s. If asked *why*, then, I sat for my own?—Answer, that it was at the particular request of J. C. Hobhouse, Esq., and for no one else. A *picture* is a different matter;—every body sits for their picture;—but a bust looks like putting up pretensions to permanency, and smacks something of a hankering for *public* fame rather than private remembrance.

‘Whenever an American requests to see me (which is not unfrequently), I comply, firstly, because I respect a people who acquired their freedom by their firmness without excess; and secondly, because these Trans-Atlantic visits, “few and far between,” make me feel as if talking with posterity from the other side of the Styx. In a century or two the new English and Spanish Atlantides will be masters of the old countries, in all probability, as Greece and Europe overcame their mother Asia in the older or earlier ages, as they are called.’

LETTER 437.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘*Ravenna, July 6th, 1821.*

‘In agreement with a wish expressed by Mr. Hobhouse, it is my determination to omit the stanza upon

‘ the *horse of Semiramis* in the Fifth Canto of Don Juan. I mention this, in case you are, or intend to be, the publisher of the remaining Cantos.

‘ At the particular request of the Contessa G. I have promised *not* to continue Don Juan. You will therefore look upon these three Cantos as the last of the poem. She had read the two first in the French translation, and never ceased beseeching me to write no more of it. The reason of this is not at first obvious to a superficial observer of FOREIGN manners ; but it arises from the wish of all women to exalt the sentiment of the passions, and to keep up the illusion which is their empire. Now Don Juan strips off this illusion, and laughs at that and most other things. I never knew a woman who did *not* protect *Rousseau*, nor one who did not dislike De Grammont, Gil Blas, and all the comedy of the passions, when brought out naturally. But “ king’s blood must keep word,” as Serjeant Bothwell says.’

LETTER 438.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ July 14th, 1821.

‘ I trust that Sardanapalus will not be mistaken for a *political* play, which was so far from my intention, that I thought of nothing but Asiatic history. The Venetian play, too, is rigidly historical. My object has been to dramatise, like the Greeks (a *modest* phrase), striking passages of history, as they did of history and mythology. You will find all this very *unlike* Shakspeare ; and so much the better in one sense, for I look upon him to be the *worst* of models*,

* In venturing this judgment upon Shakspeare, Lord Byron but followed in the footsteps of his great idol Pope. ‘ It was mighty simple in Rowe,’ says this poet, ‘ to write a play now professedly in Shakspeare’s style, that is, professedly in the style of a bad age.’—Spence, sect. 4,

‘ though the most extraordinary of writers. It has
 ‘ been my object to be as simple and severe as Alfieri,
 ‘ and I have broken down the *poetry* as nearly as I
 ‘ could to common language. The hardship is, that
 ‘ in these times one can neither speak of kings nor
 ‘ queens without suspicion of politics or personalities.
 ‘ I intended neither.

‘ I am not very well, and I write in the midst of un-
 ‘ pleasant scenes here: they have, without trial or
 ‘ process, banished several of the first inhabitants of
 ‘ the cities—here and all around the Roman states—
 ‘ amongst them many of my personal friends, so that
 ‘ everything is in confusion and grief: it is a kind of
 ‘ thing which cannot be described without an equal
 ‘ pain as in beholding it.

‘ You are very niggardly in your letters.

‘ Yours truly,

‘ B.’

LETTER 439.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, July 22d, 1821.*

‘ The printer has done wonders;—he has read what
 ‘ I cannot—my own handwriting.

‘ I *oppose* the “delay till winter:” I am particularly
 ‘ anxious to print while the *winter theatres* are *closed*,
 ‘ to gain time, in case they try their former piece of
 ‘ politeness. Any *loss* shall be considered in our con-
 ‘ tract, whether occasioned by the season or other
 ‘ causes; but print away, and publish.

‘ I think they must own that I have more *styles* than
 ‘ one. “Sardanapalus” is, however, almost a comic

1734-36. Of Milton, too, Pope seems to have held pretty nearly the same opinion as that professed by Lord Byron in some of these letters. See, in Spence, sect. 5, 1737-39, a passage on which his editor remarks — ‘ Perhaps Pope did not relish Shakspeare more than he seems to have done Milton.’

‘ character: but, for that matter, so is Richard the
‘ Third. Mind the *unities*, which are my great object
‘ of research. I am glad that Gifford likes it: as for
‘ “the million,” you see I have carefully consulted
‘ anything but the *taste* of the day for extravagant
‘ “coups de théâtre.” Any probable loss, as I said
‘ before, will be allowed for in our accompts. The
‘ reviews (except one or two—Blackwood’s, for in-
‘ stance) are cold enough; but never mind those
‘ fellows: I shall send them to the right about, if I
‘ take it into my head. I always found the English
‘ *baser* in some things than any other nation. You
‘ stare, but it’s true as to gratitude,—perhaps be-
‘ cause they are prouder, and proud people hate obli-
‘ gations.

‘ The tyranny of the Government here is breaking
‘ out. They have exiled about a thousand people of
‘ the best families all over the Roman states. As
‘ many of my friends are amongst them, I think of
‘ moving too, but not till I have had your answers.
‘ Continue *your address* to me *here*, as usual, and
‘ quickly. What you will *not* be sorry to hear is, that
‘ the *poor* of the place, hearing that I meant to go, got
‘ together a petition to the Cardinal to request that *he*
‘ would request me to *remain*. I only heard of it a
‘ day or two ago, and it is no dishonour to them nor
‘ to me; but it will have displeased the higher powers,
‘ who look upon me as a Chief of the Coalheavers.
‘ They arrested a servant of mine for a street quarrel
‘ with an officer (they drew upon one another knives
‘ and pistols), but as *the officer* was out of uniform, and
‘ in the *wrong* besides, on my protesting stoutly, he
‘ was released. I was not present at the affray, which
‘ happened by night near my stables. My man (an

‘ Italian), a very stout, and not over-patient personage, would have taken a fatal revenge afterwards, if I had not prevented him. As it was, he drew his stiletto, and, but for passengers, would have carbonadoed the captain, who, I understand, made but a poor figure in the quarrel, except by beginning it. He applied to me, and I offered him any satisfaction, either by turning away the man, or otherwise, because he had drawn a knife. He answered that a reproof would be sufficient. I reproved him; and yet, after this, the shabby dog complained to the *Government*,—after being quite satisfied, as he said. *This* roused me, and I gave them a remonstrance which had some effect. The captain has been reprimanded, the servant released, and the business at present rests there.’

Among the victims of the ‘black sentence and proscription’ by which the rulers of Italy were now, as appears from the above letters, avenging their late alarm upon all who had even in the remotest degree contributed to it, the two Gambas were, of course, as suspected Chiefs of the Carbonari of Romagna, included. About the middle of July, Madame Guiccioli, in a state of despair, wrote to inform Lord Byron that her father, in whose palazzo she was at that time residing, had just been ordered to quit Ravenna within twenty-four hours, and that it was the intention of her brother to depart the following morning. The young Count, however, was not permitted to remain even so long, being arrested that very night, and conveyed by soldiers to the frontier; and the Contessa herself, in but a few days after, found that she also must join the crowd of exiles. The prospect of being

again separated from her noble lover seems to have rendered banishment little less fearful, in her eyes, than death. 'This alone,' she says in a letter to him, 'was wanting to fill up the measure of my despair. Help me, my love, for I am in a situation most terrible; and without you, I can resolve upon nothing. * * has just been with me, having been sent by * * to tell me that I must depart from Ravenna before next Tuesday, as my husband has had recourse to Rome, for the purpose of either forcing me to return to him, or else putting me in a convent; and the answer from thence is expected in a few days. I must not speak of this to any one,—I must escape by night; for, if my project should be discovered, it will be impeded, and my passport (which the goodness of Heaven has permitted me, I know not how, to obtain) will be taken from me. Byron! I am in despair!—If I must leave you here without knowing when I shall see you again, if it is your will that I should suffer so cruelly, I am resolved to remain. They may put me in a convent; I shall die,—but—but then you cannot aid me, and I cannot reproach you. I know not what they tell me, for my agitation overwhelms me;—and why? Not because I fear my present danger, but solely, I call Heaven to witness, solely because I must leave you.'

Towards the latter end of July, the writer of this tender and truly feminine letter found herself forced to leave Ravenna,—the home of her youth, as it was, now, of her heart,—uncertain whither to go, or where she should again meet her lover. After lingering for a short time at Bologna, under a faint expectation that the Court of Rome might yet, through some friendly

mediation*, be induced to rescind its order against her relatives, she at length gave up all hope, and joined her father and brother at Florence.

It has been already seen, from Lord Byron's letters, that he had himself become an object of strong suspicion to the Government, and it was, indeed, chiefly in their desire to rid themselves of his presence, that the steps taken against the Gamba family had originated; —the constant benevolence which he exercised towards the poor of Ravenna being likely, it was feared, to render him dangerously popular among a people unused to charity on so enlarged a scale. 'One of the principal causes,' says Madame Guiccioli, 'of the exile of my relatives, was in reality the idea that Lord Byron would share the banishment of his friends. Already the Government were averse to Lord Byron's residence at Ravenna; knowing his opinions, fearing his influence, and also exaggerating the extent of his means for giving effect to them. They fancied that he provided money for the purchase of arms, &c., and that he contributed pecuniarily to the wants of the Society. The truth is, that, when called upon to exercise his beneficence, he made no inquiries as to the political and religious opinions of those who required his aid. Every unhappy and needy object had an equal share in his benevolence. The Anti-Liberals, however, insisted upon believing

* Among the persons applied to by Lord Byron for their interest on this occasion was the late Duchess of Devonshire, whose answer, dated from Spa, I found among his papers. With the utmost readiness her Grace undertakes to write to Rome on the subject, and adds, 'Believe me also, my Lord, that there is a character of justice, goodness, and benevolence in the present Government of Rome, which, if they are convinced of the just claims of the Comte de Gamba and his son, will make them grant their request.'

‘ that he was the principal support of Liberalism in Romagna, and were desirous of his departure ; but, not daring to exact it by any direct measure, they were in hopes of being able indirectly to force him into this step*.’

After stating the particulars of her own hasty departure, the lady proceeds:—‘ Lord Byron, in the mean time, remained at Ravenna, in a town convulsed by party spirit, where he had certainly, on account of his opinions, many fanatical and perfidious enemies ; and my imagination always painted him surrounded by a thousand dangers. It may be conceived, therefore, what that journey must have been to me, and what I suffered at such a distance from him. His letters would have given me comfort ; but two days always elapsed between his writing and my receiving them ; and this idea embittered all the solace they would otherwise have afforded me, so that my heart was torn by the most cruel fears. Yet it was necessary for his own sake that he should remain some time longer at Ravenna, in order that it might not be said that he also was banished. Besides, he had conceived a very great affection for the place itself ; and was desirous, be-

* ‘ Una delle principali ragioni per cui si erano esigliati i miei parenti era la speranza che Lord Byron pure lascierebbe la Romagna quando i suoi amici fossero partiti. Già da qualche tempo la permanenza di Lord Byron in Ravenna era mal gradita dal Governo conoscendosile sue opinione e temendosila sua influenza, ed essaggiandosi anche i suoi mezzi per esercitarla. Si credeva che egli somministrasse danaro per provvedere armi, e che provvedesse ai bisogni della Società. La verità era che nello spargere le sue beneficenze egli non s’informava delle opinioni politiche e religiose di quello che aveva bisogno del suo soccorso ; ogni misero ed ogni infelice aveva un eguale diviso alla sua generosità. Ma in ogni modo gli Anti-Liberali lo credevano il principale sostegno del Liberalismo della Romagna, e desideravano la sua partenza ; ma non osando provocarla in nessun modo diretto speravano di ottenerla indirettamente.’

‘ fore he left it, of exhausting every means and hope
 ‘ of procuring the recall of my relations from banish-
 ‘ ment. *.’

LETTER 440.

TO MR. HOPNER.

‘ *Ravenna, July 23d, 1821.*

‘ This country being in a state of proscription, and
 ‘ all my friends exiled or arrested—the whole family
 ‘ of Gamba obliged to go to Florence for the present—
 ‘ the father and son for politics—(and the Guiccioli,
 ‘ because menaced with a *convent*, as her father is *not*
 ‘ here), I have determined to remove to Switzerland,
 ‘ and they also. Indeed, my life here is not supposed
 ‘ to be particularly safe—but that has been the case
 ‘ for this twelvemonth past, and is therefore not the
 ‘ primary consideration.

‘ I have written by this post to Mr. Hentsch, junior,
 ‘ the banker of Geneva, to provide (if possible) a
 ‘ house for me, and another for Gamba’s family (the
 ‘ father, son, and daughter), on the *Jura* side of the
 ‘ lake of Geneva, furnished, and with stabling (for *me*
 ‘ at least) for eight horses. I shall bring Allegra
 ‘ with me. Could you assist me or Hentsch in his
 ‘ researches? The Gambas are at Florence, but have
 ‘ authorized me to treat for them. You know, or do

‘ Lord Byron restava frattanto a Ravenna in un paese sconvolto dai
 ‘ partiti, e dove aveva certamente dei nemici di opinioni fanatici e
 ‘ perfidi, e la mia immaginazione me lo dipingeva circondato sempre da
 ‘ mille pericoli. Si può dunque pensare cosa dovesse essere qual
 ‘ viaggio per me e cosa io dovessi soffrire nella sua lontananza. Le
 ‘ sue lettere avrebbero potuto essermi di conforto; ma quando io le
 ‘ riceveva era già trascorso lo spazio di due giorni dal momento in cui
 ‘ furono scritte, e questo pensiero distruggeva tutto il bene che esse
 ‘ potevano farmi, e la mia anima era lacerata dai più crudeli timori.
 ‘ Frattanto era necessario per la di lui convenienza che egli restasse
 ‘ ancora qualche tempo in Ravenna affinché non avesse a dirsi che egli
 ‘ pure ne era esigliato; ed oltreciò egli si era sommamente affezionato
 ‘ a quel soggiorno e voleva innanzi di partire vedere esausiti tutti i tenta-
 ‘ tivi e tutte le speranze del ritorno dei miei parenti.’

‘ not know, that they are great patriots—and both—
 ‘ but the son in particular—very fine fellows. *This*
 ‘ I know, for I have seen them lately in very awkward
 ‘ situations—not pecuniary, but personal—and they
 ‘ behaved like heroes, neither yielding nor retracting.

‘ You have no idea what a state of oppression this
 ‘ country is in—they arrested above a thousand of
 ‘ high and low throughout Romagna—banished some
 ‘ and confined others, without *trial, process*, or even
 ‘ *accusation* ! ! Every body says they would have done
 ‘ the same by me if they dared proceed openly. My
 ‘ motive, however, for remaining, is because *every one*
 ‘ of my acquaintance, to the amount of hundreds
 ‘ almost, have been exiled.

‘ Will you do what you can in looking out for a
 ‘ couple of houses *furnished*, and conferring with
 ‘ Hentsch for us ? We care nothing about society, and
 ‘ are only anxious for a temporary and tranquil asylum
 ‘ and individual freedom.

‘ Believe me, &c.

‘ P.S. Can you give me an idea of the comparative
 ‘ expenses of Switzerland and Italy ? which I have
 ‘ forgotten. I speak merely of those of decent *living*,
 ‘ *horses*, &c., and not of luxuries or high living. Do
 ‘ *not*, however, decide any thing positively till I have
 ‘ your answer, as I can then know how to think upon
 ‘ these topics of transmigration, &c. &c. &c.’

LETTER 441.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, July 30th, 1821.*

‘ Enclosed is the best account of the Doge Faliero,
 ‘ which was only sent to me from an old MS. the other
 ‘ day. Get it translated, and append it as a note to
 ‘ the next edition. You will perhaps be pleased to

‘ see that my conceptions of his character were correct, though I regret not having met with this extract before. You will perceive that he himself said exactly what he is made to say about the Bishop of Treviso. You will see also that “ he spoke very little, and those only words of rage and disdain,” after his arrest, which is the case in the play, except when he breaks out at the close of Act Fifth. But his speech to the conspirators is better in the MS. than in the play. I wish that I had met with it in time. Do not forget this note, with a translation.

‘ In a former note to the Juans, speaking of Voltaire, I have quoted his famous “ Zaire, tu pleures,” which is an error; it should be “ Zaire, *vous pleurez*.” Recollect this.

‘ I am so busy here about those poor proscribed exiles, who are scattered about, and with trying to get some of them recalled, that I have hardly time or patience to write a short preface, which will be proper for the two plays. However, I will make it out on receiving the next proofs.

‘ Yours ever, &c.

‘ P.S. Please to append the letter about *the Hells* as a note to your next opportunity of the verses on Leander, &c. &c. &c. in Childe Harold. Don’t forget it amidst your multitudinous avocations, which I think of celebrating in a Dithyrambic Ode to Albe-marle-street.

‘ Are you aware that Shelley has written an Elegy on Keats, and accuses the Quarterly of killing him?

‘ Who kill’d John Keats?’

‘ I,’ says the Quarterly,
So savage and Tartarly;

‘ ‘Twas one of my feats.’

‘ Who shot the arrow ?’
 ‘ The poet-priest Milman,
 ‘ (So ready to kill man,)’
 ‘ Or Southey or Barrow.’

‘ You know very well that I did not approve of
 ‘ Keats’s poetry, or principles of poetry, or of his
 ‘ abuse of Pope ; but, as he is dead, omit *all* that is
 ‘ said *about him* in any MSS. of mine, or publication.
 ‘ His Hyperion is a fine monument, and will keep his
 ‘ name. I do not envy the man who wrote the article ;
 ‘ —you Review people have no more right to kill
 ‘ than any other footpads. However, he who would
 ‘ die of an article in a Review would probably have
 ‘ died of something else equally trivial. The same
 ‘ thing nearly happened to Kirke White, who died
 ‘ afterwards of a consumption.’

LETTER 442.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, August 2d, 1821.*

‘ I had certainly answered your last letter, though
 ‘ but briefly, to the part to which you refer, merely
 ‘ saying, “ damn the controversy ;” and quoting some
 ‘ verses of George Colman’s, not as allusive to you,
 ‘ but to the disputants. Did you receive this letter ?
 ‘ It imports me to know that our letters are not inter-
 ‘ cepted or mislaid.

‘ Your Berlin drama* is an honour, unknown since
 ‘ the days of Elkanah Settle, whose “ Emperor of
 ‘ Morocco” was represented by the Court ladies,
 ‘ which was, as Johnson says, “ the last blast of in-
 ‘ flammation” to poor Dryden, who could not bear it,

* There had been, a short time before, performed at the Court of Berlin a spectacle founded on the Poem of Lalla Rookh, in which the present Emperor of Russia personated Feramorz, and the Empress, Lalla Rookh.

‘ and fell foul of Settle without mercy or moderation,
‘ on account of that and a frontispiece, which he dared
‘ to put before his play.

‘ Was not your showing the Memoranda to * *
‘ somewhat perilous? Is there not a facetious allusion
‘ or two which might as well be reserved for posterity?

‘ I know S * * well—that is to say, I have met him
‘ occasionally at Copet. Is he not also touched lightly
‘ in the Memoranda? In a review of Childe Harold,
‘ Canto 4th, three years ago, in Blackwood’s Magazine,
‘ they quote some stanzas of an elegy of S * *’s
‘ on Rome, from which they say that I *might* have
‘ taken some ideas. I give you my honour that I
‘ never saw it except in that criticism, which gives, I
‘ think, three or four stanzas, sent *them* (they say) for
‘ the nonce by a correspondent—perhaps himself.
‘ The fact is easily proved; for I don’t understand
‘ German, and there was I believe no translation—at
‘ least, it was the first time that I ever heard of, or
‘ saw, either translation or original.

‘ I remember having some talk with S * * about
‘ Alfieri, whose merit he denies. He was also wroth
‘ about the Edinburgh Review of Goethe, which was
‘ sharp enough, to be sure. He went about saying,
‘ too, of the French—“ I meditate a terrible vengeance
‘ against the French—I will prove that Molière
‘ is no poet *.

‘ I don’t see why you should talk of “ declining.”
‘ When I saw you, you looked thinner, and yet
‘ younger, than you did when we parted several years

* This threat has been since acted upon;—the critic in question having, to the great horror of the French literati, pronounced Molière to be a ‘farceur.’

‘ before. You may rely upon this as fact. If it were
‘ not, I should say *nothing*, for I would rather not say
‘ unpleasant *personal* things to any one—but, as it
‘ was the pleasant *truth*, I tell it you. If you had led
‘ my life, indeed, changing climates and connexions—
‘ *thinning* yourself with fasting and purgatives—be-
‘ sides the wear and tear of the vulture passions, and a
‘ very bad temper besides, you might talk in this way
‘ —but *you* ! I know no man who looks so well for his
‘ years, or who deserves to look better and to be
‘ better, in all respects. You are a * * *, and, what
‘ is perhaps better for your friends, a good fellow.
‘ So, don’t talk of decay, but put in for eighty, as you
‘ well may.

‘ I am, at present, occupied principally about these
‘ unhappy proscriptions and exiles, which have taken
‘ place here on account of politics. It has been a mi-
‘ serable sight to see the general desolation in fami-
‘ lies. I am doing what I can for them, high and
‘ low, by such interest and means as I possess or can
‘ bring to bear. There have been thousands of these
‘ proscriptions within the last month in the Exarchate,
‘ or (to speak modernly) the Legations. Yesterday,
‘ too, a man got his back broken, in extricating a dog
‘ of mine from under a mill-wheel. The dog was
‘ killed, and the man is in the greatest danger. I
‘ was not present—it happened before I was up, owing
‘ to a stupid boy taking the dog to bathe in a dan-
‘ gerous spot. I must, of course, provide for the poor
‘ fellow while he lives, and his family, if he dies. I
‘ would gladly have given a much greater sum than
‘ that will come to that he had never been hurt.
‘ Pray, let me hear from you, and excuse haste and
‘ hot weather.

‘ Yours, &c.

‘ You may have probably seen all sorts of attacks
 ‘ upon me in some gazettes in England some months
 ‘ ago. I only saw them, by Murray’s bounty, the
 ‘ other day. They call me “Plagiary,” and what
 ‘ not. I think I now, in my time, have been accused
 ‘ of *every* thing.

‘ I have not given you details of little events here ;
 ‘ but they have been trying to make me out to be the
 ‘ chief of a conspiracy, and nothing but their want of
 ‘ proofs for an *English* investigation has stopped
 ‘ them. Had it been a poor native, the suspicion
 ‘ were enough, as it has been for hundreds.

‘ Why don’t you write on Napoleon? I have no
 ‘ spirits, nor “estro” to do so. His overthrow, from
 ‘ the beginning, was a blow on the head to me. Since
 ‘ that period, we have been the slaves of fools. Ex-
 ‘ cuse this long letter. *Ecco* a translation literal of a
 ‘ French epigram.

‘ Egle, beauty and poet, has two little crimes,

‘ She makes her own face, and does *not* make her rhymes.

‘ I am going to ride, having been warned *not* to ride
 ‘ in a particular part of the forest, on account of the
 ‘ ultra-politicians.

‘ Is there no chance of your return to England, and
 ‘ of *our* Journal? I would have published the two
 ‘ plays in it—two or three scenes per number—and,
 ‘ indeed, *all* of mine in it. If you went to England, I
 ‘ would do so still.’

About this time Mr. Shelley, who had now fixed his residence at Pisa, received a letter from Lord Byron, earnestly requesting to see him, in consequence of which he immediately set out for Ravenna ; and the following extracts from letters, written during his stay

with his noble friend, will be read with that double feeling of interest which is always sure to be excited in hearing one man of genius express his opinions of another.

‘ Ravenna, August 7th, 1821.

‘ I arrived last night at ten o’clock, and sat up talking with Lord Byron until five this morning : I then went to sleep, and now awake at eleven ; and having despatched my breakfast as quick as possible, mean to devote the interval until twelve, when the post departs, to you.

‘ Lord Byron is very well, and was delighted to see me. He has in fact completely recovered his health, and lives a life totally the reverse of that which he led at Venice. He has a permanent sort of liaison with the Contessa Guiccioli, who is now at Florence, and seems from her letters to be a very amiable woman. She is waiting there until something shall be decided as to their emigration to Switzerland or stay in Italy, which is yet undetermined on either side. She was compelled to escape from the Papal territory in great haste, as measures had already been taken to place her in a convent, where she would have been unrelentingly confined for life. The oppression of the marriage contract, as existing in the laws and opinions of Italy, though less frequently exercised, is far severer than that of England.

‘ Lord Byron had almost destroyed himself at Venice. His state of debility was such that he was unable to digest any food ; he was consumed by hectic fever, and would speedily have perished but for this attachment, which reclaimed him from the excesses into which he threw himself, from carelessness and pride, rather than taste. Poor fellow ! he is

‘ now quite well, and immersed in politics and literature. He has given me a number of the most interesting details on the former subject; but we will not speak of them in a letter. Fletcher is here, and—as if, like a shadow, he waxed and waned with the substance of his master—has also revived his good looks, and from amidst the unseasonable gray hairs, a fresh harvest of flaxen locks has put forth.

‘ We talked a great deal of poetry and such matters last night; and as usual, differed—and I think more than ever. He affects to patronise a system of criticism fit only for the production of mediocrity; and, although all his finer poems and passages have been produced in defiance of this system, yet I recognise the pernicious effects of it in the Doge of Venice; and it will cramp and limit his future efforts, however great they may be, unless he gets rid of it. I have read only parts of it, or rather he himself read them to me, and gave me the plan of the whole.

‘ *Ravenna, August 15th, 1821.*

‘ We ride out in the evening through the pine forests which divide the city from the sea. Our way of life is this, and I have accommodated myself to it without much difficulty:—Lord Byron gets up at two—breakfasts—we talk, read, &c., until six—then we ride at eight, and after dinner sit talking until four or five in the morning. I get up at twelve, and am now devoting the interval between my rising and his to you.

‘ Lord Byron is greatly improved in every respect—in genius, in temper, in moral views, in health and happiness. His connexion with La Guiccioli has been an inestimable benefit to him. He lives in con-

‘siderable splendour, but within his income, which is
‘now about four thousand a year, one thousand of
‘which he devotes to purposes of charity. He has
‘had mischievous passions, but these he seems to
‘have subdued ; and he is becoming, what he should
‘be, a virtuous man. The interest which he took in
‘the politics of Italy, and the actions he performed in
‘consequence of it, are subjects not fit to be written,
‘but are such as will delight and surprise you.

‘He is not yet decided to go to Switzerland, a
‘place, indeed, little fitted for him : the gossip and
‘the cabals of those Anglicised coteries would tor-
‘ment him as they did before, and might exasperate
‘him into a relapse of libertinism, which, he says, he
‘plunged into not from taste, but from despair. La
‘Guiccioli and her brother (who is Lord Byron’s friend
‘and confidant, and acquiesces perfectly in her con-
‘nexion with him) wish to go to Switzerland, as Lord
‘Byron says, merely from the novelty and pleasure of
‘travelling. Lord Byron prefers Tuscany or Lucca,
‘and is trying to persuade them to adopt his views.
‘He has made *me* write a long letter to her to engage
‘her to remain. An odd thing enough for an utter
‘stranger to write on subjects of the utmost delicacy
‘to his friend’s mistress—but it seems destined that I
‘am always to have some active part in every body’s
‘affairs whom I approach. I have set down, in tame
‘Italian, the strongest reasons I can think of against
‘the Swiss emigration. To tell you the truth, I should
‘be very glad to accept as my fee his establishment
‘in Tuscany. Ravenna is a miserable place : the
‘people are barbarous and wild, and their language
‘the most infernal *patois* that you can imagine. He
‘would be in every respect better among the Tuscans.

‘ He has read to me one of the unpublished cantos
 ‘ of Don Juan, which is astonishingly fine. It sets
 ‘ him not only above, but far above all the poets of
 ‘ the day. Every word has the stamp of immortality.
 ‘ This canto is in a style (but totally free from indeli-
 ‘ cacy, and sustained with incredible ease and power)
 ‘ like the end of the second canto: there is not a word
 ‘ which the most rigid assertor of the dignity of human
 ‘ nature could desire to be cancelled: it fulfils, in a
 ‘ certain degree, what I have long preached,—of pro-
 ‘ ducing something wholly new, and relative to the
 ‘ age, and yet surpassingly beautiful. It may be
 ‘ vanity, but I think I see the trace of my earnest
 ‘ exhortations to him, to create something wholly
 ‘ new. * * * *

‘ I am sure, if I asked, it would not be refused; yet
 ‘ there is something in me that makes it impossible.
 ‘ Lord Byron and I are excellent friends; and were I
 ‘ reduced to poverty, or were I a writer who had no
 ‘ claim to a higher station than I possess, or did I pos-
 ‘ sess a higher than I deserve, we should appear in
 ‘ all things as such, and I would freely ask him any
 ‘ favour. Such is not now the case: the demon of
 ‘ mistrust and of pride lurks between two persons in
 ‘ our situation, poisoning the freedom of our inter-
 ‘ course. This is a tax, and a heavy one, which we
 ‘ must pay for being human. I think the fault is not
 ‘ on my side; nor is it likely,—I being the weaker.
 ‘ I hope that in the next world these things will be
 ‘ better managed. What is passing in the heart of
 ‘ another rarely escapes the observation of one who is
 ‘ a strict anatomist of his own. * * *

‘ Lord Byron here has splendid apartments in the
 ‘ palace of his mistress’s husband, who is one of the

‘ richest men in Italy. She is divorced, with an
‘ allowance of twelve thousand crowns a year ;—a mi-
‘ serable pittance from a man who has a hundred and
‘ twenty thousand a year. There are two monkeys,
‘ five cats, eight dogs, and ten horses, all of whom
‘ (except the horses) walk about the house like the
‘ masters of it. Tita, the Venetian, is here, and ope-
‘ rates as my valet—a fine fellow, with a prodigious
‘ black beard, who has stabbed two or three people,
‘ and is the most good-natured-looking fellow I ever
‘ saw.

‘ *Wednesday. Ravenna.*

‘ I told you I had written, by Lord Byron’s desire,
‘ to La Guiccioli, to dissuade her and her family from
‘ Switzerland. Her answer is this moment arrived,
‘ and my representation seems to have reconciled them
‘ to the unfitness of the step. At the conclusion of a
‘ letter, full of all the fine things she says she has
‘ heard of me, is this request, which I transcribe :—
‘ “ Signore, la vostra bontà mi fa ardita di chiedervi
‘ un favore, me lo accorderete voi? *Non partite da*
‘ *Ravenna senza Milord.*” Of course, being now, by
‘ all the laws of knighthood, captive to a lady’s re-
‘ quest, I shall only be at liberty on *my parole* until
‘ Lord Byron is settled at Pisa. I shall reply, of
‘ course, that the boon is granted, and that if her lover
‘ is reluctant to quit Ravenna after I have made
‘ arrangements for receiving him at Pisa, I am bound
‘ to place myself in the same situation as now, to
‘ assail him with importunities to rejoin her. Of this
‘ there is fortunately no need : and I need not tell you
‘ that there is no fear that this chivalric submission
‘ of mine to the great general laws of antique courtesy,
‘ against which I never rebel, and which is my reli-

‘ gion, should interfere with my soon returning, and
 ‘ long remaining with you, dear girl. * *

‘ We ride out every evening as usual, and practice
 ‘ pistol-shooting at a pumpkin, and I am not sorry to
 ‘ observe that I approach towards my noble friend’s
 ‘ exactness of aim. I have the greatest trouble to get
 ‘ away, and Lord Byron, as a reason for my stay, has
 ‘ urged, that without either me or the Guiccioli, he
 ‘ will certainly fall into his old habits. I then talk;
 ‘ and he listens to reason; and I earnestly hope that
 ‘ he is too well aware of the terrible and degrading
 ‘ consequences of his former mode of life, to be in
 ‘ danger from the short interval of temptation that
 ‘ will be left him.’

LETTER 443.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, August 10th, 1821.*

‘ Your conduct to Mr. Moore is certainly very
 ‘ handsome; and I would not say so if I could help
 ‘ it, for you are not at present by any means in my
 ‘ good graces.

‘ With regard to additions, &c., there is a Journal
 ‘ which I kept in 1814 which you may ask him for;
 ‘ also a Journal which you must get from Mrs. Leigh,
 ‘ of my journey in the Alps, which contains all the
 ‘ germs of Manfred. I have also kept a small Diary
 ‘ here for a few months last winter, which I would send
 ‘ you, and any continuation. You would find easy
 ‘ access to all my papers and letters, and do *not neg-*
 ‘ *lect this* (in case of accidents) on account of the
 ‘ mass of confusion in which they are; for out of that
 ‘ chaos of papers you will find some curious ones of
 ‘ mine and others, if not lost or destroyed. If circum-
 ‘ stances, however (which is almost impossible), made

‘ me ever consent to a publication in my lifetime, you
 ‘ would in that case, I suppose, make Moore some
 ‘ advance, in proportion to the likelihood or non-likeli-
 ‘ hood of success. You are both sure to survive me,
 ‘ however.

‘ You must also have from Mr. Moore the corre-
 ‘ spondence between me and Lady B., to whom I
 ‘ offered the sight of all which regards herself in
 ‘ these papers. This is important. He has *her* letter,
 ‘ and a copy of my answer. I would rather Moore
 ‘ edited me than another.

‘ I sent you Valpy’s letter to decide for yourself,
 ‘ and Stockdale’s to amuse you. I am always loyal
 ‘ with you, as I was in Galignani’s affair, and *you*
 ‘ with me—now and then.

‘ I return you Moore’s letter, which is very credit-
 ‘ able to him, and you, and me.

‘ Yours ever.’

LETTER 444.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, August 16th, 1821.*

‘ I regret that Holmes can’t or won’t come : it is
 ‘ rather shabby, as I was always very civil and punc-
 ‘ tual with him. But he is but one * * more. One
 ‘ meets with none else among the English.

‘ I wait the proofs of the MSS. with proper impa-
 ‘ tience.

‘ So you have published, or mean to publish, the
 ‘ new Juans? Ar’n’t you afraid of the Constitutional
 ‘ Assassination of Bridge-street? When first I saw
 ‘ the name of *Murray*, I thought it had been yours ;
 ‘ but was solaced by seeing that your synonyme is an
 ‘ attorney, and that you are not one of that atrocious
 ‘ crew.

‘ I am in a great discomfort about the probable
 ‘ war, and with my trustees not getting me out of the
 ‘ funds. If the funds break, it is my intention to go
 ‘ upon the highway. All the other English profes-
 ‘ sions are at present so ungentlemanly by the con-
 ‘ duct of those who follow them, that open robbing is
 ‘ the only fair resource left to a man of any principles;
 ‘ it is even honest, in comparison, by being undis-
 ‘ guised.

‘ I wrote to you by last post, to say that you had
 ‘ done the handsome thing by Moore and the Memo-
 ‘ randa. You are very good as times go, and would
 ‘ probably be still better but for the “ march of events ”
 ‘ (as Napoleon called it), which won’t permit any
 ‘ body to be better than they should be.

‘ Love to Gifford. Believe me, &c.

‘ P.S. I restore Smith’s letter, whom thank for his
 ‘ good opinion. Is the bust by Thorwaldsen arrived?

LETTER 445.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, August 23d, 1821.*

‘ Enclosed are the two acts corrected. With regard
 ‘ to the charges about the shipwreck, I think that I
 ‘ told both you and Mr. Hobhouse, years ago, that
 ‘ there was not a *single circumstance* of it *not* taken
 ‘ from *fact*; not, indeed, from any *single* shipwreck,
 ‘ but all from actual facts of different wrecks*. Al-

* One of the charges of plagiarism brought against him by some scribblers of the day was founded (as I have already observed in the first volume of this work) on his having sought in the authentic records of real shipwrecks those materials out of which he has worked his own powerful description in the Second Canto of Don Juan. With as much justice might the Italian author (Galeani, if I recollect right), who wrote a Discourse on the Military Science displayed by Tasso in his battles, have reproached that poet with the sources from which he drew his knowledge:—with as much justice might Puysegur and Segrain, who have pointed out the same merit in Homer and Virgil, have withheld

' most all Don Juan is *real* life, either my own, or from
 ' people I knew. By the way, much of the description
 ' of the *furniture*, in Canto Third, is taken from *Tully's*
 ' *Tripoli* (pray *note this*), and the rest from my own
 ' observation. Remember, I never meant to conceal
 ' this at all, and have only not stated it, because Don
 ' Juan had no preface nor name to it. If you think it
 ' worth while to make this statement, do so in your
 ' own way. I laugh at such charges, convinced that
 ' no writer ever borrowed less, or made his materials
 ' more his own. Much is coincidence: for instance,
 ' Lady Morgan (in a really *excellent* book, I assure
 ' you, on Italy) calls Venice an *ocean Rome*: I have
 ' the very same expression in Foscari, and yet *you*
 ' know that the play was written months ago, and sent
 ' to England: the "Italy" I received only on the
 ' 16th instant.

their praise because the science on which this merit was founded must have been derived by the skill and industry of these poets from others.

So little was Tasso ashamed of those casual imitations of other poets which are so often branded as plagiarisms, that, in his Commentary on his Rime, he takes pains to point out and avow whatever coincidences of this kind occur in his own verses.

While on this subject, I may be allowed to mention one single instance, where a thought that had lain perhaps indistinctly in Byron's memory since his youth, comes out so improved and brightened as to be, by every right of genius, his own. In the Two Noble Kinsmen of Beaumont and Fletcher (a play to which the picture of passionate friendship, delineated in the characters of Palamon and Arcite, would be sure to draw the attention of Byron in his boyhood) we find the following passage:—

' Oh never
 ' Shall we two exercise, like twins of Honour,
 ' Our arms again, and *feel our fiery horses*
 ' *Like proud seas under us.*

Out of this somewhat forced simile, by a judicious transposition of the comparison, and by the substitution of the more definite word 'waves' for 'seas' the clear, noble thought in one of the Cantos of Childe Harold has been produced:—

' Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
 ' And the waves bound beneath me, as a steed
 ' That knows his rider.'

‘ Your friend, like the public, is not aware, that my
 ‘ dramatic simplicity is *studiously* Greek, and must
 ‘ continue so: *no* reform ever succeeded at first*. I
 ‘ admire the old English dramatists; but this is quite
 ‘ another field, and has nothing to do with theirs. I
 ‘ want to make a *regular* English drama, no matter
 ‘ whether for the stage or not, which is not my object,
 ‘ —but a *mental theatre*. ‘ Yours.

‘ P.S. Can’t accept your courteous offer.

‘ For Orford and for Waldegrave
 ‘ You give much more than me you gave;
 ‘ Which is not fairly to behave,
 ‘ My Murray.

‘ Because if a live dog, ’tis said,
 ‘ Be worth a lion fairly sped,
 ‘ A *live lord* must be worth *two* dead,
 ‘ My Murray.

‘ And if, as the opinion goes,
 ‘ Verse hath a better sale than prose—
 ‘ Certes, I should have more than those,
 ‘ My Murray.

‘ But now this sheet is nearly cramm’d,
 ‘ So, if *you will*, I sha’n’t be shamm’d,
 ‘ And if you *won’t*, *you* may be damn’d,
 ‘ My Murray.

‘ These matters must be arranged with Mr. Douglas
 ‘ Kinnaird. He is my trustee, and a man of honour.
 ‘ To him you can state all your mercantile reasons,
 ‘ which you might not like to state to me personally,
 ‘ such as “heavy season”—“flat public”—“don’t go
 ‘ off”—“lordship writes too much”—won’t take ad-
 ‘ vice”—“declining popularity”—“deduction for the
 ‘ trade”—“make very little”—“generally lose by him”
 ‘ —“pirated edition”—“foreign edition”—“severe

* ‘ No man ever rose (says Pope) to any degree of perfection in
 ‘ writing but through obstinacy and an inveterate resolution against the
 ‘ stream of mankind.’

‘ criticisms,” &c. with other hints and howls for an
 ‘ oration, which I leave Douglas, who is an orator, to
 ‘ answer.

‘ You can also state them more freely to a third
 ‘ person, as between you and me they could only pro-
 ‘ duce some smart postscripts, which would not adorn
 ‘ our mutual archives.

‘ I am sorry for the Queen, and that’s more than
 ‘ you are.’

LETTER 446.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, August 24th, 1821.*

‘ Yours of the 5th only yesterday, while I had let-
 ‘ ters of the 8th from London. Doth the post dabble
 ‘ into our letters? Whatever agreement you make
 ‘ with Murray, if satisfactory to *you*, must be so to
 ‘ me. There need be no scruple, because, though I
 ‘ used sometimes to buffoon to myself, loving a quibble
 ‘ as well as the barbarian himself (Shakspeare, to wit)
 ‘ —“ that, like a Spartan, I would sell my *life* as
 ‘ *dearly* as possible”—it never was my intention to
 ‘ turn it to personal, pecuniary account, but to be-
 ‘ queath it to a friend—yourself—in the event of sur-
 ‘ vivorship. I anticipated that period, because we
 ‘ happened to meet, and I urged you to make what
 ‘ was possible *now* by it, for reasons which are ob-
 ‘ vious. It has been no possible *privation* to me, and
 ‘ therefore does not require the acknowledgments
 ‘ you mention. So, for God’s sake, don’t consider it
 ‘ like * * *

‘ By the way, when you write to Lady Morgan, will
 ‘ you thank her for her handsome speeches in her
 ‘ book about *my* books? I do not know her address.

‘ Her work is fearless and excellent on the subject of
‘ Italy—pray tell her so—and I know the country. I
‘ wish she had fallen in with *me*, I could have told
‘ her a thing or two that would have confirmed her
‘ positions.

‘ I am glad you are satisfied with Murray, who
‘ seems to value dead lords more than live ones. I
‘ have just sent him the following answer to a propo-
‘ sition of his

‘ For Orford and for Waldegrave, &c.

‘ The argument of the above is, that he wanted to
‘ “stint me of my sizings,” as Lear says,—that is to
‘ say, *not* to propose an extravagant price for an ex-
‘ travagant poem, as is becoming. Pray take his
‘ guineas, by all means—I taught him that. He made
‘ me a filthy offer of *pounds* once, but I told him that,
‘ like physicians, poets must be dealt with in guineas,
‘ as being the only advantage poets could have in the
‘ association with *them*, as votaries of Apollo. I write
‘ to you in hurry and bustle, which I will expound in
‘ my next.

‘ Yours ever, &c.

‘ P.S. You mention something of an attorney on
‘ his way to me on legal business. I have had no
‘ warning of such an apparition. What can the
‘ fellow want? I have some lawsuits and business,
‘ but have not heard of any thing to put me to the
‘ expense of a *travelling* lawyer. They do enough, in
‘ that way, at home.

‘ Ah, poor Queen! but perhaps it is for the best,
‘ if Herodotus’s anecdote is to be believed.

‘ Remember me to any friendly Angles of our mu-
‘ tual acquaintance. What are you doing? Here I

‘ have had my hands full with tyrants and their vic-
 ‘ tims. There never *was* such oppression, even in
 ‘ Ireland, scarcely !’

LETTER 447.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, August 31st, 1821.*

‘ I have received the Juans, which are printed so
 ‘ *carelessly*, especially the fifth canto, as to be dis-
 ‘ graceful to me, and not creditable to you. It really
 ‘ must be *gone over again* with the *manuscript*, the
 ‘ errors are so gross ;—words added—changed—so as
 ‘ to make cacophony and nonsense. You have been
 ‘ careless of this poem because some of your squad
 ‘ don’t approve of it ; but I tell you that it will be
 ‘ long before you see any thing half so good as poetry
 ‘ or writing. Upon what principle have you omitted
 ‘ the note on Bacon and Voltaire ? and one of the
 ‘ concluding stanzas sent as an addition ? because it
 ‘ ended, I suppose, with—

‘ And do not link two virtuous souls for life

‘ Into that *moral centaur*, man and wife ?

‘ Now, I must say, once for all, that I will not per-
 ‘ mit any human being to take such liberties with my
 ‘ writings because I am absent. I desire the omissions
 ‘ to be replaced (except the stanza on Semiramis)—
 ‘ particularly the stanza upon the Turkish marriages ;
 ‘ and I request that the whole be carefully *gone over*
 ‘ with the MS.

‘ I never saw such stuff as is printed :—Gulleyaz in-
 ‘ stead of Gulbeyaz, &c. Are you aware that Gulbeyaz
 ‘ is a real name, and the other nonsense ? I copied
 ‘ the *cantos* out carefully, so that there is *no* excuse, as
 ‘ the printer read, or at least *prints*, the MS. of the
 ‘ plays without error.

‘ If you have no feeling for your own reputation,
 ‘ pray have some little for mine. I have read over
 ‘ the poem carefully, and I tell you, *it is poetry*. Your
 ‘ little envious knot of parson-poets may say what they
 ‘ please : time will show that I am not in this instance
 ‘ mistaken.

‘ Desire my friend Hobhouse to correct the press,
 ‘ especially of the last canto, from the manuscript as
 ‘ it is. It is enough to drive one out of one’s reason
 ‘ to see the infernal torture of words from the original.
 ‘ For instance the line—

‘ And *pair* their rhymes as Venus yokes her doves—

‘ is printed

‘ And *praise* their rhymes, &c.

‘ Also “*precarious*” for “*precocious* ;” and this line,
 ‘ stanza 133,

‘ And *this strong extreme effect to tire no longer*.

‘ Now do turn to the manuscript and see if I ever
 ‘ wrote such a *line* : it is *not verse*.

‘ No wonder the poem should fail (which, however,
 ‘ it won’t, you will see) with such things allowed to
 ‘ creep about it. Replace what is omitted, and correct
 ‘ what is so shamefully misprinted, and let the poem
 ‘ have fair play ; and I fear nothing.

‘ I see in the last two numbers of the Quarterly
 ‘ a strong itching to assail me (see the review of
 ‘ “The Etonian”) ; let it, and see if they sha’n’t have
 ‘ enough of it. I do not allude to Gifford, who has
 ‘ always been my friend, and whom I do not consider
 ‘ as responsible for the articles written by others.

‘ You will publish the plays when ready. I am in
 ‘ such a humour about this printing of Don Juan so
 ‘ inaccurately, that I must close this.

‘ Yours,

‘ P.S. I presume that you have *not* lost the *stanza* to which I allude? It was sent afterwards: look over my letters and find it.’

LETTER 448*.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ The enclosed letter is written in bad humour, but not without provocation. However, let it (that is, the bad humour) go for little; but I must request your serious attention to the abuses of the printer, which ought never to have been permitted. You forget that all the fools in London (the chief purchasers of your publications) will condemn in me the stupidity of your printer. For instance, in the notes to Canto Fifth, “the *Adriatic* shore of the Bosphorus” instead of the *Asiatic*!! All this may seem little to you, so fine a gentleman with your ministerial connexions, but it is serious to me, who am thousands of miles off, and have no opportunity of not proving myself the fool your printer makes me, except your pleasure and leisure, forsooth.

‘ The gods prosper you, and forgive you, for I can’t.’

LETTER 449.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, September 3d, 1821.*

‘ By Mr. Mawman (a paymaster in the corps, in which you and I are privates) I yesterday expedited to your address, under cover one, two paper books, containing the *Giaour-nal*, and a thing or two. It won’t *all* do—even for the posthumous public—but extracts from it may. It is a brief and faithful chronicle of a month or so—parts of it not very discreet, but sufficiently sincere. Mr. Mawman saith that he

* Written in the envelope of the preceding Letter.

‘ will, in person or per friend, have it delivered to you
‘ in your Elysian fields.

‘ If you have got the new Juans, recollect that
‘ there are some very gross printer’s blunders, parti-
‘ cularly in the Fifth Canto,—such as “praise” for
‘ “pair”—“precarious” for “precocious”—“Adri-
‘ atic” for “Asiatic”—“case” for “chase”—besides
‘ gifts of additional words and syllables, which make
‘ but a cacophonous rhythmus. Put the pen through
‘ the said, as I would mine through * *s ears, if I
‘ were alongside him. As it is, I have sent him a rat-
‘ tling letter, as abusive as possible. Though he is
‘ publisher to the “Board of *Longitude*,” he is in no
‘ danger of discovering it.

‘ I am packing for Pisa—but direct your letters
‘ *here*, till further notice.

‘ Yours ever, &c.’

One of the ‘paper-books’ mentioned in this letter as intrusted to Mr. Mawman for me, contained a portion, to the amount of nearly a hundred pages, of a prose story, relating the adventures of a young Andalusian nobleman, which had been begun by him, at Venice, in 1817. The following passage is all I shall extract from this amusing Fragment.

‘ A few hours afterwards we were very good friends,
‘ and a few days after she set out for Arragon, with
‘ my son, on a visit to her father and mother. I did
‘ not accompany her immediately, having been in
‘ Arragon before, but was to join the family in their
‘ Moorish chateau within a few weeks.

‘ During her journey I received a very affectionate
‘ letter from Donna Josepha, apprizing me of the wel-

' fare of herself and my son. On her arrival at the
' chateau, I received another still more affectionate,
' pressing me, in very fond, and rather foolish, terms,
' to join her immediately. As I was preparing to set
' out from Seville, I received a third—this was from
' her father, Don Jose di Cardozo, who requested me,
' in the politest manner, to dissolve my marriage. I
' answered him with equal politeness, that I would do
' no such thing. A fourth letter arrived—it was from
' Donna Josepha, in which she informed me that her
' father's letter was written by her particular desire.
' I requested the reason by return of post—she re-
' plied, by express, that as reason had nothing to do
' with the matter, it was unnecessary to give any—but
' that she was an injured and excellent woman. I
' then inquired why she had written to me the two
' preceding affectionate letters, requesting me to come
' to Arragon. She answered, that was because she
' believed me out of my senses—that, being unfit to
' take care of myself, I had only to set out on this
' journey alone, and making my way without difficulty
' to Don Jose di Cardozo's, I should there have found
' the tenderest of wives and—a strait waistcoat.

' I had nothing to reply to this piece of affection
' but a reiteration of my request for some lights upon
' the subject. I was answered that they would only
' be related to the Inquisition. In the mean time,
' our domestic discrepancy had become a public topic
' of discussion; and the world, which always decides
' justly, not only in Arragon but in Andalusia, deter-
' mined that I was not only to blame, but that all
' Spain could produce nobody so blamable. My case
' was supposed to comprise all the crimes which could,

‘ and several which could not, be committed, and
 ‘ little less than an auto-da-fé was anticipated as the
 ‘ result. But let no man say that we are abandoned
 ‘ by our friends in adversity—it was just the reverse.
 ‘ Mine thronged around me to condemn, advise, and
 ‘ console me with their disapprobation.—They told
 ‘ me all that was, would, or could be said on the sub-
 ‘ ject. They shook their heads—they exhorted me—
 ‘ deplored me, with tears in their eyes, and—went to
 ‘ dinner.’

LETTER 450.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, September 4th, 1821.*

‘ By Saturday’s post, I sent you a fierce and furi-
 ‘ bund letter upon the subject of the printer’s blun-
 ‘ ders in Don Juan. I must solicit your attention to
 ‘ the topic, though my wrath hath subsided into sul-
 ‘ lenness.

‘ Yesterday I received Mr. —, a friend of yours,
 ‘ and because he is a friend of *yours*; and that’s more
 ‘ than I would do in an *English* case, except for those
 ‘ whom I honour. I was as civil as I could be among
 ‘ packages even to the very chairs and tables, for I am
 ‘ going to *Pisa* in a few weeks, and have sent and am
 ‘ sending off my chattels. It regretted me* that, my
 ‘ books and every thing being packed, I could not send
 ‘ you a few things I meant for you; but they were all
 ‘ sealed and bagged, so as to have made it a month’s
 ‘ work to get at them again. I gave him an envelope,

* It will be observed, from this and a few other instances, that notwithstanding the wonderful purity of English he was able to preserve in his writings, while living constantly with persons speaking a different language, he had already begun so far to feel the influence of this habit as to fall occasionally into Italianisms in his familiar letters.—‘ I am in the case to know ’—‘ I have caused write ’—‘ It regrets me,’ &c.

‘ with the Italian scrap in it*, alluded to in my Gilchrist defence. Hobhouse will make it out for you, and it will make you laugh, and him too, the *spelling* particularly. The “*Mericali*,” of whom they call me the “Capo” (or Chief), mean “Americans,” which is the name given in *Romagna* to a part of the Carbonari; that is to say, to the *popular* part, the *troops* of the Carbonari. They are originally a society of hunters in the forest, who took the name of Americans, but at present comprise some thousands, &c.; but I sha’n’t let you further into the secret, which may be participated with the postmasters. Why they thought me their Chief, I know not: their Chiefs are like “Legion, being many.” However, it is a post of more honour than profit, for, now that they are persecuted, it is fit that I should aid them; and so I have done, as far as my means would permit. They will rise again some day, for these fools of the government are blundering: they actually seem to know *nothing*, for they have arrested and banished many of their *own* party, and let others escape who are not their friends.

‘ What think’st thou of Greece?

‘ Address to me here as usual, till you hear further from me.

‘ By Mawman I have sent a Journal to Moore; but it won’t do for the public,—at least a great deal of it won’t;—*parts* may.

‘ I read over the Juans, which are excellent. Your squad are quite wrong; and so you will find by and by. I regret that I do not go on with it, for I had all the plan for several cantos, and different countries

* An anonymous letter which he had received, threatening him with assassination.

‘and climes. You say nothing of the *note* I enclosed to you *, which will explain why I agreed to discontinue it (at Madame G——’s request); but you are so grand, and sublime, and occupied, that one would think, instead of publishing for “the Board of *Longitude*,” that you were trying to discover it.

‘Let me hear that Gifford is *better*. He can’t be spared either by you or me.’

LETTER 451.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘*Ravenna, September 12th, 1821.*

‘By Tuesday’s post, I forwarded, in three packets, the drama of *Cain* in three acts, of which I request the acknowledgment when arrived. To the last speech of *Eve*, in the last act (*i. e.* where she curses *Cain*), add these three lines to the concluding one—

‘May the grass wither from thy foot! the woods

‘Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust

‘A grave! the sun his light! and Heaven her God!

‘There’s as a pretty piece of imprecation for you, when joined to the lines already sent, as you may wish to meet with in the course of your business. But don’t forget the addition of the above three lines, which are clinchers to *Eve*’s speech.

‘Let me know what Gifford thinks (if the play arrives in safety); for I have a good opinion of the

* In this note, so highly honourable to the fair writer, she says, ‘Remember, my Byron, the promise you have made me. Never shall I be able to tell you the satisfaction I feel from it, so great are the sentiments of pleasure and confidence with which the sacrifice you have made has inspired me.’ In a postscript to the note she adds, ‘I am only sorry that *Don Juan* was not left in the infernal regions.’—‘Ricordati, mio Byron, della promessa che mi hai fatta. Non potrei mai dirti la soddisfazione ch’io ne provo!—sono tanti i sentimenti di piacere e di confidenza che il tuo sacrificio m’ispira.’—‘Mi reveresce solo che *Don Giovanni* non resti all’ Inferno.’

In enclosing the lady’s note to Mr. Murray, July 4th, Lord B. says, ‘This is the note of acknowledgment for the promise *not* to continue *Don Juan*. She says, in the postscript, that she is only sorry that *D. J.* does not *remain* in Hell (or go there).’

‘ piece, as poetry ; it is in my gay metaphysical style,
‘ and in the Manfred line.

‘ You must at least commend my facility and variety,
‘ when you consider what I have done within the last
‘ fifteen months, with my head, too, full of other and
‘ of mundane matters. But no doubt you will avoid
‘ saying any good of it, for fear I should raise the
‘ price upon you : that’s right : stick to business. Let
‘ me know what your other ragamuffins are writing,
‘ for I suppose you don’t like starting too many of
‘ your vagabonds at once. You may give them the
‘ start, for anything I care.

‘ Why don’t you publish my *Pulci*—the best thing
‘ I ever wrote,—with the Italian to it ? I wish I was
‘ alongside of you ; nothing is ever done in a man’s
‘ absence ; every body run’s counter, because they *can*.
‘ If ever I *do* return to England, (which I sha’n’t,
‘ though,) I will write a poem to which “ English
‘ Bards,” &c. shall be new milk, in comparison. Your
‘ present literary world of mountebanks stands in need
‘ of such an Avatar. But I am not yet quite bilious
‘ enough : a season or two more, and a provocation or
‘ two, will wind me up to the point, and then have at
‘ the whole set !

‘ I have no patience with the sort of trash you send
‘ me out by way of books ; except Scott’s novels, and
‘ three or four other things, I never saw such work, or
‘ works. Campbell is lecturing—Moore idling—S * *
‘ twaddling—W * * drivelling—C * * muddling—
‘ * * piddling—B * * quibbling, squabbling, and sni-
‘ velling. * * will *do*, if he don’t cant too much, nor
‘ imitate Southey : the fellow has poesy in him ; but
‘ he is envious, and unhappy, as all the envious are.
‘ Still he is among the best of the day. B * * C * *

‘ will do better by-and-by, I dare say, if he don’t get
 ‘ spoiled by green tea, and the praises of Pentonville
 ‘ and Paradise-row. The pity of these men is, that
 ‘ they never lived in *high life*, nor in *solitude*: there
 ‘ is no medium for the knowledge of the *busy* or the
 ‘ *still* world. If admitted into high life for a season,
 ‘ it is merely as spectators—they form no part of the
 ‘ mechanism thereof. Now Moore and I, the one by
 ‘ circumstances, and the other by birth, happened to
 ‘ be free of the corporation, and to have entered into
 ‘ its pulses and passions, *quarum partes fuimus*. Both
 ‘ of us have learnt by this much which nothing else
 ‘ could have taught us. ‘ Yours.

P.S. I saw one of your brethren, another of the
 ‘ allied sovereigns of Grub-street, the other day, Maw-
 ‘ man the Great, by whom I sent due homage to your
 ‘ imperial self. To-morrow’s post may perhaps bring
 ‘ a letter from you, but you are the most ungrateful
 ‘ and ungracious of correspondents. But there is some
 ‘ excuse for you, with your perpetual levee of poli-
 ‘ ticians, parsons, scribblers, and loungers. Some day
 ‘ I will give you a poetical catalogue of them.’

LETTER 452.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, September 17th, 1821.*

‘ The enclosed lines*, as you will directly perceive,
 ‘ are written by the Rev. W. L. B * *. Of course it
 ‘ is for *him* to deny them if they are not.

‘ Believe me yours ever and most affectionately,

‘ B.

* ‘ The Irish Avatar.’ In this copy the following sentence (taken from a Letter of Curran, in the able *Life* of that true Irishman, by his son) is prefixed as a motto to the Poem,—‘ And Ireland, like a bastinadoed elephant, kneeling to receive the paltry rider.’—*Letter of Curran, Life*, vol. ii., page 336. At the end of the verses are these words:—‘ (Signed) W. L. B * *, M.A., and written with a view to a Bishoprick.’

‘ P.S. Can you forgive this ? It is only a reply
 ‘ to your lines against my Italians. Of course I will
 ‘ stand by my lines against all men ; but it is heart-
 ‘ breaking to see such things in a people as the recep-
 ‘ tion of that unredeemed * * * * * in an oppressed
 ‘ country. *Your* apotheosis is now reduced to a level
 ‘ with his welcome, and their gratitude to Grattan is
 ‘ cancelled by their atrocious adulation of this &c.
 ‘ &c. &c.’

LETTER 453.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, September 19th, 1821.*

‘ I am in all the sweat, dust, and blasphemy of an
 ‘ universal packing of all my things, furniture, &c. for
 ‘ Pisa, whither I go for the winter. The cause has
 ‘ been the exile of all my fellow Carbonics, and,
 ‘ amongst them, of the whole family of Madame G.,
 ‘ who, you know, was divorced from her husband last
 ‘ week, “on account of P. P., clerk of this parish,” and
 ‘ who is obliged to join her father and relatives, now in
 ‘ exile there, to avoid being shut up in a monastery,
 ‘ because the Pope’s decree of separation required her
 ‘ to reside in *casa paterna*, or else, for decorum’s sake,
 ‘ in a convent. As I could not say with Hamlet, “Get
 ‘ thee to a nunnery,” I am preparing to follow them.

‘ It is awful work, this love, and prevents all a
 ‘ man’s projects of good or glory. I wanted to go to
 ‘ Greece lately (as everything seems up here) with her
 ‘ brother, who is a very fine, brave fellow (I have seen
 ‘ him put to the proof), and wild about liberty. But
 ‘ the tears of a woman who has left her husband for a
 ‘ man, and the weakness of one’s own heart, are para-
 ‘ mount to these projects, and I can hardly indulge
 ‘ them.

‘ We were divided in choice between Switzerland and Tuscany, and I gave my vote for Pisa, as nearer the Mediterranean, which I love for the sake of the shores which it washes, and for my young recollections of 1809. Switzerland is a curst selfish, swinish country of brutes, placed in the most romantic region of the world. I never could bear the inhabitants, and still less their English visitors ; for which reason, after writing for some information about houses, upon hearing that there was a colony of English all over the cantons of Geneva, &c., I immediately gave up the thought, and persuaded the Gambas to do the same.

‘ By the last post I sent you “ the Irish Avatar,”—what think you ? The last line—“ a name never spoke but with curses or jeers”—must run either “ a name only uttered with curses or jeers,” or, “ a wretch never named but with curses or jeers.” Because as *how*, “ spoke ” is not grammar, except in the House of Commons ; and I doubt whether we can say “ a name *spoken*,” for *mentioned*. I have some doubts, too, about “ repay,”—“ and for murder repay with a shout and a smile.” Should it not be, “ and for murder repay him with shouts and a smile,” or “ *reward* him with shouts and a smile ?

‘ So, pray put your poetical pen through the MS., and take the least bad of the emendations. Also, if there be any further breaking of Priscian’s head, will you apply a plaister ? I wrote in the greatest hurry and fury, and sent it to you the day after ; so, doubtless, there will be some awful constructions, and a rather lawless conscription of rhythmus.

‘ With respect to what Anna Seward calls “ the liberty of transcript,”—when complaining of Miss Matilda Muggleton, the accomplished daughter of a

‘ choral vicar of Worcester Cathedral, who had abused
‘ the said “liberty of transcript,” by inserting in the
‘ Malvern Mercury Miss Seward’s “Elegy on the
‘ South Pole,” as her *own* production, with her *own*
‘ signature, two years after having taken a copy, by
‘ permission of the authoress—with regard, I say, to
‘ the “liberty of transcript,” I by no means oppose an
‘ occasional copy to the benevolent few, provided it
‘ does not degenerate into such licentiousness of Verb
‘ and Noun as may tend to “disparage my parts of
‘ speech” by the carelessness of the transcribblers.

‘ I do not think that there is much danger of the
‘ “King’s Press being abused” upon the occasion, if
‘ the publishers of journals have any regard for their
‘ remaining liberty of person. It is as pretty a piece
‘ of invective as ever put publisher in the way to
‘ “Botany.” Therefore, if *they* meddle with it, it is
‘ at *their* peril. As for myself, I will answer any jon-
‘ tleman—though I by no means recognise a “right
‘ of search” into an unpublished production and un-
‘ avowed poem. The same applies to things published
‘ *sans* consent. I hope you like, at least, the conclud-
‘ ing lines of the *Pome*?

‘ What are you doing, and where are you? in Eng-
‘ land? Nail Murray—nail him to his own counter,
‘ till he shells out the thirteens. Since I wrote to
‘ you, I have sent him another tragedy—“Cain” by
‘ name—making three in MS. now in his hands, or in
‘ the printer’s. It is in the Manfred, metaphysical
‘ style, and full of some Titanic declamation;—Lucifer
‘ being one of the dram. pers., who takes Cain a
‘ voyage among the stars, and afterwards to “Hades,”
‘ where he shows him the phantoms of a former world,
‘ and its inhabitants. I have gone upon the notion of

‘ Cuvier, that the world has been destroyed three or
 ‘ four times, and was inhabited by mammoths, behe-
 ‘ moths, and what not ; but *not* by man till the Mosaic
 ‘ period, as, indeed, is proved by the strata of bones
 ‘ found ;—those of all unknown animals, and known,
 ‘ being dug out, but none of mankind. I have, there-
 ‘ fore, supposed Cain to be shown, in the *rational*
 ‘ Preadamites, beings endowed with a higher intelli-
 ‘ gence than man, but totally unlike him in form, and
 ‘ with much greater strength of mind and person.
 ‘ You may suppose the small talk which takes place
 ‘ between him and Lucifer upon these matters, is not
 ‘ quite canonical.

‘ The consequence is, that Cain comes back and
 ‘ kills Abel in a fit of dissatisfaction, partly with the
 ‘ politics of Paradise, which had driven them all out
 ‘ of it, and partly because (as it is written in Genesis)
 ‘ Abel’s sacrifice was the more acceptable to the
 ‘ Deity. I trust that the Rhapsody has arrived—it is
 ‘ in three acts, and entitled “ A Mystery,” according
 ‘ to the former Christian custom, and in honour of
 ‘ what it probably will remain to the reader.

‘ Yours, &c.’

LETTER 454.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ September 20th, 1821.

‘ After the stanza on Grattan, concluding with “ His
 ‘ soul o’er the freedom implored and denied,” will it
 ‘ please you to cause insert the following “ Addenda,”
 ‘ which I dreamed of during to-day’s Siesta :

‘ Ever glorious Grattan ! &c. &c. &c.

‘ I will tell you what to do. Get me twenty copies of
 ‘ the whole carefully and privately printed off, as *your*
 ‘ lines were on the Naples affair. Send me *six*,

‘ and distribute the rest according to your own pleasure.’

‘ I am in a fine vein, “ so full of pastime and prodigality ! ”—So here’s to your health in a glass of grog. Pray write, that I may know by return of post—address to me at Pisa. The gods give you joy !’

‘ Where are you ? in Paris ? Let us hear. You will take care that there be no printer’s name, nor author’s, as in the Naples stanza, at least for the present.’

LETTER 453.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, September 20th, 1821.*

‘ You need not send “ the Blues,” which is a mere buffoonery, never meant for publication *.

‘ The papers to which I allude, in case of survivorship, are collections of letters, &c., since I was sixteen years old, contained in the trunks in the care of Mr. Hobhouse. This collection is at least doubled by those I have now here, all received since my last ostracism. To these I should wish the editor to have access, *not* for the purpose of *abusing confidences*, nor of *hurting* the feelings of correspondents living, nor the memories of the dead ; but there are things which would do neither, that I have left unnoticed or unexplained, and which (like all such things) time only can permit to be noticed or explained, though some are to my credit. The task will of course require delicacy ; but that will not be wanting, if Moore and Hobhouse survive me, and, I may add,

* This short satire, which is wholly unworthy of his pen, appeared afterwards in the *Liberal*.

‘ yourself ; and that you may all three do so, is, I assure
‘ you, my very sincere wish. I am not sure that long
‘ life is desirable for one of my temper and constitu-
‘ tional depression of spirits, which of course I sup-
‘ press in society ; but which breaks out when alone,
‘ and in my writings, in spite of myself. It has been
‘ deepened, perhaps, by some long-past events (I do
‘ not allude to my marriage, &c.—on the contrary,
‘ *that* raised them by the persecution giving a fillip to
‘ my spirits); but I call it constitutional, as I have
‘ reason to think it. You know, or you do *not* know,
‘ that my maternal grandfather (a very clever man,
‘ and amiable, I am told) was strongly suspected of
‘ suicide (he was found drowned in the Avon at Bath),
‘ and that another very near relative of the same
‘ branch took poison, and was merely saved by anti-
‘ dotes. For the first of these events there was no
‘ apparent cause, as he was rich, respected, and of
‘ considerable intellectual resources, hardly forty years
‘ of age, and not at all addicted to any unhinging vice.
‘ It was, however, but a strong suspicion, owing to
‘ the manner of his death and his melancholy temper.
‘ The *second* had a cause, but it does not become me to
‘ touch upon it: it happened when I was far too young
‘ to be aware of it, and I never heard of it till after the
‘ death of that relative, many years afterwards. I
‘ think, then, that I may call this dejection *constitu-*
‘ *tional*. I had always been told that I resembled
‘ more my maternal grandfather than any of my
‘ *father’s* family—that is, in the gloomier part of his
‘ temper, for he was what you call a good-natured
‘ man, and I am not.

‘ The Journal here I sent to Moore the other day ;

‘ but as it is a mere diary, only *parts* of it would ever
 ‘ do for publication. The other Journal of the Tour
 ‘ in 1816, I should think Augusta might let you have
 ‘ a copy of.

‘ I am much mortified that Gifford don’t take to my
 ‘ new dramas. To be sure, they are as opposite to the
 ‘ English drama as one thing can be to another ; but I
 ‘ have a notion that, if understood, they will in time
 ‘ find favour (though *not* on the stage) with the reader.
 ‘ The simplicity of plot is intentional, and the avoid-
 ‘ ance of *rant* also, as also the compression of the
 ‘ speeches in the more severe situations. What I
 ‘ seek to show in “the Foscari” is the *suppressed* pas-
 ‘ sions, rather than the rant of the present day. For
 ‘ that matter—

‘ Nay, if thou’lt mouth,

‘ I’ll rant as well as thou—

‘ would not be difficult, as I think I have shown in
 ‘ my younger productions—*not dramatic* ones, to be
 ‘ sure. But, as I said before, I am mortified that Gif-
 ‘ ford don’t like them ; but I see no remedy, our
 ‘ notions on that subject being so different. How is
 ‘ he?—well, I hope? let me know. I regret his
 ‘ demur the more that he has been always my grand
 ‘ patron, and I know no praise which would compen-
 ‘ sate me in my own mind for his censure. I do not
 ‘ mind *Reviews*, as I can work them at their own
 ‘ weapons.

‘ Yours, &c.

‘ Address to me at *Pisa*, whither I am going. The
 ‘ reason is, that all my Italian friends here have been
 ‘ exiled, and are met there for the present, and I go to
 ‘ join them, as agreed upon, for the winter.’

LETTER 456.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘*Ravenna, September 24th, 1831.*

‘ I have been thinking over our late correspondence,
‘ and wish to propose to you the following articles for
‘ our future :

‘ 1stly. That you shall write to me of yourself, of
‘ the health, wealth, and welfare of all friends ; but
‘ of *me* (*quoad me*) little or nothing.

‘ 2dly. That you shall send me soda-powders, tooth-
‘ powder, tooth-brushes, or any such anti-odontalgic
‘ or chemical articles, as heretofore, “ *ad libitum*,”
‘ upon being reimbursed for the same.

‘ 3dly. That you shall not send me any modern, or (as
‘ they are called) *new* publications, in *English whatso-*
‘ *ever*, save and excepting any writing, prose or verse,
‘ of (or reasonably presumed to be of) Walter Scott,
‘ Crabbe, Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Gifford, Joanna
‘ Baillie, *Irving* (the American), Hogg, Wilson (Isle
‘ of Palms man), or *any* especial *single* work of fancy
‘ which is thought to be of considerable merit ; *Voyages*
‘ and *Travels*, provided that they are *neither in Greece,*
‘ *Spain, Asia Minor, Albania, nor Italy*, will be wel-
‘ come. Having travelled the countries mentioned, I
‘ know that what is said of them can convey nothing
‘ farther which I desire to know about them.—No
‘ other English works whatsoever.

‘ 4thly. That you send me no periodical works
‘ whatsoever—*no* Edinburgh, Quarterly, Monthly, nor
‘ any review, magazine, or newspaper, English or
‘ foreign, of any description.

‘ 5thly. That you send me no opinions whatsoever,
‘ either *good, bad, or indifferent*, of yourself, or your
‘ friends, or others, concerning any work, or works, of
‘ mine, past, present, or to come.

‘ 6thly. That all negotiations in matters of business
‘ between you and me pass through the medium of the
‘ Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, my friend and trustee, or
‘ Mr. Hobhouse, as “Alter ego,” and tantamount to
‘ myself during my absence—or presence,

‘ Some of these propositions may at first seem
‘ strange, but they are founded. The quantity of
‘ trash I have received as books is incalculable, and
‘ neither amused nor instructed. Reviews and maga-
‘ zines are at the best but ephemeral and superficial
‘ reading: *who thinks of the grand article of last year*
‘ *in any given Review?* In the next place, if they
‘ regard myself, they tend to increase *egotism*. If
‘ favourable, I do not deny that the praise *elates*, and
‘ if unfavourable, that the abuse *irritates*. The latter
‘ may conduct me to inflict a species of satire which
‘ would neither do good to you nor to your friends:
‘ *they* may smile *now*, and so may *you*; but if I took
‘ you all in hand, it would not be difficult to cut you
‘ up like gourds. I did as much by as powerful
‘ people at nineteen years old, and I know little as yet,
‘ in three-and-thirty, which should prevent me from
‘ making all your ribs gridirons for your hearts, if
‘ such were my propensity: but it is *not*; therefore
‘ let me hear none of your provocations. If anything
‘ occurs so very gross as to require my notice, I shall
‘ hear of it from my legal friends. For the rest, I
‘ merely request to be left in ignorance.

‘ The same applies to opinions, *good, bad, or indif-*
‘ *ferent*, of persons in conversation or correspondence.
‘ These do not *interrupt*, but they *soil* the *current* of
‘ my *mind*. I am sensitive enough, but *not* till I am
‘ *troubled*; and here I am beyond the touch of the
‘ short arms of literary England, except the few feelers

‘ of the polypus that crawl over the channels in the
‘ way of extract.

‘ All these precautions *in* England would be useless ;
‘ the libeller or the flatterer would there reach me in
‘ spite of all ; but in Italy we know little of literary
‘ England, and think less, except what reaches us
‘ through some garbled and brief extract in some mis-
‘ rable gazette. For *two years* (excepting two or three
‘ articles cut out and sent to *you* by the post) I never
‘ read a newspaper which was not forced upon me by
‘ some accident, and know, upon the whole, as little of
‘ England as you do of Italy, and God knows *that* is
‘ little enough, with all your travels, &c. &c. &c. The
‘ English travellers *know Italy* as *you* know Guern-
‘ sey : how much is *that* ?

‘ If anything occurs so violently gross or personal
‘ as requires notice, Mr. Douglas Kinnaird will let me
‘ *know* ; but of *praise*, I desire to hear *nothing*.

‘ You will say, “ to what tends all this ? ” I will
‘ answer *THAT* ;—to keep my mind *free and unbiassed*
‘ by all paltry and personal irritabilities of praise or
‘ censure—to let my genius take its natural direction,
‘ while my feelings are like the dead, who know no-
‘ thing and feel nothing of all or aught that is said or
‘ done in their regard.

‘ If you can observe these conditions, you will spare
‘ yourself and others some pain : let me not be worked
‘ upon to rise up ; for if I do, it will not be for a little.
‘ If you *cannot* observe these conditions, we shall cease
‘ to be correspondents,—but not *friends*, for I shall
‘ always be yours ever and truly,

‘ BYRON.

‘ P. S. I have taken these resolutions not from any
‘ irritation against you or *yours*, but simply upon re-

‘flection that all reading, either praise or censure, of
 ‘myself has done me harm. When I was in Switzer-
 ‘land and Greece, I was out of the way of hearing
 ‘either, and *how I wrote there!*—In Italy I am out of
 ‘the way of it too; but latterly, partly through my
 ‘fault, and partly through your kindness in wishing
 ‘to send me the *newest* and most periodical publica-
 ‘tions, I have had a crowd of Reviews, &c. thrust
 ‘upon me, which have bored me with their jargon; of
 ‘one kind or another, and taken off my attention from
 ‘greater objects. You have also sent me a parcel of
 ‘trash of poetry, for no reason that I can conceive,
 ‘unless to provoke me to write a new “English
 ‘Bards.” Now *this* I wish to avoid; for if ever I *do*,
 ‘it will be a strong production; and I desire peace
 ‘as long as the fools will keep their nonsense out of
 ‘my way*.’

LETTER 457.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘September 27th, 1821.

‘It was not Murray’s fault. I did not send the MS.
 ‘*overture*, but I send it now†, and it may be restored;
 ‘—or, at any rate, you may keep the original, and

* It would be difficult to describe more strongly or more convincingly than Lord Byron has done in this letter the sort of petty, but thwarting obstructions and distractions which are at present thrown across the path of men of real talent by that swarm of minor critics and pretenders with whom the want of a vent in other professions has crowded all the walks of literature. Nor is it only the writers of the day that suffer from this multifarious rush into the mart;—the readers also, from having (as Lord Byron expresses it in another letter) ‘the superficies of too many things presented to them at once,’ come to lose by degrees their powers of discrimination; and, in the same manner as the palate becomes confused in trying various wines, so the public taste declines in proportion as the impressions to which it is exposed multiply.

† The lines ‘Oh Wellington,’ which I had missed in their original place at the opening of the Third Canto, and took for granted that they had been suppressed by his publisher.

' give any copies you please. I send it, as written, and as I *read* it to you—I have no other copy.

' By last week's *two* posts, in two packets, I sent to your address, at *Paris*, a longish poem upon the late Irishism of your countrymen in their reception of * * *. Pray, have you received it? It is in "the high Roman fashion," and full of ferocious phantasy. As *you* could not well take up the matter with Paddy (being of the same nest), I have;—but I hope still that I have done justice to his great men and his good heart. As for * * *, you will find it laid on with a trowel. I delight in your "fact historical"—*is* it a fact?

' Yours, &c.

' P.S. You have not answered me about Schlegel—why not? Address to me at Pisa, whither I am going, to join the exiles—a pretty numerous body at present. Let me hear how you are, and what you mean to do. Is there no chance of your recrossing the Alps? If the G. Rex marries again, let him not want an Epithalamium—suppose a joint concern of you and me, like Sternhold and Hopkins!'

LETTER 458.

TO MR. MURRAY.

' *September 28th, 1821.*

' I add another cover to request you to ask Moore to obtain (if possible) my letters to the late Lady Melbourne from Lady Cowper. They are very numerous, and ought to have been restored long ago, as I was ready to give back Lady Melbourne's in exchange. These latter are in Mr. Hobhouse's custody with my other papers, and shall be punctually restored if required. I did not choose before to apply to Lady Cowper, as her mother's death naturally

' kept me from intruding upon her feelings at the time
' of its occurrence. Some years have now elapsed, and
' it is essential that I should have my own epistles.
' They are essential as confirming that part of the
' "Memoranda" which refers to the two periods (1812
' and 1814) when my marriage with her niece was in
' contemplation, and will tend to show what my real
' views and feelings were upon that subject.

' You need not be alarmed; the "fourteen years"*
' will hardly elapse without some mortality amongst
' us: it is a long lease of life to speculate upon. So
' your calculation will not be in so much peril, as the
' "argosie" will sink before that time, and "the
' pound of flesh" be withered previously to your
' being so long out of a return.

' I also wish to give you a hint or two (as you have
' really behaved very handsomely to Moore in the
' business, and are a fine fellow in your line) for your
' advantage. If by your own management you can
' extract any of my epistles from Lady —, (* * *
' * * *), they might be of use in your collection (sink-
' ing of course the *names* and *all such circumstances* as
' might hurt *living* feelings, or *those of survivors*);
' they treat of more topics than love occasionally.

' I will tell you who may *happen* to have some let-
' ters of mine in their possession: Lord Powerscourt,
' some to his late brother; Mr. Long of—(I forget his
' place)—but the father of Edward Long of the Guards,
' who was drowned in going to Lisbon early in 1809;
' Miss Elizabeth Pigot, of Southwell, Notts (she may

* He here adverts to a passing remark, in one of Mr. Murray's letters, that, as his Lordship's 'Memoranda' were not to be published in his lifetime, the sum now paid for the work, 2100*l.*, would most probably, upon a reasonable calculation of survivorship, amount ultimately to no less than 8000*l.*

' be *Mistress* by this time, for she had a year or two more than I): *they were not* love-letters, so that you might have them without scruple. There are, or might be, some to the late Rev. J. C. Tattersall, in the hands of his brother (half-brother) Mr. Wheatley, who resides near Canterbury, I think. There are some of Charles Gordon, now of Dulwich; and some few to Mrs. Chaworth; but these latter are probably destroyed or inaccessible. * *

' I mention these people and particulars merely as *chances*. Most of them have probably destroyed the letters, which in fact are of little import, many of them written when very young, and several at school and college.

' Peel (the *second* brother of the Secretary) was a correspondent of mine, and also Porter, the son of the Bishop of Clogher; Lord Clare a very voluminous one; William Harness (a friend of Milman's) another; Charles Drummond (son of the banker); William Bankes (the voyager), your friend; R. C. Dallas, Esq.; Hodgson; Henry Drury; Hobhouse; you were already aware of.

' I have gone through this long list * of

* To all the persons upon this list who were accessible, application has, of course, been made,—with what success it is in the reader's power to judge from the communications that have been laid before him. Among the companions of the poet's boyhood there are (as I have already had occasion to mention and regret) but few traces of his youthful correspondence to be found; and of all those who knew him at that period, his fair Southwell correspondent alone seems to have been sufficiently endowed with the gift of second-sight to anticipate the Byron of a future day, and foresee the compound interest that Time and Fame would accumulate on every precious scrap of the young bard which she hoarded. On the whole, however, it is not unsatisfactory to be able to state that, with the exception of a very small minority (only one of whom is possessed of any papers of much importance), every distinguished associate and intimate of the noble poet, from the very outset to the close of his extraordinary career, have come forward cordially to communicate whatever memorials they possessed of him,—trusting, as I

“ The cold, the faithless, and the dead,”

‘ because I know that, like “ the curious in fish-sauce,”
‘ you are a researcher of such things.

‘ Besides these, there are other occasional ones to
‘ literary men and so forth, complimentary, &c. &c.
‘ &c. not worth much more than the rest. There are
‘ some hundreds, too, of Italian notes of mine, scrib-
‘ bled with a noble contempt of the grammar and dic-
‘ tionary, in very English Etruscan ; for I *speak* Italian
‘ very fluently, but write it carelessly and incorrectly
‘ to a degree.’

LETTER 459.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *September 29th, 1821:*

‘ I send you two rough things, prose and verse, not
‘ much in themselves, but which will show, one of
‘ them, the state of the country, and the other, of your
‘ friend’s mind, when they were written. Neither of
‘ them were sent to the person concerned, but you will
‘ see, by the style of them, that they were sincere, as
‘ I am in signing myself

‘ Yours ever and truly,
‘ B.’

Of the two enclosures, mentioned in the foregoing note, one was a letter intended to be sent to Lady Byron, relative to his money invested in the funds, of which the following are extracts.

‘ *Ravenna, Marza 1mo, 1821.*

‘ I have received your message, through my sis-

am willing to flatter myself, that they confided these treasures to one, who, if not able to do full justice to the memory of their common friend, would, at least, not willingly suffer it to be dishonoured in his hands.

‘ter’s letter, about English security, &c. &c. It is
‘considerate (and true, even), that *such* is to be found
‘—but not that I shall find it. Mr. * *, for his own
‘views and purposes, will thwart all such attempts till
‘he has accomplished his own, viz. to make me lend
‘my fortune to some client of his choosing.

‘At this distance—after this absence, and with my
‘utter ignorance of affairs and business—with my
‘temper and impatience, I have neither the means
‘nor the mind to resist. Thinking of the funds as I
‘do, and wishing to secure a reversion to my sister
‘and her children, I should jump at most expedients.

‘What I told you is come to pass—the Neapolitan
‘war is declared. Your funds will fall, and I shall be
‘in consequence ruined. That’s nothing—but my
‘blood relations will be so. You and your child are
‘provided for. Live and prosper—I wish so much to
‘both. Live and prosper—you have the means. I
‘think but of my real kin and kindred, who may be
‘the victims of this accursed bubble.

‘You neither know nor dream of the consequences
‘of this war. It is a war of *men* with monarchs, and
‘will spread like a spark on the dry, rank grass of
‘the vegetable desert. What it is with you and your
‘English, you do not know, for ye sleep. What it is
‘with us here, I know, for it is before, and around,
‘and within us.

‘Judge of my detestation of England and of all that it
‘inherits, when I avoid returning to your country at a
‘time when not only my pecuniary interests, but, it
‘may be, even my personal security, require it. I
‘can say no more, for all letters are opened. A short
‘time will decide upon what is to be done here, and

‘ then you will learn it without being more troubled
 ‘ with me or my correspondence. Whatever happens,
 ‘ an individual is little, so the cause is forwarded.

‘ I have no more to say to you on the score of affairs,
 ‘ or on any other subject.’

The second enclosure in the note consisted of some verses, written by him, December 10th, 1820, on seeing the following paragraph in a newspaper. ‘ Lady Byron is this year the lady patroness at the annual ‘ Charity Ball given at the Town Hall at Hinckley, ‘ Leicestershire, and Sir G. Crewe, Bart. the principal ‘ steward.’ These verses are full of strong and indignant feeling,—every stanza concluding pointedly with the words ‘ Charity Ball,’—and the thought that predominates through the whole may be collected from a few of the opening lines :—

‘ What matter the pangs of a husband and father,
 ‘ If his sorrows in exile be great or be small,
 ‘ So the Pharisee’s glories around her she gather,
 ‘ And the Saint patronizes her “Charity Ball.”
 ‘ What matters—a heart, which though faulty was feeling,
 ‘ Be driven to excesses which once could appal—
 ‘ That the Sinner should suffer is only fair dealing,
 ‘ As the Saint keeps her charity back for “the Ball,”’ &c. &c.

LETTER 460.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ September—no—October 1, 1821.

‘ I have written to you lately, both in prose and
 ‘ verse, at great length, to Paris and London. I pre-
 ‘ sume that Mrs. Moore, or whoever is your Paris
 ‘ deputy, will forward my packets to you in London.

‘ I am setting off for Pisa, if a slight incipient in-
 ‘ termittent fever do not prevent me. I fear it is not
 ‘ strong enough to give Murray much chance of

‘ realizing his thirteens again. I hardly should regret
‘ it, I think, provided you raised your price upon him
‘ —as what Lady Holderness (my sister’s grandmother,
‘ a Dutchwoman) used to call Augusta, her *Residee*
‘ *Legatoo*—so as to provide for us all: *my* bones with
‘ a splendid and larmoyante edition, and you with
‘ double what is extractable during my lifetime.

‘ I have a strong presentiment that (bating some out
‘ of the way accident) you will survive me. The dif-
‘ ference of eight years, or whatever it is, between our
‘ ages, is nothing. I do not feel (nor am, indeed,
‘ anxious to feel) the principle of life in me tend to
‘ longevity. My father and mother died, the one at
‘ thirty-five or six, and the other at forty-five; and
‘ Doctor Rush, or somebody else, says that nobody
‘ lives long, without having *one parent*, at least, an old
‘ stager.

‘ *I should*, to be sure, like to see out my eternal
‘ mother-in-law, not so much for her heritage, but
‘ from my natural antipathy. But the indulgence of
‘ this natural desire is too much to expect from the
‘ Providence who presides over old women. I bore
‘ you with all this about lives, because it has been
‘ put in my way by a calculation of insurances
‘ which Murray has sent me. I *really think* you
‘ should have more, if I evaporate within a reasonable
‘ time.

‘ I wonder if my “Cain” has got safe to England.
‘ I have written since about sixty stanzas of a poem,
‘ in octave stanzas (in the Pulci style, which the fools
‘ in England think was invented by Whistlecraft—it
‘ is as old as the hills in Italy) called “The Vision
‘ of Judgment, by Quevedo Redivivus,” with this
‘ motto—

‘ A Daniel come to *judgment*, yea, a Daniel :’

‘ I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.’

‘ In this it is my intent to put the said George’s
‘ Apotheosis in a Whig point of view, not forgetting
‘ the Poet Laureate for his preface and his other
‘ demerits.

‘ I am just got to the pass where Saint Peter, hear-
‘ ing that the royal defunct had opposed Catholic
‘ Emancipation, rises up, and, interrupting Satan’s
‘ oration, declares *he* will change places with Cerberus
‘ sooner than let him into heaven, while *he* has the
‘ keys thereof.

‘ I must go and ride, though rather feverish and
‘ chilly. It is the ague season ; but the agues do me
‘ rather good than harm. The feel after the *fit* is as
‘ if one had got rid of one’s body for good and all.

‘ The gods go with you !—Address to Pisa.

‘ Ever yours.

‘ P.S. Since I came back I feel better, though I
‘ stayed out too late for this malaria season, under the
‘ thin crescent of a very young moon, and got off my
‘ horse to walk in an avenue with a Signora for an
‘ hour. I thought of you and

‘ When at eve thou rovest

‘ By the star thou lovest.

‘ But it was not in a romantic mood, as I should have
‘ been once ; and yet it was a *new* woman (that is,
‘ new to me), and, of course, expected to be made love
‘ to. But I merely made a few commonplace
‘ speeches. I feel, as your poor friend Curran said,
‘ before his death, “ a mountain of lead upon my
‘ heart,” which I believe to be constitutional, and that
‘ nothing will remove it but the same remedy.’

LETTER 461.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ October 6th, 1821.

‘ By this post I have sent my nightmare to balance
‘ the incubus of * * *’s impudent anticipation of the
‘ Apotheosis of George the Third. I should like you
‘ to take a look over it, as I think there are two or
‘ three things in it which might please “our puir hill
‘ folk.”

‘ By the last two or three posts I have written
‘ to you at length. My *ague* bows to me every two
‘ or three days, but we are not as yet upon intimate
‘ speaking terms. I have an intermittent generally
‘ every two years, when the climate is favourable (as
‘ it is here), but it does me no harm. What I find
‘ worse, and cannot get rid of, is the growing depres-
‘ sion of my spirits, without sufficient cause. I ride
‘ —I am not intemperate in eating or drinking—and
‘ my general health is as usual, except a slight ague,
‘ which rather does good than not. It must be con-
‘ stitutional; for I know nothing more than usual to
‘ depress me to that degree.

‘ How do *you* manage? I think you told me, at
‘ Venice, that your spirits did not keep up without a
‘ little claret. I *can* drink, and bear a good deal of
‘ wine (as you may recollect in England); but it
‘ don’t exhilarate—it makes me savage and suspicious,
‘ and even quarrelsome. Laudanum has a similar
‘ effect; but I can take much of *it* without any effect
‘ at all. The thing that gives me the highest spirits
‘ (it seems absurd, but true) is a dose of *salts*—I mean
‘ in the afternoon, after their effect*. But one can’t
‘ take *them* like champagne.

* It was, no doubt, from a similar experience of its effects that Dryden always took physic when about to write anything of importance.

‘ Excuse this old woman’s letter ; but my *lemancholy*
 ‘ don’t depend upon health, for it is just the same,
 ‘ well or ill, or here or there.

‘ Yours, &c.’

LETTER 462.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Ravenna, October 9th, 1821.*

‘ You will please to present or convey the enclosed
 ‘ poem to Mr. Moore. I sent him another copy to
 ‘ Paris, but he has probably left that city.’

‘ Don’t forget to send me my first act of “Werner”
 ‘ (if Hobhouse can find it amongst my papers)—send
 ‘ it by the post (to Pisa); and also cut out Harriet
 ‘ Lee’s “German’s Tale” from the “Canterbury
 ‘ Tales,” and send it in a letter also. I began that
 ‘ tragedy in 1815.

‘ By the way, you have a good deal of my prose
 ‘ tracts in MS. ? Let me have proofs of them *all* again
 ‘ —I mean the controversial ones, including the last
 ‘ two or three years of time. Another question!—
 ‘ The Epistle of St. Paul, which I translated from the
 ‘ Armenian, for what reason have you kept it back,
 ‘ though you published that stuff which gave rise to
 ‘ the “Vampire?” Is it because you are afraid to
 ‘ print anything in opposition to the cant of the
 ‘ Quarterly about Manicheism? Let me have a proof
 ‘ of that Epistle directly. I am a better Christian
 ‘ than those parsons of yours, though not paid for
 ‘ being so.

His caricature, Bayes, is accordingly made to say, ‘ When I have a
 ‘ grand design, I ever take physic and let blood ; for, when you would
 ‘ have pure swiftness of thought and fiery flights of fancy, you must have
 ‘ a care of the pensive part ;—in short,’ &c. &c.

On this subject of the effects of medicine upon the mind and spirits,
 some curious facts and illustrations have been, with his usual research,
 collected by Mr. d’Israeli, in his amusing ‘ *Curiosities of Literature.*’

‘ Send—Faber’s Treatise on the Cabiri.

‘ Sainte Croix’s *Mystères du Paganisme* (scarce, perhaps, but to be found, as Mitford refers to his work frequently).

‘ A common Bible, of a good legible print (bound in russia). I *have* one ; but as it was the last gift of my sister (whom I shall probably never see again), I can only use it carefully, and less frequently, because I like to keep it in good order. Don’t forget this, for I am a great reader and admirer of those books, and had read them through and through before I was eight years old,—that is to say, the *Old Testament*, for the *New* struck me as a task, but the other as a pleasure. I speak as a *boy*, from the recollected impression of that period at Aberdeen in 1796.

‘ Any novels of Scott, or poetry of the same. Ditto of Crabbe, Moore, and the Elect ; but none of your curst commonplace trash,—unless something starts up of actual merit, which may very well be, for ’tis time it should.’

LETTER 463.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ October 20th, 1821.

‘ If the errors *are* in the MS. write me down an ass : they are *not*, and I am content to undergo any penalty if they be. Besides, the *omitted* stanza (last but one or two), sent *afterwards*, was that in the MS. too ?

‘ As to “honour,” I will trust no man’s honour in affairs of barter. I will tell you why : a state of bar-gain is Hobbes’s “state of nature—a state of war.” It is so with all men. If I come to a friend, and say, “Friend, lend me five hundred pounds,”—he

either does it, or says that he can't or won't; but if I
 ' come to Ditto, and say, "Ditto, I have an excellent
 ' house, or horse, or carriage, or MSS., or books, or
 ' pictures, or &c. &c. &c. &c. &c., honestly worth a
 ' thousand pounds, you shall have them for five hun-
 ' dred," what does Ditto say? why, he looks at them,
 ' he *hums*, he *ha's*,—he *humbugs*, if he can, to get a
 ' bargain as cheaply as he can, because *it is* a bargain.
 ' This is in the blood and bone of mankind; and the
 ' same man who would lend another a thousand pounds
 ' without interest, would not buy a horse of him for
 ' half its value if he could help it. It is so: there's
 ' no denying it; and therefore I will have as much as
 ' I can, and you will give as little; and there's an
 ' end. All men are intrinsical rascals, and I am only
 ' sorry that, not being a dog, I can't bite them.

' I am filling another book for you with little anec-
 ' dotes, to my own knowledge, or well authenticated,
 ' of Sheridan, Curran, &c. and such other public men
 ' as I recollect to have been acquainted with, for I
 ' knew most of them more or less. I will do what I
 ' can to prevent your losing by my obsequies.

' Yours, &c.'

LETTER 464.

TO MR. ROGERS.

' *Ravenna, October 21st, 1821.*

' I shall be (the gods willing) in Bologna on Satur-
 ' day next. This is a curious answer to your letter;
 ' but I have taken a house in Pisa for the winter, to
 ' which all my chattels, furniture, horses, carriages,
 ' and live stock are already removed, and I am pre-
 ' paring to follow.

' The cause of this removal is, shortly, the exile or
 ' proscription of all my friends' relations and con-

‘ nexions here into Tuscany, on account of our late
‘ politics; and where they go, I accompany them. I
‘ merely remained till now to settle some arrangements
‘ about my daughter, and to give time for my furni-
‘ ture, &c. to precede me. I have not here a seat or
‘ a bed hardly, except some jury chairs, and tables
‘ and a mattress for the week to come.

‘ If you will go on with me to Pisa, I can lodge you
‘ for as long as you like (they write that the house, the
‘ Palazzo Lanfranchi, is spacious: it is on the Arno);
‘ and I have four carriages, and as many saddle-horses
‘ (such as they are in these parts), with all other con-
‘ veniences, at your command, as also their owner. If
‘ you could do this, we may, at least, cross the Apen-
‘ nines together; or if you are going by another road,
‘ we shall meet at Bologna, I hope. I address this to
‘ the post-office (as you desire), and you will probably
‘ find me at the Albergo di *San Marco*. If you arrive
‘ first, wait till I come up, which will be (barring acci-
‘ dents) on Saturday or Sunday at farthest.

‘ I presume you are alone in your voyages. Moore
‘ is in London *incog.* according to my latest advices
‘ from those climes.

‘ It is better than a lustre (five years and six months
‘ and some days, more or less) since we met; and,
‘ like the man from Tadcaster in the farce (“Love
‘ laughs at Locksmiths”) whose acquaintances, includ-
‘ ing the cat, and the terrier, “who caught a halfpenny
‘ in his mouth,” were all “gone dead,” but too many
‘ of our acquaintances have taken the same path.
‘ Lady Melbourne, Grattan, Sheridan, Curran, &c. &c.
‘ almost every body of much name of the old school.
‘ But “so am not I, said the foolish fat scullion,”
‘ therefore let us make the most of our remainder.

‘ Let me find two lines from you at “the hostel or
‘ inn.”

‘ Yours, ever, &c.

‘ B.’

LETTER 465.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Ravenna, Oct. 28th, 1821.*

‘ “ ’Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,” and
‘ in three hours more I have to set out on my way to
‘ Pisa—sitting up all night to be sure of rising. I
‘ have just made them take off my bed-clothes—blan-
‘ kets inclusive—in case of temptation from the appa-
‘ rel of sheets to my eyelids.

‘ Samuel Rogers is—or is to be—at Bologna, as he
‘ writes from Venice.

‘ I thought our Magnifico would “pound you,” if
‘ possible. He is trying to “pound” me, too; but I’ll
‘ specie the rogue—or, at least, I’ll have the odd shil-
‘ lings out of him in keen iambics.

‘ Your approbation of “Sardanapalus” is agreeable,
‘ for more reasons than one. Hobhouse is pleased to
‘ think as you do of it, and so do some others—but
‘ the “Arimaspian,” whom, like “a Gryphon in the
‘ wilderness,” I will “follow for his gold,” (as I ex-
‘ horted you to do before,) did or doth disparage it—
‘ “stinting me in my sizings.” His notable opinions
‘ on the “Foscari” and “Cain” he hath not as yet
‘ forwarded; or, at least, I have not yet received
‘ them, nor the proofs thereof, though promised by
‘ last post.

‘ I see the way that he and his Quarterly people are
‘ tending—they want a *row* with me, and they shall
‘ have it. I only regret that I am not in England for
‘ the *nonce*; as, here, it is hardly fair ground for me,
‘ isolated and out of the way of prompt rejoinder and

‘ information as I am. But, though backed by all the
 ‘ corruption, and infamy, and patronage of their mas-
 ‘ ter rogues and slave renegadoes, if they do once
 ‘ rouse me up,

“ They had better gall the devil, Salisbury.”

‘ I have that for two or three of them, which they
 ‘ had better not move me to put in motion ;—and yet,
 ‘ after all, what a fool I am to disquiet myself about
 ‘ such fellows! It was all very well ten or twelve
 ‘ years ago, when I was a “curled darling,” and
 ‘ minded such things. At present, I *rate* them at
 ‘ their true value ; but, from natural temper and bile,
 ‘ am not able to keep quiet.

‘ Let me hear from you on your return from Ireland,
 ‘ which ought to be ashamed to see you, after her
 ‘ Brunswick blarney. I am of Longman’s opinion,
 ‘ that you should allow your friends to liquidate the
 ‘ Bermuda claim. Why should you throw away the
 ‘ two thousand *pounds* (of the *non-guinea* Murray)
 ‘ upon that cursed piece of treacherous inveiglement?
 ‘ I think you carry the matter a little too far and scru-
 ‘ pulously. When we see patriots begging publicly,
 ‘ and know that Grattan received a fortune from his
 ‘ country, I really do not see why a man, in no whit
 ‘ inferior to any or all of them, should shrink from
 ‘ accepting that assistance from his private friends
 ‘ which every tradesman receives from his connexions
 ‘ upon much less occasions. For, after all, it was not
 ‘ *your debt*—it was a piece of swindling *against* you.
 ‘ As to * * * *, and the “what noble creatures*!”

* I had mentioned to him, with all the praise and gratitude such friendship deserved, some generous offers of aid which, from more than one quarter, I had received at this period, and which, though declined, have been not the less warmly treasured in my recollection.

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STA MARIA DELLA SPINA.

Pisa.

London, Published by John Murray, Strand, 1852.

' &c. &c.,' it is all very fine and very well, but, till
' you can persuade me that there is *no credit*, and no
' *self-applause* to be obtained by being of use to a
' celebrated man, I must retain the same opinion of
' the human species, which I do of our friend M^r.
' *Specie*.'

In the month of August, Madame Guiccioli had joined her father at Pisa, and was now superintending the preparations at the Casa Lanfranchi,—one of the most ancient and spacious palaces of that city,—for the reception of her noble lover. 'He left Ravenna,' says this lady, 'with great regret, and with a pre-sentiment that his departure would be the forerunner of a thousand evils to us. In every letter he then wrote to me, he expressed his displeasure at this step. "If your father should be recalled," he said, "*I immediately return* to Ravenna; and if he is recalled *previous* to my departure, *I remain*." In this hope he delayed his journey for several months; but at last, no longer having any expectation of our immediate return, he wrote to me, saying—"I set out most unwillingly, foreseeing the most evil results for all of you, and principally for yourself. I say no more, but you will see." And in another letter he says: "I leave Ravenna so unwillingly, and with such a persuasion on my mind that my departure will lead from one misery to another, each greater than the former, that I have not the heart to utter another word on the subject." He always wrote to me at that time in Italian, and I transcribe his exact words. How entirely were these presentiments verified by the event *!'

* 'Egli era partito con molto riverescimento da Ravenna, e col pres-

After describing his mode of life while at Ravenna, the lady thus proceeds.

' This sort of simple life he led until the fatal day
' of his departure for Greece, and the few variations
' he made from it may be said to have arisen solely
' from the greater or smaller number of occasions
' which were offered him of doing good, and from the
' generous actions he was continually performing.
' Many families (in Ravenna principally) owed to him
' the few prosperous days they ever enjoyed. His
' arrival in that town was spoken of as a piece of
' public good fortune, and his departure as a public
' calamity; and this is the life which many attempted
' to asperse as that of a libertine. But the world
' must at last learn how, with so good and generous a
' heart, Lord Byron, susceptible, it is true, of the most
' energetic passions, yet, at the same time, of the
' sublimest and most pure, and rendering homage in
' his *acts* to every virtue—how he, I say, could afford
' such scope to malice and to calumny. Circum-
' stances, and also, probably, an eccentricity of dispo-
' sition (which, nevertheless, had its origin in a virtu-
' ous feeling, an excessive abhorrence for hypocrisy
' and affectation) contributed perhaps to cloud the

' sentimento che la sua partenza da Ravenna ci sarebbe cagione di molti
' mali. In ogni lettera che egli mi scriveva allora egli mi esprimeva il
' suo dispiacere di lasciare Ravenna. "Se papà è richiamato (mi scri-
' veva egli) io torno in quel istante a Ravenna, e se è richiamato *prima*
' della mia partenza, *io non parto*." In questa speranza egli differì vari
' mesi a partire. Ma, finalmente, non potendo più sperare il nostro ri-
' torno prossimo, egli mi scriveva—"Io parto molto mal volentieri pre-
' vedendo dei mali assai grandi per voi altri e massime per voi; altro non
' dico,—lo vedrete." E in un'altra lettera, "Io lascio Ravenna così mal
' volentieri, e così persuaso che la mia partenza non può che condurre
' da un male ad un altro più grande che non ho cuore di scrivere altro in
' questo punto." Egli mi scriveva allora sempre in Italiano e trascrivo
' le sue precise parole—ma come quei suoi presentimenti si verificarono
' poi in appresso!'

‘splendour of his exalted nature in the opinion of many. But you will well know how to analyse these contradictions in a manner worthy of your noble friend and of yourself, and you will prove that the goodness of his heart was not inferior to the grandeur of his genius*.’

At Bologna, according to the appointment made between them, Lord Byron and Mr. Rogers met; and the record which this latter gentleman has, in his Poem on Italy, preserved of their meeting, conveys so vivid a picture of the poet at this period, with, at the same time, so just and feeling a tribute to his memory, that, narrowed as my limits are now becoming, I cannot refrain from giving the sketch entire.

“BOLOGNA.

“’Twas night; the noise and bustle of the day
Were o’er. The mountebank no longer wrought
Miraculous cures—he and his stage were gone;
And he who, when the crisis of his tale
Came, and all stood breathless with hope and fear,
Sent round his cap; and he who thrumm’d his wire
And sang, with pleading look and plaintive strain
Melting the passenger. Thy thousand criest,
So well portray’d and by a son of thine,
Whose voice had swell’d the hubbub in his youth,
Were hush’d, BOLOGNA, silence in the streets,
The squares, when hark, the clattering of fleet hoofs;
And soon a courier, posting as from far,
Housing and holster, boot and belted coat
And doublet stain’d with many a various soil,
Stopt and alighted. ’Twas where hangs aloft
That ancient sign, the Pilgrim, welcoming
All who arrive there, all perhaps save those
Clad like himself, with staff and scallop-shell,
Those on a pilgrimage: and now approach’d

* The leaf that contains the original of this extract I have unluckily mislaid.

† “ See the Cries of Bologna, as drawn by Annibal Caracci. He was of very humble origin; and, to correct his brother’s vanity, once sent him a portrait of their father, the tailor, threading his needle.”

Wheels, through the lofty porticoes resounding,
 Arch beyond arch, a shelter or a shade
 As the sky changes. To the gate they came ;
 And, ere the man had half his story done,
 Mine host received the Master—one long used
 To sojourn among strangers, every where
 (Go where he would, along the wildest track)
 Flinging a charm that shall not soon be lost,
 And leaving footsteps to be traced by those
 Who love the haunts of Genius ; one who saw,
 Observed, nor shunn'd the busy scenes of life,
 But mingled not ; and mid the din, the stir,
 Lived as a separate Spirit.

“ Much had pass'd
 Since last we parted ; and those five short years—
 Much had they told ! His clustering locks were turn'd
 Gray ; nor did aught recall the youth that swam
 From Sestos to Abydos. Yet his voice,
 Still it was sweet ; still from his eye the thought
 Flash'd lightning-like, nor lingered on the way,
 Waiting for words. Far, far into the night
 We sat, conversing—no unwelcome hour,
 The hour we met ; and, when Aurora rose,
 Rising, we climb'd the rugged Apennine.

“ Well I remember how the golden sun
 Fill'd with its beams the unfathomable gulfs,
 As on we travell'd, and along the ridge,
 'Mid groves of cork, and cistus, and wild fig,
 His motley household came.—Not last nor least,
 Battista, who upon the moonlight-sea
 Of Venice had so ably, zealously
 Served, and at parting, thrown his oar away
 To follow through the world ; who without stain
 Had worn so long that honourable badge*,
 The gondolier's, in a Patrician House
 Arguing unlimited trust.—Not last nor least,
 Thou, though declining in thy beauty and strength,
 Faithful Moretto, to the latest hour
 Guarding his chamber-door, and now along
 The silent, sullen strand of MISSOLONGHI
 Howling in grief.

“ He had just left that Place

* “ The principal gondolier, il fante di poppa, was almost always in the
 “ confidence of his master, and employed on occasions that required judg-
 “ ment and address.”

Of old renown, once in the ADRIAN sea*,
 RAVENNA ; where from DANTE's sacred tomb
 He had so oft, as many a verse declares†,
 Drawn inspiration ; where at twilight-time,
 Through the pine-forest wandering with loose rein,
 Wandering and lost, he had so oft beheld ‡
 (What is not visible to a poet's eye ?)
 The spectre-knight, the hell-hounds, and their prey,
 The chase, the slaughter, and the festal mirth
 Suddenly blasted. 'Twas a theme he loved,
 But others claim'd their turn ; and many a tower,
 Shatter'd uprooted from its native rock,
 Its strength the pride of some heroic age,
 Appear'd and vanish'd (many a sturdy steer §
 Yoked and unyoked), while, as in happier days,
 He pour'd his spirit forth. The past forgot,
 All was enjoyment. Not a cloud obscured
 Present or future.

" He is now at rest ;
 And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,
 Now dull in death. Yes, BYRON, thou art gone,
 Gone like a star that through the firmament
 Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course
 Dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,
 Was generous, noble—noble in its scorn
 Of all things low or little ; nothing there
 Sordid or servile. If imagined wrongs
 Pursued thee, urging thee sometimes to do
 Things long regretted, oft, as many know,
 None more than I, thy gratitude would build
 On slight foundations : and, if in thy life
 Not happy, in thy death thou surely wert,
 Thy wish accomplish'd ; dying in the land
 Where thy young mind had caught ethereal fire,
 Dying in GREECE, and in a cause so glorious !

" They in thy train—ah, little did they think,
 As round we went, that they so soon should sit
 Mourning beside thee, while a Nation mourn'd,
 Changing her festal for her funeral song ;
 That they so soon should hear the minute-gun,
 As morning gleam'd on what remain'd of thee,

* " *Adrianum mare.*—CICERO."

† " See the prophecy of Dante."

‡ " See the tale as told by Boccaccio and Dryden."

§ " They wait for the traveller's carriage at the foot of every hill."

‘ Rogers, who has an excellent taste, and deep feeling
 ‘ for the arts (indeed much more of both than I can
 ‘ possess, for of the FORMER I have not much), but to
 ‘ the crowd of jostling starers and travelling talkers
 ‘ around me.

‘ I heard one bold Briton declare to the woman on
 ‘ his arm, looking at the Venus of Titian, “ Well,
 ‘ now, this is really very fine indeed,”—an observation
 ‘ which, like that of the landlord in Joseph Andrews
 ‘ on “ the certainty of death,” was (as the landlord’s
 ‘ wife observed) “ extremely true.”

‘ In the Pitti Palace, I did not omit Goldsmith’s
 ‘ prescription for a connoisseur, viz. “ that the pictures
 ‘ would have been better if the painter had taken more
 ‘ pains, and to praise the works of Pietro Perugino.”’

LETTER 466.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Pisa, November 3d, 1821.*

‘ The two passages cannot be altered without
 ‘ making Lucifer talk like the Bishop of Lincoln,
 ‘ which would not be in the character of the former.
 ‘ The notion is from Cuvier (that of the *old worlds*), as
 ‘ I have explained in an additional note to the preface.
 ‘ The other passage is also in character: if *nonsense*,
 ‘ so much the better, because then it can do no harm,
 ‘ and the sillier Satan is made, the safer for every
 ‘ body. As to “ alarms,” &c. do you really think such
 ‘ things ever led any body astray? Are these people
 ‘ more impious than Milton’s Satan? or the Prome-
 ‘ theus of Æschylus? or even than the Sadducees of
 ‘ * *, the “ Fall of Jerusalem” * *? Are not Adam,
 ‘ Eve, Adah, and Abel, as pious as the catechism?

‘ Gifford is too wise a man to think that such things
 ‘ can have any *serious* effect: *who* was ever altered by

‘ a poem? I beg leave to observe, that there is no
‘ creed nor personal hypothesis of mine in all this ;
‘ but I was obliged to make Cain and Lucifer talk
‘ consistently, and surely this has always been per-
‘ mitted to poesy. Cain is a proud man : if Lucifer
‘ promised him kingdom, &c. it would *elate* him : the
‘ object of the Demon is to *depress* him still further in
‘ his own estimation than he was before, by showing
‘ him infinite things and his own abasement, till he
‘ falls into the frame of mind that leads to the catas-
‘ trophe, from mere *internal* irritation, *not* premedita-
‘ tion, or envy of *Abel* (which would have made him
‘ contemptible), but from the rage and fury against
‘ the inadequacy of his state to his conceptions, and
‘ which discharges itself rather against life, and the
‘ author of life, than the mere living.

‘ His subsequent remorse is the natural effect of
‘ looking on his sudden deed. Had the *deed* been *pre-*
‘ *meditated*, his repentance would have been tardier.

‘ Either dedicate it to Walter Scott, or, if you think
‘ he would like the dedication of “ the Foscari ”
‘ better, put the dedication to “ the Foscari.” Ask
‘ him which.

‘ Your first note was queer enough ; but your two
‘ other letters, with Moore’s and Gifford’s opinions,
‘ set all right again. I told you before that I can
‘ never *recast* anything. I am like the tiger : if I miss
‘ the first spring, I go grumbling back to my jungle
‘ again ; but if I *do hit*, it is crushing. * * * You
‘ disparaged the last three cantos to me, and kept
‘ them back above a year ; but I have heard from
‘ England that (notwithstanding the errors of the
‘ press) they are well thought of ; for instance, by

‘ American Irving, which last is a feather in my
‘ (fool’s) cap.

‘ You have received my letter (open) through Mr.
‘ Kinnaird, and so, pray, send me no more reviews of
‘ any kind. I will read no more of evil or good in
‘ that line. Walter Scott has not read a review of
‘ *himself* for *thirteen years*.

‘ The bust is not *my* property, but *Hobhouse’s*. I
‘ addressed it to you as an Admiralty man, great at
‘ the custom-house. Pray deduct the expenses of the
‘ same, and all others.

‘ Yours, &c.’

LETTER 467.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Pisa, Nov. 9th, 1821.*

‘ I *never read* the Memoirs at all, not even since
‘ they were written; and I never will: the pain of
‘ writing them was enough; you may spare me that
‘ of a perusal. Mr. Moore has (or may have) a dis-
‘ cretionary power to omit any repetition, or expres-
‘ sions which do not seem *good* to *him*, who is a better
‘ judge than you or I.

‘ Enclosed is a lyrical drama (entitled ‘ a Mystery,’
‘ from its subject), which, perhaps, may arrive in time
‘ for the volume. You will find *it pious* enough, I
‘ trust,—at least some of the Chorus might have been
‘ written by Sternhold and Hopkins themselves for
‘ that, and perhaps for melody. As it is longer, and
‘ more lyrical and Greek, than I intended at first, I
‘ have not divided it into *acts*, but called what I have
‘ sent *Part First*, as there is a suspension of the
‘ action, which may either close there without impro-
‘ priety, or be continued in a way that I have in view.

‘ I wish the first part to be published before the
 ‘ second, because, if it don’t succeed, it is better to
 ‘ stop there than to go on in a fruitless experiment.

‘ I desire you to acknowledge the arrival of this
 ‘ packet by return of post, if you can conveniently,
 ‘ with a proof.

‘ Your obedient, &c.

‘ P.S. My wish is to have it published at the same
 ‘ time, and, if possible, in the same volume, with the
 ‘ others, because, whatever the merits or demerits of
 ‘ these pieces may be, it will perhaps be allowed that
 ‘ each is of a different kind, and in a different style ;
 ‘ so that, including the prose and the Don Juans, &c., I
 ‘ have at least sent you *variety* during the last year or
 ‘ two.’

LETTER 468.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ Pisa, November 16th, 1821.

‘ There is here Mr. * *, an Irish genius, with whom
 ‘ we are acquainted. He hath written a really *excel-*
 ‘ *lent* Commentary on Dante, full of new and true in-
 ‘ formation, and much ingenuity. But his verse is
 ‘ such as it hath pleased God to endue him withal.
 ‘ Nevertheless, he is so firmly persuaded of its equal
 ‘ excellence, that he won’t divorce the Commentary
 ‘ from the traduction, as I ventured delicately to hint,
 ‘ —not having the fear of Ireland before my eyes, and
 ‘ upon the presumption of having shotten very well in
 ‘ his presence (with common pistols too, not with my
 ‘ Manton’s) the day before.

‘ But he is eager to publish all, and must be grati-
 ‘ fied, though the Reviewers will make him suffer
 ‘ more tortures than there are in his original. In-
 ‘ deed, the *Notes* are well worth publication ; but he

‘ insists upon the translation for company, so that they
 ‘ will come out together, like Lady C * * t chaperon-
 ‘ ing Miss * *. I read a letter of yours to him yes-
 ‘ terday, and he begs me to write to you about his
 ‘ Poeshie. He is really a good fellow, apparently,
 ‘ and I dare say that his verse is very good Irish.

‘ Now, what shall we do for him? He says that he
 ‘ will risk part of the expense with the publisher. He
 ‘ will never rest till he is published and abused—for
 ‘ he has a high opinion of himself—and I see nothing
 ‘ left but to gratify him so as to have him abused as
 ‘ little as possible; for I think it would kill him.
 ‘ You must write, then, to Jeffrey to beg him *not* to
 ‘ review him, and I will do the same to Gifford,
 ‘ through Murray. Perhaps they might notice the
 ‘ Comment without touching the text. But I doubt
 ‘ the dogs—the text is too tempting. * * *

‘ I have to thank you again, as I believe I did be-
 ‘ fore, for your opinion of “Cain,” &c.

‘ You are right to allow — to settle the claim;
 ‘ but I do not see why you should repay him out of
 ‘ your *legacy*—at least, not yet*. If you *feel* about it
 ‘ (as you are ticklish on such points) pay him the inte-
 ‘ rest now, and the principal when you are strong in
 ‘ cash; or pay him by instalments; or pay him as I
 ‘ do my creditors—that is, *not* till they make me.

‘ I address this to you at Paris, as you desire.
 ‘ Reply soon, and believe me ever, &c.

* Having discovered that, while I was abroad, a kind friend had, without any communication with myself, placed at the disposal of the person who acted for me a large sum for the discharge of this claim, I thought it right to allow the money, thus generously destined, to be employed as was intended, and then immediately repaid my friend out of the sum given by Mr. Murray for the manuscript.

It may seem obtrusive, I fear, to enter into this sort of personal details; but, without some few words of explanation, such passages as the above would be unintelligible.

‘ P.S. What I wrote to you about low spirits is, however, very true. At present, owing to the climate, &c. (I can walk down into my garden, and pluck my own oranges; and, by the way, have got a diarrhœa in consequence of indulging in this meridian luxury of proprietorship); my spirits are much better. You seem to think that I could not have written the “ Vision,” &c. under the influence of low spirits; but I think there you err *. A man’s poetry is a distinct faculty, or Soul, and has no more to do with the every-day individual than the Inspiration with the Pythoness when removed from her tripod.’

The correspondence which I am now about to insert, though long since published by the gentleman with whom it originated †, will, I have no doubt, even by those already acquainted with all the circumstances, be reperused with pleasure; as, among the many strange and affecting incidents with which these pages abound, there is not one, perhaps, so touching and singular as that to which the following letters refer.

TO LORD BYRON.

‘ *Frome, Somerset, November 21st, 1821.*

‘ My Lord,

‘ More than two years since, a lovely and beloved wife was taken from me, by lingering disease, after a

* My remark had been hasty and inconsiderate, and Lord Byron’s is the view borne out by all experience. Almost all the tragic and gloomy writers have been, in social life, mirthful persons. The author of the *Night Thoughts* was a ‘fellow of infinite jest;’ and of the pathetic Rowe, Pope says—‘He! why, he would laugh all day long—he would do nothing else but laugh.’

† See ‘*Thoughts on Private Devotion*,’ by Mr. Sheppard.

‘ very short union. She possessed unvarying gentle-
‘ ness and fortitude, and a piety so retiring as rarely to
‘ disclose itself in words, but so influential as to pro-
‘ duce uniform benevolence of conduct. In the last
‘ hour of life, after a farewell look on a lately born
‘ and only infant, for whom she had evinced inexpress-
‘ sible affection, her last whispers were “ God’s happi-
‘ ness! God’s happiness!” Since the second anniver-
‘ sary of her decease, I have read some papers which
‘ no one had seen during her life, and which contain
‘ her most secret thoughts. I am induced to commu-
‘ nicate to your lordship a passage from these papers,
‘ which, there is no doubt, refers to yourself; as I
‘ have more than once heard the writer mention your
‘ agility on the rocks at Hastings.

“ Oh, my God, I take encouragement from the
‘ assurance of thy word, to pray to Thee in behalf of
‘ one for whom I have lately been much interested.
‘ May the person to whom I allude (and who is now,
‘ we fear, as much distinguished for his neglect of
‘ Thee as for the transcendant talents thou hast be-
‘ stowed on him) be awakened to a sense of his own
‘ danger, and led to seek that peace of mind in a pro-
‘ per sense of religion, which he has found this world’s
‘ enjoyments unable to procure! Do Thou grant that
‘ his future example may be productive of far more
‘ extensive benefit than his past conduct and writings
‘ have been of evil; and may the sun of righteous-
‘ ness, which, we trust, will, at some future period,
‘ arise on him, be bright in proportion to the darkness
‘ of those clouds which guilt has raised around him,
‘ and the balm which it bestows, healing and soothing
‘ in proportion to the keenness of that agony which the
‘ punishment of his vices has inflicted on him! May

‘ the hope that the sincerity of my own efforts for the
‘ attainment of holiness, and the approval of my own
‘ love to the great Author of religion, will render this
‘ prayer, and every other for the welfare of mankind,
‘ more efficacious—Cheer me in the path of duty ;—
‘ but, let me not forget, that, while we are permitted
‘ to animate ourselves to exertion by every innocent
‘ motive, these are but the lesser streams which may
‘ serve to increase the current, but which, deprived
‘ of the grand fountain of good, (a deep conviction of
‘ inborn sin, and firm belief in the efficacy of Christ’s
‘ death for the salvation of those who trust in him,
‘ and really wish to serve him,) would soon dry up,
‘ and leave us barren of every virtue as before.

“ *July 31st, 1814—Hastings.*”

‘ There is nothing, my lord, in this extract which,
‘ in a literary sense, can *at all* interest you ; but it may,
‘ perhaps, appear to you worthy of reflection how
‘ deep and expansive a concern for the happiness of
‘ others the Christian faith can awaken in the midst of
‘ youth and prosperity. Here is nothing poetical and
‘ splendid, as in the expostulatory homage of M.
‘ Delamartine ; but here is the *sublime*, my lord ; for
‘ this intercession was offered, on your account, to the
‘ supreme *source* of happiness. It sprang from a faith
‘ more confirmed than that of the French poet ; and
‘ from a charity which, in combination with faith,
‘ showed its power unimpaired amidst the languors
‘ and pains of approaching dissolution. I will hope
‘ that a prayer, which, I am sure, was deeply sincere,
‘ may not be always unavailing.

‘ It would add *nothing*, my lord, to the fame with
‘ which your genius has surrounded you, for an un-

‘ known and obscure individual to express his admiration of it. I had rather be numbered with those who wish and pray, that “wisdom from above,” and “peace,” and “joy,” may enter such a mind.

‘ JOHN SHEPPARD.’

However romantic, in the eyes of the cold and worldly, the piety of this young person may appear, it were to be wished that the truly Christian feeling which dictated her prayer were more common among all who profess the same creed ; and that those indications of a better nature, so visible even through the clouds of his character, which induced this innocent young woman to pray for Byron, while living, could have the effect of inspiring others with more charity towards his memory, now that he is dead.

The following is Lord Byron’s answer to this affecting communication.

LETTER 469.

TO MR. SHEPPARD.

‘ *Pisa, December 8th, 1821.*

‘ Sir,

‘ I have received your letter. I need not say, that the extract which it contains has affected me, because it would imply a want of all feeling to have read it with indifference. Though I am not quite sure that it was intended by the writer for *me*, yet the date, the place where it was written, with some other circumstances that you mention, render the allusion probable. But for whomever it was meant, I have read it with all the pleasure which can arise from so melancholy a topic. I say *pleasure*—because your brief and simple picture of the life and demeanour of the excellent person whom I trust you

‘ will again meet, cannot be contemplated without the
‘ admiration due to her virtues, and her pure and
‘ unpretending piety. Her last moments were parti-
‘ cularly striking; and I do not know that, in the
‘ course of reading the story of mankind, and still less
‘ in my observations upon the existing portion, I ever
‘ met with anything so unostentatiously beautiful.
‘ Indisputably, the firm believers in the gospel have a
‘ great advantage over all others,—for this simple
‘ reason, that, if true, they will have their reward
‘ hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be
‘ but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had
‘ the assistance of an exalted hope, through life,
‘ without subsequent disappointment, since (at the
‘ worst for them) “out of nothing, nothing can arise,”
‘ not even sorrow. But a man’s creed does not de-
‘ pend upon *himself*: *who* can say, I *will* believe this,
‘ that, or the other? and least of all, that which he
‘ least can comprehend. I have, however, observed,
‘ that those who have begun life with extreme faith,
‘ have in the end greatly narrowed it, as Chilling-
‘ worth, Clarke (who ended as an Arian), Bayle, and
‘ Gibbon (once a Catholic), and some others; while,
‘ on the other hand, nothing is more common than for
‘ the early sceptic to end in a firm belief, like Mauper-
‘ tuis, and Henry Kirke White.

‘ But my business is to acknowledge your letter, and
‘ not to make a dissertation. I am obliged to you for
‘ your good wishes, and more than obliged by the
‘ extract from the papers of the beloved object whose
‘ qualities you have so well described in a few words.
‘ I can assure you that all the fame which ever cheated
‘ humanity into higher notions of its own importance
‘ would never weigh in my mind against the pure and

‘ pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased
 ‘ to take in my welfare. In this point of view, I
 ‘ would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my
 ‘ behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and
 ‘ Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living
 ‘ head. Do me at least the justice to suppose, that

“ Video meliora proboque,”

‘ however the “deteriora sequor” may have been
 ‘ applied to my conduct.

‘ I have the honour to be

‘ Your obliged and obedient servant,

‘ BYRON.

‘ P.S. I do not know that I am addressing a clergy-
 ‘ man; but I presume that you will not be affronted
 ‘ by the mistake (if it is one) on the address of this
 ‘ letter. One who has so well explained, and deeply
 ‘ felt the doctrines of religion, will excuse the error
 ‘ which led me to believe him its minister.’

LETTER 470.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ Pisa, December 4th, 1821.

‘ By extracts in the English papers,—in your holy
 ‘ ally, Galignani’s “Messenger,”—I perceive that
 ‘ “the two greatest examples of human vanity in the
 ‘ present age” are, firstly, “the ex-Emperor Napoleon,”
 ‘ and, secondly, “his lordship, &c., the noble poet,”
 ‘ meaning your humble servant, “poor guiltless I.”

‘ Poor Napoleon! he little dreamed to what vile
 ‘ comparisons the turn of the wheel would reduce him!

‘ I have got here into a famous old feudal palazzo,
 ‘ on the Arno, large enough for a garrison, with dun-
 ‘ geons below and cells in the walls, and so full of
 ‘ *ghosts*, that the learned Fletcher (my valet) has
 ‘ begged leave to change his room, and then refused

‘ to occupy his *new* room, because there were more
 ‘ ghosts there than in the other. It is quite true that
 ‘ there are most extraordinary noises (as in all old
 ‘ buildings), which have terrified the servants so as to
 ‘ incommode me extremely. There is one place where
 ‘ people were evidently *walled up*, for there is but one
 ‘ possible passage, broken through the wall, and then
 ‘ meant to be closed again upon the inmate. The
 ‘ house belonged to the Lanfranchi family (the same
 ‘ mentioned by Ugolino in his dream, as his persecutor
 ‘ with Sismondi), and has had a fierce owner or two in
 ‘ its time. The staircase, &c. is said to have been
 ‘ built by Michel Agnolo. It is not yet cold enough
 ‘ for a fire. What a climate !

‘ I am, however, bothered about these spectres (as
 ‘ they say the last occupants were, too), of whom I
 ‘ have as yet seen nothing, nor, indeed, heard (*myself*);
 ‘ but all the other ears have been regaled by all kinds
 ‘ of supernatural sounds. The first night I thought I
 ‘ heard an odd noise, but it has not been repeated. I
 ‘ have now been here more than a month.

‘ Yours, &c.’

LETTER 471.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ Pisa, December 10th, 1821.

‘ This day and this hour (one, on the clock), my
 ‘ daughter is six years old. I wonder when I shall
 ‘ see her again, or if ever I shall see her at all.

‘ I have remarked a curious coincidence, which
 ‘ almost looks like a fatality.

‘ My *mother*, my *wife*, my *daughter*, my *half-sister*,
 ‘ my *sister’s mother*, my *natural daughter* (as far at least
 ‘ as I am concerned), and *myself*, are all *only children*.

‘ My father, by his first marriage with Lady Conyers

‘ (an only child), had only my sister; and by his
 ‘ second marriage with an only child, an only child
 ‘ again. Lady Byron, as you know, was one also, and
 ‘ so is my daughter, &c.

‘ Is not this rather odd—such a complication of
 ‘ only children? By the way, send me my daughter
 ‘ Ada’s miniature. I have only the print, which gives
 ‘ little or no idea of her complexion.

‘ Yours, &c., B.’

LETTER 472.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ Pisa, December 12th, 1821.

‘ What you say about Galignani’s two biographies
 ‘ is very amusing; and, if I were not lazy, I would
 ‘ certainly do what you desire. But I doubt my pre-
 ‘ sent stock of facetiousness—that is, of good *serious*
 ‘ humour, so as not to let the cat out of the bag*. I
 ‘ wish *you* would undertake it. I will forgive and
 ‘ *indulge* you (like a Pope) beforehand, for anything
 ‘ ludicrous, that might keep those fools in their own
 ‘ dear belief that a man is a *loup garou*.

‘ I suppose I told you that the Giaour story had
 ‘ actually some foundation on facts; or, if I did not,
 ‘ you will one day find it in a letter of Lord Sligo’s,
 ‘ written to me *after* the publication of the poem. I
 ‘ should not like marvels to rest upon any account of
 ‘ my own, and shall say nothing about it. However,

* Mr. Galignani having expressed a wish to be furnished with a short Memoir of Lord Byron, for the purpose of prefixing it to the French edition of his works, I had said jestingly in a preceding letter to his lordship, that it would be but a fair satire on the disposition of the world to ‘ bemonster his features,’ if he would write for the public, English as well as French, a sort of mock-heroic account of himself, outdoing, in horrors and wonders, all that had been yet related or believed of him, and leaving even Goethe’s story of the double murder at Florence far behind.

' the *real* incident is still remote enough from the
 ' poetical one, being just such as, happening to a man
 ' of any imagination, might suggest such a composi-
 ' tion. The worst of any *real* adventures is that they
 ' involve living people—else Mrs. ——'s, ——'s, &c.
 ' are as "german to the matter" as Mr. Maturin could
 ' desire for his novels. * * * *

' The consummation you mentioned for poor * * was
 ' near taking place yesterday. Riding pretty sharply
 ' after Mr. Medwin and myself, in turning the corner
 ' of a lane between Pisa and the hills, he was spilt,—
 ' and, besides losing some claret on the spot, bruised
 ' himself a good deal, but is in no danger. He was
 ' bled and keeps his room. As I was a-head of him
 ' some hundred yards, I did not see the accident;
 ' but my servant, who was behind, did, and says the
 ' *horse* did not fall—the usual excuse of floored eques-
 ' trians. As * * piques himself upon his horsemanship,
 ' and his horse is really a pretty horse enough, I long
 ' for his personal narrative,—as I never yet met the
 ' man who would *fairly claim a tumble* as his own
 ' property.

' Could not you send me a printed copy of the "Irish
 ' Avatar?"—I do not know what has become of
 ' Rogers since we parted at Florence.

' Don't let the Angles keep you from writing. Sam
 ' told me that you were somewhat dissipated in Paris,
 ' which I can easily believe. Let me hear from you
 ' at your best leisure.

' Ever and truly, &c.

' P.S., December 13th.

' I enclose you some lines written not long ago,
 ' which you may do what you like with, as they are

‘ very harmless*. Only, if copied, or printed, or set,
 ‘ I could wish it more correctly than in the usual way,
 ‘ in which one’s “ nothings are monstred,” as Corio-
 ‘ lanus says.

‘ You must really get * * published—he never will
 ‘ rest till he is so. He is just gone with his broken
 ‘ head to Lucca, at my desire, to try to save a *man*
 ‘ from being *burnt*. The Spanish * * *, that has her
 ‘ petticoats over Lucca, had actually condemned a
 ‘ poor devil to the stake, for stealing the wafer-box
 ‘ out of a church. Shelley and I, of course, were up in
 ‘ arms against this piece of piety, and have been dis-
 ‘ turbing every body to get the sentence changed.
 ‘ * * is gone to see what can be done.

‘ B.’

LETTER 473.

TO MR. SHELLEY.

‘ December 12th, 1821.

‘ My dear Shelley,

‘ Enclosed is a note for you from ——. His reasons

* The following are the lines enclosed in this letter. In one of his Journals, where they are also given, he has subjoined to them the following note:—‘ I composed these stanzas (except the fourth, added now) a few days ago, on the road from Florence to Pisa.

‘ Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story;
 ‘ The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
 ‘ And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
 ‘ Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.
 ‘ What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
 ‘ ’Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled.
 ‘ Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!
 ‘ What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give glory?
 ‘ Oh Fame! if I e’er took delight in thy praises,
 ‘ ’Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
 ‘ Than to see the bright eyes of the dear One discover
 ‘ She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.
 ‘ *There* chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee;
 ‘ Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
 ‘ When it sparkled o’er aught that was bright in my story,
 ‘ I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.’

' are all very true, I dare say, and it might and may
' be of personal inconvenience to us. But that does
' not appear to me to be a reason to allow a being to
' be burnt without trying to save him. To save him
' by any means but *remonstrance*, is of course out of
' the question; but I do not see why a *temperate* re-
' monstrance should hurt any one. Lord Guilford is
' the man, if he would undertake it. He knows the
' Grand Duke personally, and might, perhaps, prevail
' upon him to interfere. But, as he goes to-morrow,
' you must be quick, or it will be useless. Make any
' use of *my* name that you please.

' Yours ever, &c.'

LETTER 474.

TO MR. MOORE.

' I send you the two notes, which will tell you the
' story I allude to of the Auto da Fè. Shelley's allu-
' sion to his "fellow-serpent" is a buffoonery of mine.
' Goethe's Mephistofilus calls the serpent who tempted
' Eve "my aunt, the renowned snake;" and I always
' insist that Shelley is nothing but one of her nephews,
' walking about on the tip of his tail.'

TO LORD BYRON.

' *Two o'clock, Tuesday Morning.*

' My dear Lord,

' Although strongly persuaded that the story must
' be either an entire fabrication, or so gross an exag-
' geration as to be nearly so; yet, in order to be able
' to discover the truth beyond all doubt, and to set
' your mind quite at rest, I have taken the determina-
' tion to go myself to Lucca this morning. Should it
' prove less false than I am convinced it is, I shall

‘ not fail to exert myself *in every way* that I can imagine may have any success. Be assured of this.

‘ Your lordship’s most truly,

‘ * * *

‘ P. S. To prevent *bavardage*, I prefer going in person to sending my servant with a letter. It is better for you to mention nothing (except, of course, to Shelley) of my excursion. The person I visit there is one on whom I can have every dependence in every way, both as to authority and truth.’

TO LORD BYRON.

‘ *Thursday Morning.*

‘ My dear Lord Byron,

‘ I hear this morning that the design, which certainly had been in contemplation, of burning my fellow-serpent, has been abandoned, and that he has been condemned to the galleys. Lord Guilford is at Leghorn; and as your courier applied to me to know whether he ought to leave your letter for him or not, I have thought it best since this information to tell him to take it back.

‘ Ever faithfully yours,

‘ P. B. SHELLEY.’

LETTER 475. TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

‘ *Pisa, January 12th, 1822.*

‘ My dear Sir Walter,

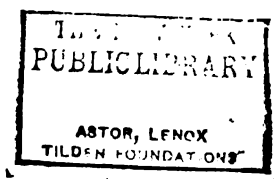
‘ I need not say how grateful I am for your letter, but I must own my ingratitude in not having written to you again long ago. Since I left England (and it is not for all the usual term of transportation) I have scribbled to five hundred blockheads on business, &c. without difficulty, though with no great plea-

‘ sure ; and yet, with the notion of addressing you a
‘ hundred times in my head, and always in my heart,
‘ I have not done what I ought to have done. I can
‘ only account for it on the same principle of tremu-
‘ lous anxiety with which one sometimes makes love
‘ to a beautiful woman of our own degree, with whom
‘ one is enamoured in good earnest ; whereas, we
‘ attack a fresh-coloured housemaid without (I speak,
‘ of course, of earlier times) any sentimental remorse
‘ or mitigation of our virtuous purpose.

‘ I owe to you far more than the usual obligation for
‘ the courtesies of literature and common friendship,
‘ for you went out of your way in 1817 to do me a ser-
‘ vice, when it required not merely kindness, but cou-
‘ rage to do so ; to have been recorded by you in such
‘ a manner, would have been a proud memorial at any
‘ time, but at such a time, when “ all the world and
‘ his wife,” as the proverb goes, were trying to trample
‘ upon me, was something still higher to my self-
‘ esteem,—I allude to the Quarterly Review of the
‘ Third Canto of Childe Harold, which Murray told
‘ me was written by you,—and, indeed, I should have
‘ known it without his information, as there could not
‘ be *two* who *could* and *would* have done this at the
‘ time. Had it been a common criticism, however
‘ eloquent or panegyrical, I should have felt pleased,
‘ undoubtedly, and grateful, but not to the extent
‘ which the extraordinary good-heartedness of the
‘ whole proceeding must induce in any mind capable
‘ of such sensations. The very *tardiness* of this ac-
‘ knowledgment will, at least, show that I have not
‘ forgotten the obligation ; and I can assure you that
‘ my sense of it has been out at compound interest
‘ during the delay. I shall only add one word upon

‘ the subject, which is, that I think that you, and Jeffrey, and Leigh Hunt were the only literary men, of numbers whom I know (and some of whom I had served), who dared venture even an anonymous word in my favour just then ; and that, of those three, I had never seen *one* at all—of the second much less than I desired—and that the third was under no kind of obligation to me, whatever ; while the other *two* had been actually attacked by me on a former occasion ; *one*, indeed, with some provocation, but the other wantonly enough. So you see you have been heaping “ coals of fire, &c.” in the true gospel manner, and I can assure you that they have burnt down to my very heart.

‘ I am glad that you accepted the Inscription. I meant to have inscribed “ the Foscarini ” to you instead ; but first, I heard that “ Cain ” was thought the least bad of the two as a composition ; and, 2dly, I have abused S * * like a pickpocket, in a note to the Foscarini, and I recollected that he is a friend of yours (though not of mine), and that it would not be the handsome thing to dedicate to one friend any thing containing such matters about another. However, I’ll work the Laureate before I have done with him, as soon as I can muster Billingsgate therefor. I like a row, and always did from a boy, in the course of which propensity, I must needs say, that I have found it the most easy of all to be gratified, personally and poetically. You disclaim “ jealousies ; ” but I would ask, as Boswell did of Johnson, “ of *whom* could you be *jealous*, ”—of none of the living, certainly, and (taking all and all into consideration) of which of the dead ? I don’t like to bore you about the Scotch novels (as they





THE MOUNTAIN

THE MOUNTAIN

THE MOUNTAIN

‘ call them, though two of them are wholly English,
‘ and the rest half so), but nothing can or could ever
‘ persuade me, since I was the first ten minutes in
‘ your company, that you are *not* the man. To me
‘ those novels have so much of “Auld lang syne” (I
‘ was bred a canny Scot till ten years old) that I never
‘ move without them; and when I removed from Ra-
‘ venna to Pisa the other day, and sent on my library
‘ before, they were the only books that I kept by me,
‘ although I already have them by heart.

‘ *January 27th, 1822.*

‘ I delayed till now concluding, in the hope that I
‘ should have got “the Pirate,” who is under way for
‘ me, but has not yet hove in sight. I hear that your
‘ daughter is married, and I suppose by this time you
‘ are half a grandfather—a young one, by the way. I
‘ have heard great things of Mrs. Lockhart’s personal
‘ and mental charms, and much good of her lord:
‘ that you may live to see as many novel Scotts as
‘ there are Scots’ novels, is the very bad pun, but sin-
‘ cere wish of

‘ Yours ever most affectionately, &c.

‘ P.S. Why don’t you take a turn in Italy? You
‘ would find yourself as well known and as wel-
‘ come as in the Highlands among the natives. As
‘ for the English, you would be with them as in Lon-
‘ don; and I need not add, that I should be delighted
‘ to see you again, which is far more than I shall ever
‘ feel or say for England, or (with a few exceptions
‘ “of kith, kin, and allies”) any thing that it contains.
‘ But my “heart warms to the tartan,” or to any
‘ thing of Scotland, which reminds me of Aberdeen
‘ and other parts, not so far from the Highlands as
‘ that town, about Invercauld and Braemar, where I

‘ was sent to drink goat’s *fey* in 1795-6, in consequence of a threatened decline after the scarlet fever. But I am gossiping, so, good night—and the gods be with your dreams !

‘ Pray, present my respects to Lady Scott, who may perhaps, recollect having seen me in town in 1815.

‘ I see that one of your supporters (for like Sir Hildebrand, I am fond of Guillin) is a *mermaid* ; it is my *crest* too, and with precisely the same curl of tail. There’s concatenation for you !—I am building a little cutter at Genoa, to go a cruising in the summer. I know *you* like the sea too.’

LETTER 476.

To ———*

‘ Pisa, February 6th, 1822.

‘ “ Try back the deep lane,” till we find a publisher for “ the Vision ;” and if none such is to be found, print fifty copies at my expense, distribute them amongst my acquaintance, and you will soon see that the booksellers *will* publish them, even if we opposed them. That they are now afraid is natural ; but I do not see that I ought to give way on that account. I know nothing of Rivington’s “ Remonstrance” by the “ eminent Churchman ;” but I suppose he wants a living. I once heard of a preacher at Kentish Town against “ Cain.” The same outcry was raised against Priestley, Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, and all the men who dared to put tithes to the question.

‘ I have got S——’s pretended reply, to which I

* This letter has been already published, with a few others, in a periodical work, and is known to have been addressed to the late Mr. Douglas Kinnaird.

‘ am surprised that you do not allude. What remains
‘ to be done is, to call him out. The question is,
‘ would he come? for, if he would not, the whole
‘ thing would appear ridiculous, if I were to take a
‘ long and expensive journey to no purpose.

‘ You must be my second, and, as such, I wish to
‘ consult you.

‘ I apply to you, as one well versed in the duello,
‘ or monomachie. Of course I shall come to England
‘ as privately as possible, and leave it (supposing that
‘ I was the survivor) in the same manner; having no
‘ other object which could bring me to that country
‘ except to settle quarrels accumulated during my
‘ absence.

‘ By the last post I transmitted to you a letter upon
‘ some Rochdale toll business, from which there are
‘ moneys in prospect. My agent says *two* thousand
‘ pounds, but supposing it to be only *one*, or even *one*
‘ *hundred*, still they may be moneys; and I have lived
‘ long enough to have an exceeding respect for the
‘ smallest current coin of any realm, or the least sum,
‘ which, although I may not want it myself, may do
‘ something for others who may need it more than I.

‘ They say that “Knowledge is Power;”—I used
‘ to think so; but I now know that they meant
‘ “*money*.” and when Socrates declared, “that all
‘ he knew was, that he knew nothing,” he merely in-
‘ tended to declare, that he had not a drachm in the
‘ Athenian world.

‘ The *circulars* are arrived, and circulating like the
‘ vortices (or vortexes) of Descartes. Still I have a
‘ due care of the needful, and keep a look out ahead,
‘ as my notions upon the score of moneys coincide

‘ with yours, and with all men’s who have lived to
 ‘ see that every guinea is a philosopher’s stone, or at
 ‘ least his *touch-stone*. You will doubt me the less,
 ‘ when I pronounce my firm belief, that *Cash is Virtue*.

‘ I cannot reproach myself with much expenditure :
 ‘ my only extra expense (and it is more than I have
 ‘ spent upon myself) being a loan of two hundred and
 ‘ fifty pounds to ———; and fifty pounds’ worth of
 ‘ furniture, which I have bought for him; and a boat
 ‘ which I am building for myself at Genoa, which will
 ‘ cost about a hundred pounds more.

‘ But to return. I am determined to have all the
 ‘ moneys I can, whether by my own funds, or succes-
 ‘ sion, or lawsuit, or MSS., or any lawful means what-
 ‘ ever.

‘ I will pay (though with the sincerest reluctance)
 ‘ my remaining creditors, and every man of law, by
 ‘ instalments from the award of the arbitrators.

‘ I recommend to you the notice in Mr. Hanson’s
 ‘ letter, on the demands of moneys for the Rochdale
 ‘ tolls.

‘ Above all, I recommend my interests to your
 ‘ honourable worship.

‘ Recollect, too, that I expect some moneys for the
 ‘ various MSS. (no matter what); and, in short,
 ‘ “Rem, *quocunque modo*, Rem!”—the noble feeling
 ‘ of cupidity grows upon us with our years.

‘ Yours ever, &c.’

LETTER 477.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ Pisa, February 8th, 1822.

‘ Attacks upon me were to be expected, but I per-
 ‘ ceive one upon *you* in the papers, which I confess

‘ that I did not expect. How, or in what manner, ‘ *you* can be considered responsible for what *I* publish, I am at a loss to conceive.

‘ If “Cain” be “blasphemous,” *Paradise Lost* is ‘ blasphemous; and the very words of the Oxford ‘ gentleman, “Evil, be thou my good,” are from that ‘ very poem, from the mouth of Satan, and is there ‘ anything more in that of Lucifer in the *Mystery*? ‘ Cain is nothing more than a drama, not a piece of ‘ argument. If Lucifer and Cain speak as the first ‘ murderer and the first rebel may be supposed to ‘ speak, surely all the rest of the personages talk also ‘ according to their characters—and the stronger passions have ever been permitted to the drama.

‘ I have even avoided introducing the Deity as in ‘ Scripture (though Milton does, and not very wisely ‘ either), but have adopted his angel as sent to Cain ‘ instead, on purpose to avoid shocking any feelings ‘ on the subject by falling short of what all uninspired ‘ men must fall short in, viz., giving an adequate ‘ notion of the effect of the presence of Jehovah. ‘ The old *Mysteries* introduced him liberally enough, ‘ and all this is avoided in the new one.

‘ The attempt to *bully you*, because they think it ‘ won’t succeed with me, seems to me as atrocious an ‘ attempt as ever disgraced the times. What! when ‘ Gibbon’s, Hume’s, Priestley’s, and Drummond’s publishers have been allowed to rest in peace for seventy ‘ years, are you to be singled out for a work of *fiction*, ‘ not of history or argument? There must be something at the bottom of this—some private enemy of ‘ your own: it is otherwise incredible.

‘ I can only say, “Me, me; en adsum qui feci;”— ‘ that any proceedings directed against you, I beg,

‘ may be transferred to me, who am willing, and *ought*,
 ‘ to endure them all ;—that if you have lost money by
 ‘ the publication, I will refund any or all of the copy-
 ‘ right ;—that I desire you will say that both *you* and
 ‘ *Mr. Gifford* remonstrated against the publication, as
 ‘ also Mr. Hobhouse ;—that *I* alone occasioned it, and
 ‘ I alone am the person who, either legally or other-
 ‘ wise, should bear the burden. If they prosecute, I
 ‘ will come to England—that is, if, by meeting it in my
 ‘ own person, I can save yours. Let me know. You
 ‘ shan’t suffer for me, if I can help it. Make any use
 ‘ of this letter you please. ‘ Yours ever, &c.

‘ P.S. I write to you about all this row of bad
 ‘ passions and absurdities with the *summer* moon (for
 ‘ here our winter is clearer than your dog-days) light-
 ‘ ing the winding Arno, with all her buildings and
 ‘ bridges,—so quiet and still !—What nothings are we
 ‘ before the least of these stars !’

LETTER 478.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Pisa, February 19th, 1822.*

‘ I am rather surprised not to have had an answer
 ‘ to my letter and packets. Lady Noel is dead, and it
 ‘ is not impossible that I may have to go to England to
 ‘ settle the division of the Wentworth property, and
 ‘ what portion Lady B. is to have out of it ; all which
 ‘ was left undecided by the articles of separation. But
 ‘ I hope not, if it can be done without,—and I have
 ‘ written to Sir Francis Burdett to be my referee, as he
 ‘ knows the property.

‘ Continue to address here, as I shall not go if I can
 ‘ avoid it—at least, not on that account. But I may
 ‘ on another ; for I wrote to Douglas Kinnaird to
 ‘ convey a message of invitation to Mr. Southey to

‘ meet me, either in England, or (as less liable to interruption) on the coast of France. This was about a fortnight ago, and I have not yet had time to have the answer. However, you shall have due notice; therefore continue to address to Pisa.

‘ My agents and trustees have written to me to desire that I would take the name directly, so that I am yours very truly and affectionately,

‘ NOEL BYRON.

‘ P.S. I have had no news from England, except on business; and merely know, from some abuse in that faithful *ex* and *de*-tractor Galignani, that the clergy are up against “Cain.” There is (if I am not mistaken) some good church preferment on the Wentworth estates; and I will show them what a good Christian I am, by patronising and preferring the most pious of their order, should opportunity occur.

‘ M. and I are but little in correspondence, and I know nothing of literary matters at present. I have been writing on business only lately. What are *you* about? Be assured that there is no such coalition as you apprehend.’

LETTER 479.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Pisa, February 20th, 1822*.*

‘ Your letter arrived since I wrote the enclosed. It is not likely, as I have appointed agents and arbitrators for the Noel estates, that I should proceed to England on that account,—though I may upon another, within stated. At any rate, *continue* you to address here till you hear further from me. I could wish *you* still to arrange for me, either with a Lon-

* The preceding letter came enclosed in this.

‘ don or Paris publisher, for the things, &c. I shall
 ‘ not quarrel with any arrangement you may please to
 ‘ make.

‘ I have appointed Sir Francis Burdett my arbi-
 ‘ trator to decide on Lady Byron’s allowance out of
 ‘ the Noel estates, which are estimated at seven thou-
 ‘ sand a year, and *rents* very well paid,—a rare thing
 ‘ at this time. It is, however, owing to their *consisting*
 ‘ chiefly in pasture lands, and therefore less affected
 ‘ by corn bills, &c. than properties in tillage.

‘ Believe me yours ever most affectionately,

‘ NOEL BYRON.

‘ Between my own property in the funds, and my
 ‘ wife’s in land, I do not know which *side* to cry out
 ‘ on in politics.

‘ There is nothing against the immortality of the
 ‘ soul in “Cain” that I recollect. I hold no such
 ‘ opinions;—but, in a drama, the first rebel and the
 ‘ first murderer must be made to talk according to
 ‘ their characters. However, the parsons are all
 ‘ preaching at it, from Kentish Town and Oxford to
 ‘ Pisa;—the scoundrels of priests, who do more harm
 ‘ to religion than all the infidels that ever forgot their
 ‘ catechisms!

‘ I have not seen Lady Noel’s death announced in
 ‘ *Galignani*.—How is that?’

LETTER 480.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Pisa, February 28th, 1822.*

‘ I begin to think that the packet (a heavy one) of
 ‘ five acts of “Werner” &c. can hardly have reached
 ‘ you, for your letter of last week (which I answered)
 ‘ did not allude to it, and yet I insured it at the post-
 ‘ office here.

‘ I have no direct news from England, except on the Noel business, which is proceeding quietly, as I have appointed a gentleman (Sir F. Burdett) for my arbitrator. They, too, have said that they will recall the *lawyer* whom *they* had chosen, and will name a gentleman too. This is better, as the arrangement of the estates and of Lady B.’s allowance will thus be settled without quibbling. My lawyers are taking out a licence for the name and arms, which it seems I am to endue.

‘ By another, and indirect, quarter, I hear that “Cain” has been pirated, and that the Chancellor has refused to give Murray any redress. Also, that G. R. (*your* friend “Ben”) has expressed great personal indignation at the said poem. All this is curious enough, I think,—after allowing Priestley, Hume, and Gibbon, and Bolingbroke, and Voltaire to be published, without depriving the booksellers of their rights. I heard from Rome a day or two ago, and, with what truth I know not, that * * *.

‘ Yours, &c.’

LETTER 481.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Pisa, March 1st, 1822.*

‘ As I still have no news of my “Werner,” &c. packet, sent to you on the 29th of January, I continue to bore you (for the fifth time, I believe) to know whether it has *not* miscarried. As it was fairly copied out, it will be vexatious if it be lost. Indeed, I insured it at the post-office to make them take more care, and directed it regularly to you at Paris.

‘ In the impartial Galignani I perceive an extract from Blackwood’s Magazine, in which it is said that there are people who have discovered that you and I

‘ are no poets. With regard to one of us, I know that
 ‘ this north-west passage to *my* magnetic pole had
 ‘ been long discovered by some sages, and I leave
 ‘ them the full benefit of their penetration. I think,
 ‘ as Gibbon says of his History, “that, perhaps, a hun-
 ‘ dred years hence it may still continue to be abused.”
 ‘ However, I am far from pretending to compete or
 ‘ compare with that illustrious literary character.

‘ But “with regard to *you*, I thought that you had
 ‘ always been allowed to be a *poet*, even by the stupid
 ‘ as well as the envious—a bad one, to be sure—im-
 ‘ moral, florid, Asiatic, and diabolically popular,—but
 ‘ still always a poet, *nem. con.* This discovery, there-
 ‘ fore, has to me all the grace of novelty, as well as
 ‘ of consolation (according to Rochefoucault) to find
 ‘ myself *no-poetized* in such good company. I am
 ‘ content to “err with Plato;” and can assure you
 ‘ very sincerely, that I would rather be received a *non-*
 ‘ poet with you, than be crowned with all the bays of
 ‘ (the *yet-uncrowned*) Lakers in their society. I believe
 ‘ you think better of those worthies than I do. I know
 ‘ them * * * * *

‘ As for Southey, the answer to my proposition of a
 ‘ meeting is not yet come. I sent the message, with a
 ‘ short note, to him through Douglas Kinnaird, and
 ‘ Douglas’s response is not arrived. If he accepts, I
 ‘ shall have to go to England; but if not, I do not
 ‘ think the Noel affairs will take me there, as the arbi-
 ‘ trators can settle them without my presence, and
 ‘ there do not seem to be any difficulties. The licence
 ‘ for the new name and armorial bearings will be taken
 ‘ out by the regular application, in such cases, to the
 ‘ Crown, and sent to me.

‘ Is there a hope of seeing you in Italy again ever?

‘ What are you doing ?—*bored* by me, I know ; but I
 ‘ have explained *why* before. I have no correspondence
 ‘ now with London, except through relations and law-
 ‘ yers and one or two friends. My greatest friend,
 ‘ Lord Clare, is at Rome : we met on the road, and
 ‘ our meeting was quite sentimental—*really* pathetic
 ‘ on both sides. I have always loved him better than
 ‘ any *male* thing in the world.’

The preceding was enclosed in that which follows.

LETTER 482.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Pisa, March 4th, 1822.*

‘ Since I wrote the enclosed, I have waited another
 ‘ post, and now have your answer acknowledging the
 ‘ arrival of the packet—a troublesome one, I fear, to
 ‘ you in more ways than one, both from weight ex-
 ‘ ternal and internal.

‘ The unpublished things in your hands, in Douglas
 ‘ K.’s, and Mr. John Murray’s, are, “ Heaven and
 ‘ Earth, a lyrical kind of Drama upon the Deluge,
 ‘ &c. ; ”—“ Werner,” *now with you* ;—a translation of
 ‘ the First Canto of the Morgante Maggiore ;—*ditto*
 ‘ of an Episode in Dante ;—some stanzas to the Po,
 ‘ June 1st, 1819 ;—Hints from Horace, written in 1811,
 ‘ but a good deal, *since*, to be omitted ;—several prose
 ‘ things, which may, perhaps, as well remain unpub-
 ‘ lished ;—“ The Vision, &c. of Quevedo Redivivus ”
 ‘ in verse.

‘ Here you see is “ more matter for a May morn-
 ‘ ing ; ” but how much of this can be published is for
 ‘ consideration. The Quevedo (one of my best in that
 ‘ line) has appalled the Row already, and must take
 ‘ its chance at Paris, if at all. The new Mystery is less
 ‘ speculative than “ Cain,” and very pious ; besides, it

' is chiefly lyrical. The *Morgante* is the *best* translation that ever was or will be made; and the rest are—whatever you please to think them.

' I am sorry you think Werner even *approaching* to any fitness for the stage, which, with my notions upon it, is very far from my present object. With regard to the publication, I have already explained that I have no exorbitant expectations of either fame or profit in the present instances; but wish them published because they are written, which is the common feeling of all scribblers.

' With respect to "Religion," can I never convince you that *I* have no such opinions as the characters in that drama, which seems to have frightened every body? Yet *they* are nothing to the expressions in Goethe's *Faust* (which are ten times hardier), and not a whit more bold than those of Milton's Satan. My ideas of a character may run away with me: like all imaginative men, I, of course, embody myself with the character while I *draw* it, but not a moment after the pen is from off the paper.

' I am no enemy to religion, but the contrary. As a proof, I am educating my natural daughter a strict Catholic in a convent of Romagna, for I think people can never have *enough* of religion, if they are to have any. I incline, myself, very much to the Catholic doctrines; but if I am to write a drama, I must make my characters speak as I conceive them likely to argue.

' As to poor Shelley, who is another bugbear to you and the world, he is, to my knowledge, the *least* selfish and the mildest of men—a man who has made more sacrifices of his fortune and feelings for others than any I ever heard of. With his speculative

‘ opinions I have nothing in common, nor desire to have.

‘ The truth is, my dear Moore, you live near the *stove* of society, where you are unavoidably influenced by its heat and its vapours. I did so once—and too much—and enough to give a colour to my whole future existence. As my success in society was *not* inconsiderable, I am surely not a prejudiced judge upon the subject, unless in its favour; but I think it, as now constituted, *fatal* to all great original undertakings of every kind. I never courted it *then*, when I was young and high in blood, and one of its “curled darlings;” and do you think I would do so *now*, when I am living in a clearer atmosphere? One thing *only* might lead me back to it, and that is, to try once more if I could do any good in *politics*; but *not* in the petty politics I see now preying upon our miserable country.

‘ Do not let me be misunderstood, however. If you speak your *own* opinions, they ever had, and will have, the greatest weight with *me*. But if you merely *echo* the “monde” (and it is difficult not to do so, being in its favour and its ferment), I can only regret that you should ever repeat anything to which I cannot pay attention.

‘ But I am prosing. The gods go with you, and as much immortality of all kinds as may suit your present and all other existence.

‘ Yours, &c.’

LETTER 483.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Pisa, March 6th, 1822.*

‘ The enclosed letter from Murray hath melted me; though I think it is against his own interest to wish

‘ that I should continue his connexion. You may,
 ‘ therefore, send him the packet of “Werner,” which
 ‘ will save you all further trouble. And pray, *can*
 ‘ *you* forgive me for the bore and expense I have
 ‘ already put upon you? At least, *say* so—for I feel
 ‘ ashamed of having given you so much for such
 ‘ nonsense.

‘ The fact is, I cannot *keep* my *resentments*, though
 ‘ violent enough in their onset. Besides, now that all
 ‘ the world are *at* Murray on my account, I neither
 ‘ can nor ought to leave him; unless, as I really
 ‘ thought, it were better for *him* that I should.

‘ I have had no other news from England, except a
 ‘ letter from Barry Cornwall, the bard, and my old
 ‘ schoolfellow. Though I have sickened you with
 ‘ letters lately, believe me

‘ Yours, &c.

‘ P.S. In your last letter you say, speaking of
 ‘ Shelley, that you would almost prefer the “damn-
 ‘ ing bigot” to the “annihilating infidel*.” Shelley
 ‘ believes in immortality, however—but this by the
 ‘ way. Do you remember Frederick the Great’s
 ‘ answer to the remonstrance of the villagers whose
 ‘ curate preached against the eternity of hell’s tor-
 ‘ ments? It was thus:—“If my faithful subjects of
 ‘ Schrausenhaussen prefer being eternally damned, let
 ‘ them?”

‘ Of the two, I should think the long sleep better
 ‘ than the agonized vigil. But men, miserable as
 ‘ they are, cling so to any thing *like* life, that they
 ‘ probably would prefer damnation to quiet. Besides,
 ‘ they think themselves so *important* in the creation,

* It will be seen from the extract I shall give presently of the passage to which he refers, that he wholly mistook my meaning.

‘ that nothing less can satisfy their pride—the in-
‘ sects !’

It is Dr. Clarke, I think, who gives, in his *Travels*, rather a striking account of a Tartar whom he once saw exercising a young, fiery horse, upon a spot of ground almost surrounded by a steep precipice, and describes the wantonness of courage with which the rider, as if delighting in his own peril, would, at times, dash, with loose rein, towards the giddy verge. Something of the same breathless apprehension with which the traveller viewed that scene, did the unchecked daring of Byron’s genius inspire in all who watched its course,—causing them, at the same moment, to admire and tremble, and, in those more especially who loved him, awakening a sort of instinctive impulse to rush forward and save him from his own headlong strength. But, however natural it was in friends to give way to this feeling, a little reflection upon his now altered character might have forewarned them that such interference would prove as little useful to him as safe for themselves ; and it is not without some surprise I look back upon my own temerity and presumption in supposing that, let loose as he was now, in the full pride and consciousness of strength, with the wide regions of thought outstretching before him, any representations that even friendship could make would have the power—or *ought* to have—of checking him. As the motives, however, by which I was actuated in my remonstrances to him may be left to speak for themselves, I shall, without dwelling any further upon the subject, content myself with laying before the reader a few such extracts from my own

letters at this period * as may serve to explain some allusions in those just given.

In writing to me, under the date January 24th, it will be recollected that he says—‘ be assured that ‘ there is no such coalition as you apprehend.’ The following extracts from my previous communication to him will explain what this means :—‘ I heard some ‘ days ago that Leigh Hunt was on his way to you ‘ with all his family ; and the idea seems to be, that ‘ you and Shelley and he are to *conspire* together in ‘ the Examiner. I cannot believe this,—and deprecate such a plan with all my might. *Alone* you may ‘ do any thing ; but partnerships in fame, like those ‘ in trade, make the strongest party answerable for the ‘ deficiencies or delinquencies of the rest, and I ‘ tremble even for *you* with such a bankrupt *Co.*—* * ‘ * *. They are both clever fellows, and Shelley I ‘ look upon as a man of real genius ; but, I must again ‘ say, that you could not give your enemies (the * * *’s, ‘ “ et hoc genus omne”) a greater triumph than by ‘ forming such an unequal and unholy alliance. You ‘ are, single-handed, a match for the world,—which is ‘ saying a good deal, the world being, like Briareus, a ‘ very many-handed gentleman,—but, to be so, *you* ‘ *must stand alone*. Recollect that the scurvy build- ‘ ings about St. Peter’s almost seem to overtop itself.’

The notices of Cain, in my letters to him, were, according to their respective dates, as follow :—

‘ *September 30th, 1821.*

‘ Since writing the above, I have read Foscari and

* It should have been mentioned before, that to the courtesy of Lord Byron’s executor, Mr. Hobhouse, who had the kindness to restore to me such letters of mine as came into his hands, I am indebted for the power of producing these and other extracts.

‘ Cain. The former does not please me so highly as
 ‘ Sardanapalus. It has the fault of all those violent
 ‘ Venetian stories, being unnatural and improbable,
 ‘ and therefore, in spite of all your fine management
 ‘ of them, appealing but remotely to one’s sympathies.
 ‘ But Cain is wonderful—terrible—never to be for-
 ‘ gotten. If I am not mistaken, it will sink deep into
 ‘ the world’s heart; and while many will shudder
 ‘ at its blasphemy, all must fall prostrate before its
 ‘ grandeur. Talk of Æschylus and his Prometheus!
 ‘ —here is the true spirit both of the Poet—and the
 ‘ Devil.’

‘ February 9th, 1822.

‘ Do *not* take it into your head, my dear B., that the
 ‘ tide is at all turning against you in England. Till I
 ‘ see some symptoms of people *forgetting* you a little,
 ‘ I will not believe that you lose ground. As it is,
 ‘ “te veniente die, te, decedente,”—nothing is hardly
 ‘ talked of but you; and though good people some-
 ‘ times bless themselves when they mention you, it is
 ‘ plain that even *they* think much more about you
 ‘ than, for the good of their souls, they ought. Cain,
 ‘ to be sure, *has* made a sensation; and, grand as it is,
 ‘ I regret, for many reasons, you ever wrote it. * *
 ‘ For myself, I would not give up the *poetry* of reli-
 ‘ gion for all the wisest results that *philosophy* will
 ‘ ever arrive at. Particular sects and creeds are fair
 ‘ game enough for those who are anxious enough
 ‘ about their neighbours to meddle with them; but
 ‘ our faith in the Future is a treasure not so lightly to
 ‘ be parted with; and the dream of immortality (if
 ‘ philosophers *will* have it a dream) is one that, let

‘us hope, we shall carry into our last sleep with
‘us*.’

‘February 19th, 1822.

‘I have written to the Longmans to try the ground,
‘for I do *not* think Galignani the man for you. The
‘only thing he can do is what we can do, ourselves,
‘without him,—and that is, employ an English book-
‘seller. Paris, indeed, might be convenient for such
‘refugee works as are set down in the *Index Expur-*
‘*gatorius* of London; and if you have any political
‘catamarans to explode, this is your place. But,
‘*pray*, let them be only political ones. Boldness, and
‘even licence, in politics, does good,—actual, present
‘good; but, in religion, it profits neither here nor
‘hereafter; and, for myself, such a horror have I of
‘both extremes on this subject, that I know not *which*
‘I hate most, the bold, damning bigot, or the bold,
‘annihilating infidel. “*Furiosa res est in tenebris*
‘*impetus*,”—and much as we are in the dark, even the
‘wisest of us, upon these matters, a little modesty, in
‘unbelief as well as belief, best becomes us. You will
‘easily guess that, in all this, I am thinking not so
‘much of you, as of a friend and, at present, compa-
‘nion of yours, whose influence over your mind
‘(knowing you as I do, and knowing what Lady B.
‘*ought* to have found out, that you are a person
‘the most tractable to those who live with you that,
‘perhaps, ever existed) I own I dread and deprecate
‘most earnestly †.’

* It is to this sentence Lord Byron refers at the conclusion of his letter, March 4.

† This passage having been shown by Lord Byron to Mr. Shelley, the latter wrote, in consequence, a letter to a gentleman with whom I was then in habits of intimacy, of which the following is an extract.

‘ *March 16th, 1822.*

‘ With respect to our Religious Polemics, I must
 ‘ try to set you right upon one or two points. In the
 ‘ first place, I do *not* identify you with the blasphemies of Cain no more than I do myself with the impieties of my Mokanna,—all I wish and implore
 ‘ is that you, who are such a powerful manufacturer of
 ‘ these thunderbolts, would not *choose* subjects that
 ‘ make it necessary to launch them. In the next
 ‘ place, were you even a decided atheist, I could not
 ‘ (except, perhaps, for the *decision* which is always
 ‘ unwise) blame you. I could only pity,—knowing
 ‘ from experience how dreary are the doubts with
 ‘ which even the bright, poetic view I am myself

The zeal and openness with which Shelley always professed his unbelief render any scruple that might otherwise be felt in giving publicity to such avowals unnecessary; besides which, the testimony of so near and clear an observer to the state of Lord Byron's mind upon religious subjects is of far too much importance to my object to be, from any over-fastidiousness, suppressed. We have here, too strikingly exemplified,—and in strong contrast, I must say, to the line taken by Mr. Hunt in similar circumstances,—the good breeding, gentle temper and modesty for which Shelley was so remarkable, and of the latter of which qualities in particular the undeserved compliment to myself affords a strong illustration, as showing how little this true poet had yet learned to know his own place.

‘ Lord Byron has read me one or two letters of Moore to him, in which
 ‘ Moore speaks with great kindness of me; and of course I cannot but
 ‘ feel flattered by the approbation of a man, my inferiority to whom I
 ‘ am proud to acknowledge. Amongst other things, however, Moore,
 ‘ after giving Lord B. much good advice about public opinion, &c. seems
 ‘ to deprecate *my* influence on his mind on the subject of religion, and
 ‘ to attribute the tone assumed in Cain to my suggestions. Moore cautions him against any influence on this particular with the most friendly zeal, and it is plain that his motive springs from a desire of benefiting Lord B. without degrading me. I think you know Moore.
 ‘ Pray assure him that I have not the smallest influence over Lord Byron in this particular; if I had, I certainly should employ it to eradicate
 ‘ from his great mind the delusions of Christianity, which, in spite of his reason, seem perpetually to recur, and to lay in ambush for the hours of sickness and distress. Cain was *conceived* many years ago, and begun before I saw him last year at Ravenna. How happy should I not be to attribute to myself, however indirectly, any participation in that immortal work!’

' inclined to take of mankind and their destiny, is now
' and then clouded. I look upon Cuvier's book to be
' a most desolating one in the conclusions to which it
' may lead some minds. But the young, the simple,—
' all those whose hearts one would like to keep unwi-
' thered, trouble their heads but little about Cuvier.
' *You*, however, have embodied him in poetry which
' every one reads; and, like the wind, blowing "where
' you list," carry this deadly chill, mixed up with your
' own fragrance, into hearts that should be visited
' only by the latter. This is what I regret, and what
' with all my influence I would deprecate a repetition
' of. *Now*, do you understand me?

' As to your solemn peroration, "the truth is, my
' dear Moore, &c. &c." meaning neither more nor less
' than that I give into the cant of the world, it only
' proves, alas, the melancholy fact, that you and I are
' hundreds of miles asunder. Could you hear me
' speak my opinions instead of coldly reading them, I
' flatter myself there is still enough of honesty and fun
' in this face to remind you that your friend Tom
' Moore—whatever else he may be,—is no Canter.'

LETTER 484.

TO MR. MURRAY.

' Pisa, March 6th, 1822.

' You will long ago have received a letter from me
' (or should), declaring my opinion of the treatment
' *you* have met with about the recent publication. I
' think it disgraceful to those who have persecuted
' you. I make peace with you, though our war was
' for other reasons than this same controversy. I
' have written to Moore by this post to forward to you
' the tragedy of "Werner." I shall not make or pro-
' pose any present bargain about it or the new Mys-

' tery till we see if they succeed. If they don't sell
' (which is not unlikely), you sha'n't pay; and I sup-
' pose this is fair play, if you choose to risk it.

' Bartolini, the celebrated sculptor, wrote to me to
' desire to take my bust; I consented, on condition
' that he also took that of the Countess Guiccioli.
' He has taken both, and I think it will be allowed
' that *hers* is beautiful. I shall make you a present of
' them both, to show that I don't bear malice, and as
' a compensation for the trouble and squabble you
' had about Thorwaldsen's. Of my own I can hardly
' speak, except that it is thought very like what I *now*
' *am*, which is different from what I was, of course,
' since you saw me. The sculptor is a famous one;
' and as it was done by *his own* particular request,
' will be done well, probably.

' What is to be done about * * and his Commen-
' tary? He will die if he is *not* published; he will be
' damned, if he *is*; but that *he* don't mind. We must
' publish him.

' All the *row* about *me* has no otherwise affected me
' than by the attack upon yourself, which is ungene-
' rous in Church and State: but as all violence must
' in time have its proportionate reaction, you will do
' better by and by.

' Yours very truly,

' NOEL BYRON.'

LETTER 485.

TO MR. MOORE.

' *Pisa, March 8th, 1822.*

' You will have had enough of my letters by this
' time—yet one word in answer to your present mis-
' sive. You are quite wrong in thinking that your
' "*advice*" had offended me; but I have already
' replied (if not answered) on that point.

‘ With regard to Murray, as I really am the meekest
‘ and mildest of men since Moses (though the public
‘ and mine “ excellent wife ” cannot find it out), I had
‘ already pacified myself and subsided back to Albe-
‘ marle-street, as my yesterday’s *yepistle* will have
‘ informed you. But I thought that I had explained
‘ my causes of bile—at least to you. Some instances
‘ of vacillation, occasional neglect, and troublesome
‘ sincerity, real or imagined, are sufficient to put your
‘ truly great author and man into a passion. But
‘ reflection, with some aid from hellebore, hath already
‘ cured me “ *pro tempore* ; ” and, if it had not, a
‘ request from you and Hobhouse would have come
‘ upon me like two out of the “ *tribus Anticyris* , ”—
‘ with which, however, Horace despairs of purging a
‘ poet. I really feel ashamed of having bored you so
‘ frequently and fully of late. But what could I do?
‘ You are a friend—an absent one, alas !—and as I
‘ trust no one more, I trouble you in proportion.

‘ This war of “ Church and State ” has astonished
‘ me more than it disturbs ; for I really thought
‘ “ Cain ” a speculative and hardy, but still a harmless
‘ production. As I said before, I am really a great
‘ admirer of tangible religion ; and am breeding one
‘ of my daughters a Catholic, that she may have her
‘ hands full. It is by far the most elegant worship,
‘ hardly excepting the Greek mythology. What with
‘ incense, pictures, statues, altars, shrines, relics, and
‘ the real presence, confession, absolution,—there is
‘ something sensible to grasp at. Besides, it leaves
‘ no possibility of doubt ; for those who swallow their
‘ Deity, really and truly, in transubstantiation, can
‘ hardly find anything else otherwise than easy of
‘ digestion.

‘ I am afraid that this sounds flippant, but I don’t
 ‘ mean it to be so ; only my turn of mind is so given
 ‘ to taking things in the absurd point of view, that it
 ‘ breaks out in spite of me every now and then.
 ‘ Still, I do assure you that I am a very good Christian.
 ‘ Whether you will believe me in this, I do not know ;
 ‘ but I trust you will take my word for being

‘ Very truly and affectionately yours, &c.

‘ P.S. Do tell Murray that one of the conditions of
 ‘ peace is, that he publisheth (or obtaineth a publisher
 ‘ for) * * *’s Commentary on Dante, against which
 ‘ there appears in the trade an unaccountable repug-
 ‘ nance. It will make the man so exuberantly happy.
 ‘ He dines with me and half a dozen English to-day ;
 ‘ and I have not the heart to tell him how the bibli-
 ‘ opolar world shrink from his Commentary ;—and yet
 ‘ it is full of the most orthodox religion and morality.
 ‘ In short, I make it a point that he shall be in print.
 ‘ He is such a good-natured, heavy-* * Christian,
 ‘ that we must give him a shove through the press.
 ‘ He naturally thirsts to be an author, and has been
 ‘ the happiest of men for these two months, printing,
 ‘ correcting, collating, dating, anticipating, and add-
 ‘ ing to his treasures of learning. Besides, he has
 ‘ had another fall from his horse into a ditch the other
 ‘ day, while riding out with me into the country.’

LETTER 486.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Pisa, March 15th, 1822.*

‘ I am glad that you and your friends approve of my
 ‘ letter of the 8th ultimo. You may give it what pub-
 ‘ licity you think proper in the circumstances. I
 ‘ have since written to you twice or thrice.

‘ As to “ a Poem in the old way,” I shall attempt

' of that kind nothing further. I follow the bias of
' my own mind, without considering whether women
' or men are or are not to be pleased : but this is
' nothing to my publisher, who must judge and act
' according to popularity.

' Therefore let the things take their chance : if *they*
' *pay*, you will pay me in proportion ; and if they
' don't, I must.

' The Noel affairs, I hope, will not take me to Eng-
' land. I have no desire to revisit that country, unless
' it be to keep you out of a prison (if this can be
' effected by my taking your place), or perhaps to get
' myself into one, by exacting satisfaction from one or
' two persons who take advantage of my absence to
' abuse me. Further than this, I have no business
' nor connexion with England, nor desire to have, *out*
' of my own family and friends, to whom I wish all
' prosperity. Indeed, I have lived upon the whole so
' little in England (about five years since I was one-
' and-twenty), that my habits are too continental, and
' your climate would please me as little as the society.

' I saw the Chancellor's Report in a French paper.
' Pray, why don't they prosecute the translation of
' *Lucretius* ? or the original with its

" Primus in orbe Deos fecit Timor,"

or

" Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum ?"

' You must really get something done for Mr. * * 's
' Commentary : what can I say to him ?

' Yours, &c.'

LETTER 487.

TO MR. MURRAY.

' Pisa, April 13th, 1822.

' Mr, Kinnaird writes that there has been an " ex-

‘cellent Defence” of “Cain,” against “Oxoniensis :”
 ‘you have sent me nothing but a not very excellent
 ‘of-fence of the same poem. If there be such a
 ‘“Defender of the Faith,” you may send me his
 ‘thirty-nine articles, as a counterbalance to some of
 ‘your late communications,

‘Are you to publish, or not, what Moore and Mr.
 ‘Kinnaird have in hand, and the “Vision of Judg-
 ‘ment?” If you publish the latter in a very cheap
 ‘edition, so as to baffle the pirates by a low price, you
 ‘will find that it will do. The “Mystery” I look
 ‘upon as good, and “Werner” too, and I expect that
 ‘you will publish them speedily. You need not put
 ‘your name to *Quevedo*, but publish it as a foreign
 ‘edition, and let it make its way. Douglas Kinnaird
 ‘has it still, with the preface, I believe.

‘I refer you to him for documents on the late row
 ‘here. I sent them a week ago, ‘Yours, &c.’

LETTER 488.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘*Pisa, April 18th, 1822.*

‘I have received the Defence of “Cain.” Who is my
 ‘Warburton?—for he has done for me what the bishop
 ‘did for the poet against Crousaz. His reply seems
 ‘to me conclusive; and if you understood your own
 ‘interest, you would print it together with the poem.

‘It is very odd that I do not hear from you. I have
 ‘forwarded to Mr. Douglas Kinnaird the documents
 ‘on a squabble here, which occurred about a month
 ‘ago. The affair is still going on; but they make
 ‘nothing of it hitherto. I think, what with home and
 ‘abroad, there has been hot water enough for one
 ‘while. Mr. Dawkins, the English minister, has

‘behaved in the handsomest and most gentlemanly manner throughout the whole business.

‘Yours ever, &c.

‘P.S. I have got Lord Glenbervie’s book, which is very amusing and able upon the topics which he touches upon, and part of the preface pathetic. Write soon.’

LETTER 489.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘Pisa, April 22d, 1822.

‘You will regret to hear that I have received intelligence of the death of my daughter Allegra of a fever, in the convent of Bagna Cavallo, where she was placed for the last year, to commence her education. It is a heavy blow for many reasons, but must be borne, with time.

‘It is my present intention to send her remains to England for sepulture in Harrow church (where I once hoped to have lain my own), and this is my reason for troubling you with this notice. I wish the funeral to be very private. The body is embalmed, and in lead. It will be embarked from Leghorn. Would you have any objection to give the proper directions on its arrival?

‘I am yours, &c. N. B.

‘P.S. You are aware that Protestants are not allowed holy ground in Catholic countries.’

LETTER 490.

TO MR. SHELLEY.

‘April 23d, 1822.

‘The blow was stunning and unexpected; for I thought the danger over, by the long interval between her stated amelioration and the arrival of the

‘ express. But I have borne up against it as I best
‘ can, and so far successfully, that I can go about the
‘ usual business of life with the same appearance of
‘ composure, and even greater. There is nothing to
‘ prevent your coming to-morrow ; but, perhaps, to-
‘ day, and yester-evening, it was better not to have
‘ met. I do not know that I have anything to re-
‘ proach in my conduct, and certainly nothing in my
‘ feelings and intentions towards the dead. But it is
‘ a moment when we are apt to think that, if this or
‘ that had been done, such event might have been
‘ prevented,—though every day and hour shows us
‘ that they are the most natural and inevitable. I
‘ suppose that Time will do his usual work—Death
‘ has done his.

‘ Yours ever, N. B.’

LETTER 491. TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

‘ *Pisa, May 4th, 1822.*

‘ My dear Sir Walter,

‘ Your account of your family is very pleasing :
‘ would that I “ could answer this comfort with the
‘ like ! ” but I have just lost my natural daughter,
‘ Allegra, by a fever. The only consolation, save time,
‘ is the reflection, that she is either at rest or happy ;
‘ for her few years (only five) prevented her from
‘ having incurred any sin, except what we inherit
‘ from Adam.

“ Whom the gods love, die young.”

‘ I need not say that your letters are particularly
‘ welcome, when they do not tax your time and pa-
‘ tience ; and now that our correspondence is resumed,
‘ I trust it will continue.

‘ I have lately had some anxiety, rather than trouble,

' about an awkward affair here, which you may per-
' haps have heard of: but our minister has behaved
' very handsomely, and the Tuscan Government as
' well as it is possible for such a government to be-
' have, which is not saying much for the latter. Some
' other English, and Scots, and myself, had a brawl
' with a dragoon, who insulted one of the party, and
' whom we mistook for an officer, as he was medalled
' and well mounted, &c., but he turned out to be a
' sergeant-major. He called out the guard at the
' gates to arrest us (we being unarmed); upon which
' I and another (an Italian) rode through the said
' guard; but they succeeded in detaining others of
' the party. I rode to my house and sent my secretary
' to give an account of the attempted and illegal arrest
' to the authorities, and then, without dismounting,
' rode back towards the gates, which are near my pre-
' sent mansion. Half way I met my man, vapouring
' away, and threatening to draw upon me (who had a
' cane in my hand, and no other arms). I, still believing
' him an officer, demanded his name and address, and
' gave him my hand and glove thereupon. A servant
' of mine thrust in between us (totally without orders),
' but let him go on my command. He then rode off
' at full speed; but about forty paces further was
' stabbed, and very dangerously (so as to be in peril),
' by some *Callum Beg* or other of my people (for I have
' some rough-handed folks about me), I need hardly
' say without my direction or approval. The said
' dragoon had been sabring our unarmed countrymen,
' however, at the *gate, after they were in arrest*, and
' held by the guards, and wounded one, Captain Hay,
' very severely. However, he got his paiks—having
' acted like an assassin, and being treated like one.

' *Who* wounded him, though it was done before thousands of people, they have never been able to ascertain, or prove, nor even the *weapon*; some said a *pistol*, an *air-gun*, a stiletto, a sword, a lance, a pitchfork, and what not. They have arrested and examined servants and people of all descriptions, but can make out nothing. Mr. Dawkins, our minister, assures me, that no suspicion is entertained of the man who wounded him having been instigated by me, or any of the party. I enclose you copies of the depositions of those with us, and Dr. Craufurd, a canny Scot (*not* an acquaintance), who saw the latter part of the affair. They are in Italian.

' These are the only literary matters in which I have been engaged since the publication and row about "*Cain*:"—but Mr. Murray has several things of mine in his obstetrical hands. Another *Mystery*—a *Vision*—a *Drama*—and the like. But *you won't* tell me what *you* are doing—however, I shall find you out, write what you will. You say that I should like your son-in-law—it would be very difficult for me to dislike any one connected with you; but I have no doubt that his own qualities are all that you describe.

' I am sorry you don't like Lord Orford's new work. My aristocracy, which is very fierce, makes him a favourite of mine. Recollect that those "little factions" comprised Lord Chatham and Fox, the father, and that *we* live in gigantic and exaggerated times, which make all under Gog and Magog appear pigmean. After having seen Napoleon begin like *Tamerlane* and end like *Bajazet* in our own time, we have not the same interest in what would otherwise

‘ have appeared important history. But I must conclude.

‘ Believe me ever and most truly yours,
‘ NOEL BYRON.’

LETTER 492.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Pisa, May 17th, 1822.*

‘ I hear that the Edinburgh has attacked the three
‘ dramas, which is a bad business for *you*; and I don’t
‘ wonder that it discourages you. However, *that*
‘ volume may be trusted to *time*,—depend upon it. I
‘ read it over with some attention since it was published,
‘ and I think the time will come when it will
‘ be preferred to my other writings, though not immediately.
‘ I say this without irritation against the
‘ critics or criticism, whatever they may be (for I have
‘ not seen them); and nothing that has or may appear
‘ in Jeffrey’s Review can make me forget that he stood
‘ by me for ten good years without any motive to do
‘ so but his own good-will.

‘ I hear Moore is in town; remember me to him,
‘ and believe me

‘ Yours truly, ‘ N. B.

‘ P.S. If you think it necessary, you may send me
‘ the Edinburgh. Should there be any thing that
‘ requires an answer, I will reply, but *temperately* and
‘ *technically*; that is to say, merely with respect to the
‘ *principles* of the criticism, and not personally or
‘ offensively as to its literary merits.’

LETTER 493.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Pisa, May 17th, 1822.*

‘ I hear you are in London. You will have heard
‘ from Douglas Kinnaird (who tells me you have dined

‘ with him) as much as you desire to know of my affairs
 ‘ at home and abroad. I have lately lost my little
 ‘ girl Allegra by a fever, which has been a serious
 ‘ blow to me.

‘ I did not write to you lately (except one letter to
 ‘ Murray’s), not knowing exactly your “whereabouts.”
 ‘ Douglas K. refused to forward my message to Mr.
 ‘ Southey—*why*, he himself can explain.

‘ You will have seen the statement of a squabble,
 ‘ &c. &c. * What are you about? Let me hear from
 ‘ you at your leisure, and believe me ever yours,

‘ N. B.’

LETTER 494.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ Montenerot, May 26th, 1822.

‘ Near Leghorn.

‘ The body is embarked, in what ship I know not,
 ‘ neither could I enter into the details; but the Coun-
 ‘ tess G. G. has had the goodness to give the neces-
 ‘ sary orders to Mr. Dunn, who superintends the em-
 ‘ barkation, and will write to you. I wish it to be
 ‘ buried in Harrow church.

‘ There is a spot in the churchyard, near the foot-
 ‘ path, on the brow of the hill looking towards Wind-
 ‘ sor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name
 ‘ of Peachie, or Peachey), where I used to sit for
 ‘ hours and hours when a boy. This was my favour-
 ‘ ite spot; but as I wish to erect a tablet to her me-
 ‘ mory, the body had better be deposited in the
 ‘ church. Near the door, on the left hand as you

* Here follows a repetition of the details given on this subject to Sir Walter Scott and others.

† A hill, three or four miles from Leghorn, much resorted to, as a place of residence during the summer months.

‘ enter, there is a monument with a tablet containing
 ‘ these words :

“ When sorrow weeps o’er Virtue’s sacred dust,
 Our tears become us, and our grief is just :
 Such were the tears she shed, who grateful pays
 This last sad tribute of her love and praise.”

‘ I recollect them (after seventeen years), not from
 ‘ any thing remarkable in them, but because from my
 ‘ seat in the gallery I had generally my eyes turned
 ‘ towards that monument. As near it as convenient I
 ‘ could wish Allegra to be buried, and on the wall a
 ‘ marble tablet placed, with these words :—

‘ In Memory of
 ‘ Allegra,
 ‘ Daughter of G. G. Lord Byron,
 ‘ who died at Bagna Cavallo,
 ‘ in Italy, April 20th, 1822.
 ‘ aged five years and three months.

‘ I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me.

‘ 2d Samuel, xii. 23.

‘ The funeral I wish to be as private as is consistent
 ‘ with decency ; and I could hope that Henry Drury
 ‘ will, perhaps, read the service over her. If he
 ‘ should decline it, it can be done by the usual minis-
 ‘ ter for the time being. I do not know that I need
 ‘ add more just now.

‘ Since I came here, I have been invited by the
 ‘ Americans on board their squadron, where I was
 ‘ received with all the kindness which I could wish,
 ‘ and with *more ceremony* than I am fond of. I found
 ‘ them finer ships than your own of the same class,
 ‘ well manned and officered. A number of Ameri-
 ‘ can gentlemen also were on board at the time, and
 ‘ some ladies. As I was taking leave, an American
 ‘ lady asked me for a *rose* which I wore, for the pur-

‘ pose, she said, of sending to America something
‘ which I had about me, as a memorial. I need not
‘ add that I felt the compliment properly. Captain
‘ Chauncey showed me an American and very pretty
‘ edition of my poems, and offered me a passage to
‘ the United States, if I would go there. Commo-
‘ dore Jones was also not less kind and attentive. I
‘ have since received the enclosed letter, desiring
‘ me to sit for my picture for some Americans. It is
‘ singular that, in the same year that Lady Noel
‘ leaves by will an interdiction for my daughter to
‘ see her father’s portrait for many years, the indi-
‘ viduals of a nation, not remarkable for their liking to
‘ the English in particular, nor for flattering men in
‘ general, request me to sit for my “*pourtraicture*,” as
‘ Baron Bradwardine calls it. I am also told of con-
‘ siderable literary honours in Germany. Goethe, I
‘ am told, is my professed patron and protector. At
‘ Leipsic, this year, the highest prize was proposed
‘ for a translation of two cantos of Childe Harold. I
‘ am not sure that this was at *Leipsic*, but Mr. Row-
‘ croft was my authority—a good German scholar
‘ (a young American), and an acquaintance of
‘ Goethe’s.

‘ Goethe and the Germans are particularly fond of
‘ Don Juan, which they judge of as a work of art.
‘ I had heard something of this before through Baron
‘ Lutzerode. The translations have been very fre-
‘ quent of several of the works, and Goethe made a
‘ comparison between Faust and Manfred.

‘ All this is some compensation for your English
‘ native brutality, so fully displayed this year to its
‘ highest extent.

‘ I forgot to mention a little anecdote of a different

‘ kind. I went over the Constitution (the Commo-
 ‘ dore’s flag-ship), and saw, among other things wor-
 ‘ thy of remark, a little boy *born* on board of her by
 ‘ a sailor’s wife. They had christened him “Consti-
 ‘ tution Jones.” I, of course, approved the name;
 ‘ and the woman added, “Ah, sir, if he turns out but
 ‘ half as good as his name!”

‘ Yours ever, &c.’

LETTER 495.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Montenaro, near Leghorn, May 29th, 1822.*

‘ I return you the proofs revised. Your printer has
 ‘ made one odd mistake :—“poor as a *mouse*,” instead
 ‘ of “poor as a *miser*.” The expression may seem
 ‘ strange, but it is only a translation of “semper
 ‘ *avarus eget*.” You will add the Mystery, and pub-
 ‘ lish as soon as you can. I care nothing for your
 ‘ “season,” nor the *blue* approbations or disapproba-
 ‘ tions. All that is to be considered by you on the
 ‘ subject is as a matter of *business*; and if I square
 ‘ that to your notions (even to the running the risk
 ‘ entirely myself), you may permit me to choose my
 ‘ own time and mode of publication. With regard to
 ‘ the late volume, the present run against *it* or *me* may
 ‘ impede it for a time, but it has the vital principle of
 ‘ permanency within it, as you may perhaps one day
 ‘ discover. I wrote to you on another subject a few
 ‘ days ago.

‘ Yours, ‘ N. B.

‘ P.S. Please to send me the Dedication of Sarda-
 ‘ nia to Goethe. I shall prefix it to Werner,
 ‘ unless you prefer my putting another, stating that
 ‘ the former had been omitted by the publisher.

‘ On the title-page of the present volume, put
 ‘ “Published for the Author by J. M.”’

LETTER 496.

TO MR. MURRAY.

' *Montenaro, Laghorn, June 6th, 1822.*

' I return you the revise of Werner, and expect the
' rest. With regard to the Lines to the Po, perhaps
' you had better put them quietly in a second edition
' (if you reach one, that is to say) than in the first ;
' because, though they have been reckoned fine, and I
' wish them to be preserved, I do not wish them to
' attract IMMEDIATE observation, on account of the
' relationship of the lady to whom they are addressed
' with the first families in Romagna and the Marches.

' The defender of "Cain" may or may not be, as
' you term him, "a tyro in literature:" however I
' think both you and I are under great obligation to
' him. I have read the Edinburgh review in Galig-
' nani's Magazine, and have not yet decided whether
' to answer them or not ; for, if I do, it will be diffi-
' cult for me not "to make sport for the Philistines"
' by pulling down a house or two ; since, when I once
' take pen in hand, I *must* say what comes uppermost,
' or fling it away. I have not the hypocrisy to pre-
' tend impartiality, nor the temper (as it is called) to
' keep always from saying what may not be pleasing
' to the hearer or reader. What do they mean by
' "*elaborate?*" Why, *you* know that they were
' written as fast as I could put pen to paper, and
' printed from the *original* MSS., and never revised
' but in the proofs: *look* at the *dates* and the MSS.
' themselves. Whatever faults they have must spring
' from carelessness, and not from labour. They said
' the same of "Lara," which I wrote while undressing
' after coming home from balls and masquerades, in
' the year of revelry 1814.

' Yours.

‘ June 8th, 1822.

‘ You give me no explanation of your intention as to the “Vision of Quevedo Redivivus,” one of my best things: indeed, you are altogether so abstruse and undecided lately, that I suppose you mean me to write “John Murray, Esq., a Mystery,”—a composition which would not displease the clergy nor the trade. I by no means wish you to do what you don’t like, but merely to say what you will do. The Vision *must* be published by some one. As to “clamours,” the die is cast; and “come one, come all,” we will fight it out—at least one of us.’

LETTER 497.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ Montenero, Villa Dupoy, near Leghorn, June 8th, 1822.

‘ I have written to you twice through the medium of Murray, and on one subject, *trite* enough,—the loss of poor little Allegra by a fever; on which topic I shall say no more—there is nothing but time.

‘ A few days ago, my earliest and dearest friend, Lord Clare, came over from Geneva on purpose to see me before he returned to England. As I have always loved him (since I was thirteen, at Harrow) better than any (*male*) thing in the world, I need hardly say what a melancholy pleasure it was to see him for a *day* only; for he was obliged to resume his journey immediately. * * * Do you recollect, in the year of revelry 1814, the pleasantest parties and balls all over London? and not the least so at * *’s. Do you recollect your singing duets with Lady * *, and my flirtation with Lady * *, and all the other fooleries of the time? while * * was sighing, and Lady * * ogling him with her clear hazel eyes. But eight years have passed, and, since

‘ that time, * * has * * * * *; — has run
 ‘ away with * * * * *; and *mysen* (as my Notting-
 ‘ hamshire friends call themselves) might as well have
 ‘ thrown myself out of the window while you were sing-
 ‘ ing, as intermarried where I did. You and * * * *
 ‘ have come off the best of us. I speak merely of my
 ‘ marriage, and its consequences, distresses, and ca-
 ‘ lumnies; for I have been much more happy, on the
 ‘ whole, *since*, than I ever could have been with * *

‘ I have read the recent article of Jeffrey in a
 ‘ faithful transcription of the impartial Galignani. I
 ‘ suppose the long and short of it is, that he wishes to
 ‘ provoke me to reply. But I won’t, for I owe him a
 ‘ good turn still for his kindness by-gone. Indeed, I
 ‘ presume that the present opportunity of attacking me
 ‘ again was irresistible; and I can’t blame him, know-
 ‘ ing what human nature is. I shall make but one
 ‘ remark:—what does he mean by elaborate? The
 ‘ whole volume was written with the greatest rapidity,
 ‘ in the midst of evolutions, and revolutions, and perse-
 ‘ cutions, and proscriptions of all who interested me in
 ‘ Italy. They said the same of “Lara,” which, *you*
 ‘ know, was written amidst balls and fooleries, and
 ‘ after coming home from masquerades and routs, in
 ‘ the summer of the sovereigns. Of all I have ever
 ‘ written, they are perhaps the most carelessly com-
 ‘ posed; and their faults, whatever they may be, are
 ‘ those of negligence, and not of labour. I do not
 ‘ think this a merit, but it is a fact.

‘ Yours ever and truly, ‘ N. B.

‘ P.S. You see the great advantage of my new sig-
 ‘ nature;—it may either stand for “Nota Bene” or
 ‘ “Noel Byron,” and, as such, will save much repeti-
 ‘ tion, in writing either books or letters. Since I

our periodical publications, the following account of his noble sitter :—

‘ On the day appointed, I arrived at two o’clock, and began the picture. I found him a bad sitter. He talked all the time, and asked a multitude of questions about America—how I liked Italy, what I thought of the Italians, &c. When he was silent, he was a better sitter than before ; for he assumed a countenance that did not belong to him, as though he were thinking of a frontispiece for Childe Harold. In about an hour our first sitting terminated, and I returned to Leghorn, scarcely able to persuade myself that this was the haughty misanthrope whose character had always appeared so enveloped in gloom and mystery, for I do not remember ever to have met with manners more gentle and attractive.

‘ The next day I returned and had another sitting of an hour, during which he seemed anxious to know what I should make of my undertaking. Whilst I was painting, the window from which I received my light became suddenly darkened, and I heard a voice exclaim “ è troppo bello ! ” I turned and discovered a beautiful female stooping down to look in, the ground on the outside being on a level with the bottom of the window. Her long golden hair hung down about her face and shoulders, her complexion was exquisite, and her smile completed one of the most romantic-looking heads, set off as it was by the bright sun behind it, which I had ever beheld. Lord Byron invited her to come in, and introduced her to me as the Countess Guiccioli. He seemed very fond of her, and I was glad of her presence, for the playful manner which he assumed towards her made him a much better sitter.

‘ The next day, I was pleased to find that the progress which I had made in his likeness had given satisfaction, for, when we were alone, he said that he had a particular favour to request of me—would I grant it? I said I should be happy to oblige him, and he enjoined me to the flattering task of painting the Countess Guiccioli’s portrait for him. On the following morning I began it, and, after, they sat alternately. He gave me the whole history of his connexion with her, and said that he hoped it would last for ever; at any rate, it should not be his fault if it did not. His other attachments had been broken off by no fault of his.

‘ I was by this time sufficiently intimate with him to answer his question as to what I thought of him before I had seen him. He laughed much at the idea which I had formed of him, and said, “ Well, you find me like other people, do you not?” He often afterwards repeated, “ And so you thought me a finer fellow, did you?” I remember once telling him, that notwithstanding his vivacity, I thought myself correct in at least one estimate which I had made of him, for I still conceived that he was not a happy man. He inquired earnestly what reason I had for thinking so, and I asked him if he had never observed in little children, after a paroxysm of grief, that they had at intervals a convulsive or tremulous manner of drawing in a long breath. Wherever I had observed this, in persons of whatever age, I had always found that it came from sorrow. He said the thought was new to him, and that he would make use of it.

‘ Lord Byron, and all the party, left Villa Rossa (the name of their house) in a few days, to pack up

‘ their things in their house at Pisa. He told me that
‘ he should remain a few days there, and desired me,
‘ if I could do anything more to the pictures, to come
‘ and stay with him. He seemed at a loss where to
‘ go, and was, I thought, on the point of embarking
‘ for America. I was with him at Pisa for a few days,
‘ but he was so annoyed by the police, and the weather
‘ was so hot, that I thought it doubtful whether I
‘ could improve the pictures, and, taking my departure
‘ one morning before he was up, I wrote him an ex-
‘ cuse from Leghorn. Upon the whole, I left him
‘ with an impression that he possessed an excellent
‘ heart, which had been misconstrued on all hands
‘ from little else than a reckless levity of manners,
‘ which he took a whimsical pride in opposing to those
‘ of other people.’

LETTER 499.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Pisa, July 6th, 1822.*

‘ I return you the revise. I have softened the part
‘ to which Gifford objected, and changed the name of
‘ Michael to Raphael, who was an angel of gentler
‘ sympathies. By the way, recollect to alter Michael to
‘ *Raphael* in the *scene* itself throughout, for I have only
‘ had time to do so in the list of the dramatis personæ,
‘ and *scratch out all the pencil-marks*, to avoid puzzling
‘ the printers. I have given the “*Vision of Quevedo*
‘ *Redivivus*” to John Hunt, which will relieve you
‘ from a dilemma. He must publish it at his *own* risk,
‘ as it is at his own desire. Give him the *corrected*
‘ copy which Mr. Kinnaird had, as it is mitigated
‘ partly, and also the preface.

‘ Yours, &c.’

LETTER 500.

TO MR. MURRAY.

' Pisa, July 8th, 1822.

' Last week I returned you the packet of proofs.
' You had, perhaps, better not publish in the same
' volume the *Po* and *Rimini* translation.

' I have consigned a letter to Mr. John Hunt for the
' "Vision of Judgment," which you will hand over to
' him. Also the "Pulci," original and Italian, and
' any *prose* tracts of mine; for Mr. Leigh Hunt is
' arrived here, and thinks of commencing a periodical
' work, to which I shall contribute. I do not propose
' to you to be the publisher, because I know that you
' are unfriends; but all things in your care, except
' the volume now in the press, and the manuscript
' purchased of Mr. Moore, can be given for this pur-
' pose, according as they are wanted.

' With regard to what you say about your "want of
' memory," I can only remark, that you inserted the
' note to Marino Faliero against my positive revoca-
' tion, and that you omitted the Dedication of Sarda-
' napalus to Goethe (place it before the volume now
' in the press), both of which were things not very
' agreeable to me, and which I could wish to be
' avoided in future, as they might be with a very
' little care, or a simple memorandum in your pocket-
' book.

' It is not impossible that I may have three or four
' cantos of Don Juan ready by autumn, or a little
' later, as I obtained a permission from my dictatress
' to continue it,—*provided always* it was to be more
' guarded and decorous and sentimental in the con-
' tinuation than in the commencement. How far
' these conditions have been fulfilled may be seen,
' perhaps, by-and-by; but the embargo was only

' taken off upon these stipulations. You can answer
' at your leisure.

' Yours, &c.'

LETTER 501.

TO MR. MOORE.

' Pisa, July 12th, 1822.

' I have written to you lately, but not in answer to
' your last letter of about a fortnight ago. I wish to
' know) and request an answer to *that* point) what be-
' came of the stanzas to Wellington (intended to open
' a canto of Don Juan with), which I sent you several
' months ago. If they have fallen into Murray's hands,
' he and the Tories will suppress them, as those lines
' rate that hero at his real value. Pray be explicit on
' this, as I have no other copy, having sent you the
' original; and if you have them, let me have *that*
' again, or a *copy* correct.

' I subscribed at Leghorn two hundred Tuscan
' crowns to your Irishism committee; it is about a thou-
' sand francs, more or less. As Sir C. S., who receives
' thirteen thousand a year of the public money, could
' not afford more than a thousand livres out of his
' enormous salary, it would have appeared ostenta-
' tious in a private individual to pretend to surpass
' him; and therefore I have sent but the above sum,
' as you will see by the enclosed receipt*.

' Leigh Hunt is here, after a voyage of eight
' months, during which he has, I presume, made the
' Periplus of Hanno the Carthaginian, and with much
' the same speed. He is setting up a Journal, to

* ' Received from Mr. Henry Dunn the sum of two hundred Tuscan
' crowns (for account of the Right Honourable Lord Noel Byron), for
' the purpose of assisting the Irish poor.

' Thomas Hall.

' Leghorn, 9th July, 1822. Tuscan crowns, 200.'

‘ which I have promised to contribute ; and in the
 ‘ first number the “ Vision of Judgment, by Que-
 ‘ vedo Redivivus,” will probably appear, with other
 ‘ articles.

‘ Can you give us any thing ? He seems sanguine
 ‘ about the matter, but (*entre nous*) I am not. I do
 ‘ not however, like to put him out of spirits by saying
 ‘ so ; for he is bilious and unwell. Do, pray, answer
 ‘ *this* letter immediately.

‘ Do send Hunt any thing in prose or verse, of
 ‘ yours, to start him handsomely—any lyrical, *irical*,
 ‘ or what you please.

‘ Has not your Potatoe Committee been blundering ?
 ‘ Your advertisement says, that Mr. L. Callaghan (a
 ‘ queer name for a banker) hath been disposing of
 ‘ money in Ireland “ sans authority of the Commit-
 ‘ tee.” I suppose it will end in Callaghan’s calling
 ‘ out the Committee, the chairman of which carries
 ‘ pistols in his pocket, of course.

‘ When you can spare time from *duetting, coquet-*
 ‘ *ting*, and claretting with your Hibernians of both
 ‘ sexes, let me have a line from you. I doubt whether
 ‘ Paris is a good place for the composition of your
 ‘ new poesy.’

LETTER 502.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Pisa, August 8th, 1822.*

‘ You will have heard by this time that Shelley and
 ‘ another gentleman (Captain Williams) were drowned
 ‘ about a month ago (a *month* yesterday), in a squall
 ‘ off the Gulf of Spezia. There is thus another man
 ‘ gone, about whom the world was ill-naturedly, and
 ‘ ignorantly, and brutally mistaken. It will, perhaps,

‘do him justice *now*, when he can be no better for it*.

‘I have not seen the thing you mention†, and only heard of it casually, nor have I any desire. The price is, as I saw in some advertisements, fourteen shillings, which is too much to pay for a libel on oneself. Some one said in a letter, that it was a Doctor Watkins, who deals in the life and libel line. It must have diminished your natural pleasure, as a friend (*vide* Rochefoucault), to see yourself in it.

‘With regard to the Blackwood fellows, I never published any thing against them; nor, indeed, have seen their magazine (except in Galignani’s extracts) for these three years past. I once wrote, a good while ago, some remarks‡ on their review of Don Juan, but saying very little about themselves, and these were *not* published. If you think that I ought to follow your example§ (and I like to be in your company when I can) in contradicting their impudence, you may shape this declaration of mine into a similar paragraph for me. It is possible that you may have seen the little I *did* write (and never published) at Murray’s;—it contained much more about Southey than about the Blacks.

* In a letter to Mr. Murray, of an earlier date, which has been omitted to avoid repetitions, he says on the same subject, ‘You were all mistaken about Shelley, who was, without exception, the *best* and least selfish man I ever knew.’ There is also another passage in the same letter which, for its perfect truth, I must quote:—‘I have received your scrap, with Henry Drury’s letter enclosed. It is just like him—always kind and ready to oblige his old friends.’

† A book which had just appeared, entitled ‘Memoirs of the Right Hon. Lord Byron.’

‡ The remarkable pamphlet from which extracts have been already given in this work.

§ It had been asserted in a late Number of Blackwood, that both Lord Byron and myself were employed in writing satires against that Magazine.

‘ If you think that I ought to do anything about Watkins’s book, I should not care much about publishing *my Memoir now*, should it be necessary to counteract the fellow. But, in *that* case, I should like to look over the *press* myself. Let me know what you think, or whether I had better *not*;—at least, not the second part, which touches on the actual confines of still existing matters.

‘ I have written three more Cantos of Don Juan, and am hovering on the brink of another (the ninth). The reason I want the stanzas again which I sent you is, that as these cantos contain a full detail (like the storm in Canto Second) of the siege and assault of Ismael, with much of sarcasm on those butchers in large business, your mercenary soldiery, it is a good opportunity of gracing the poem with * * *. With these things and these fellows, it is necessary, in the present clash of philosophy and tyranny, to throw away the scabbard. I know it is against fearful odds; but the battle must be fought; and it will be eventually for the good of mankind, whatever it may be for the individual who risks himself.

‘ What do you think of your Irish bishop? Do you remember Swift’s line, ‘ Let me have a *barrack*—a fig for the *clergy*.’ This seems to have been his reverence’s motto. * * *

‘ Yours, &c.’

LETTER 503.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ Pisa, August 27th, 1822.

‘ It is boring to trouble you with “such small gear;” but it must be owned that I should be glad if you would inquire whether my Irish subscription

‘ ever reached the committee in Paris from Leghorn.
‘ My reasons, like Vellum’s, “ are threefold :” First,
‘ I doubt the accuracy of all almoners, or remitters of
‘ benevolent cash ; second, I do suspect that the said
‘ Committee, having in part served its time to time-
‘ serving, may have kept back the acknowledgment
‘ of an obnoxious politician’s name in their lists ; and,
‘ third, I feel pretty sure that I shall one day be
‘ twitted by the government scribes for having been a
‘ professor of love for Ireland, and not coming for-
‘ ward with the others in her distresses.

‘ It is not, as you may opine, that I am ambitious of
‘ having my name in the papers, as I can have that
‘ any day in the week gratis. All I want is to know
‘ if the Reverend Thomas Hall did or did not remit
‘ my subscription (200 scudi of Tuscany, or about a
‘ thousand francs, more or less) to the Committee at
‘ Paris.

‘ The other day at Viareggio, I thought proper to
‘ swim off to my schooner (the Bolivar) in the offing,
‘ and thence to shore again—about three miles, or
‘ better, in all. As it was at mid-day, under a broil-
‘ ing sun, the consequence has been a feverish attack,
‘ and my whole skin’s coming off, after going through
‘ the process of one large continuous blister, raised by
‘ the sun and sea together. I have suffered much
‘ pain ; not being able to lie on my back, or even
‘ side ; for my shoulders and arms were equally St.
‘ Bartholomewed. But it is over,—and I have got a
‘ new skin, and am as glossy as a snake in its new suit.

‘ We have been burning the bodies of Shelley and
‘ Williams on the sea-shore, to render them fit for
‘ removal and regular interment. You can have no
‘ idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile

‘ has, on a desolate shore, with mountains in the back-ground and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flame. All of Shelley was consumed, except his *heart*, which would not take the flame, and is now preserved in spirits of wine.

‘ Your old acquaintance Londonderry has quietly died at North Cray! and the virtuous De Witt was torn in pieces by the populace! What a lucky * * the Irishman has been in his life and end*. In him your Irish Franklin est mort!

‘ Leigh Hunt is sweating articles for his new Journal; and both he and I think it somewhat shabby in you not to contribute. Will you become one of the *properrioters*? “Do, and we go snacks.” I recommend you to think twice before you respond in the negative.

‘ I have nearly (*quite three*) four new cantos of Don Juan ready. I obtained permission from the female Censor Morum of *my* morals to continue it, provided it were immaculate; so I have been as decent as need be. There is a deal of war—a siege, and all that, in the style, graphical and technical, of the shipwreck in Canto Second, which “took,” as they say, in the Row. Yours, &c.

‘ P.S. That * * * Galignani has about ten lies in one paragraph. It was not a Bible that was found in Shelley’s pocket, but John Keats’s poems. However, it would not have been strange, for he was a great admirer of Scripture as a composition. I did not send my bust to the academy of New York; but I sat for my picture to young West, an American

* The particulars of this event had, it is evident, not yet reached him.

‘artist, at the request of some members of that Academy to *him* that he would take my portrait,—for the Academy, I believe.

‘I had, and still have, thoughts of South America, but am fluctuating between it and Greece. I should have gone, long ago, to one of them, but for my liaison with the Countess G^l.; for love, in these days, is little compatible with glory. *She* would be delighted to go too; but I do not choose to expose her to a long voyage, and a residence in an unsettled country, where I shall probably take a part of some sort.’

Soon after the above letters were written, Lord Byron removed to Genoa, having taken a house, called the Villa Saluzzo, at Albaro, one of the suburbs of that city. From the time of the unlucky squabble with the serjeant-major at Pisa, his tranquillity had been considerably broken in upon, as well by the judicial inquiries consequent upon that event, as by the many sinister rumours and suspicions to which it gave rise. Though the wounded man had recovered, his friends all vowed vengeance with the dagger: and the sensation which the affair and its various consequences had produced was,—to Madame Guiccioli more particularly, from the situation in which her family stood, in regard to politics,—distressing and alarming. While the impression, too, of this event was still recent, another circumstance occurred which, though comparatively unimportant, had the unlucky effect of again drawing the attention of the Tuscans to their new visitors. During Lord Byron’s short visit to Leghorn, a Swiss servant in his employ having quarrelled, on some occasion, with the brother of

Madame Guiccioli, drew his knife upon the young Count, and wounded him slightly on the cheek. This affray, happening so soon after the other, was productive also of so much notice and conversation, that the Tuscan government, in its horror of every thing like disturbance, thought itself called upon to interfere; and orders were accordingly issued, that, within four days, the two Counts Gamba, father and son, should depart from Tuscany. To Lord Byron this decision was, in the highest degree, provoking and disconcerting; it being one of the conditions of the Guiccioli's separation from her husband, that she should thenceforward reside under the same roof with her father. After balancing in his mind between various projects,—sometimes thinking of Geneva, and sometimes, as we have seen, of South America,—he at length decided, for the present, to transfer his residence to Genoa.

His habits of life, while at Pisa, had but very little differed, except in the new line of society into which his introduction to Shelley's friends led him,—from the usual monotonous routine in which, so singularly for one of his desultory disposition, the daily course of his existence had now, for some years, flowed. At two he usually breakfasted, and at three, or, as the year advanced, four o'clock, those persons who were in the habit of accompanying him in his rides, called upon him. After, occasionally, a game of billiards, he proceeded,—and, in order to avoid starers, in his carriage,—as far as the gates of the town, where his horses met him. At first the route he chose for these rides was in the direction of the Cascine and of the pine-forest that reaches towards the sea; but having found a spot more convenient for his pistol exercise on

the road leading from the Porta alla Spiaggia to the east of the city, he took daily this course during the remainder of his stay. When arrived at the Podere or farm, in the garden of which they were allowed to erect their target, his friends and he dismounted, and, after devoting about half an hour to a trial of skill at the pistol, returned, a little before sunset, into the city.

‘Lord Byron,’ says a friend who was sometimes present at their practising, ‘was the best marksman. Shelley, and Williams, and Trelawney, often made as good shots as he—but they were not so certain; and he, though his hand trembled violently, never missed, for he calculated on this vibration, and depended entirely on his eye. Once after demolishing his mark, he set up a slender cane, whose colour, nearly the same as the gravel in which it was fixed, might well have deceived him, and at twenty paces he divided it with his bullet. His joy at a good shot, and his vexation at a failure, was great—and when we met him on his return, his cold salutation, or joyous laugh, told the tale of the day’s success.

For the first time since his arrival in Italy, he now found himself tempted to give dinner parties; his guests being, besides Count Gamba and Shelley, Mr. Williams, Captain Medwin, Mr. Taaffe, and Mr. Trelawney;—and ‘never,’ as his friend Shelley used to say, ‘did he display himself to more advantage than on these occasions; being at once polite and cordial, full of social hilarity and the most perfect good humour; never diverging into ungraceful merriment, and yet keeping up the spirit of liveliness throughout the evening.’ About midnight his guests generally left him, with the exception of Captain Medwin, who used to remain, as I understand, talking

and drinking with his noble host till far into the morning; and to the careless, half mystifying confidences of these nocturnal sittings, implicitly listened to and confusedly recollected, we owe the volume with which Captain Medwin, soon after the death of the noble poet, favoured the world.

On the subject of this and other such intimacies formed by Lord Byron, not only at the period of which we are speaking, but throughout his whole life, it would be difficult to advance anything more judicious, or more demonstrative of a true knowledge of his character, than is to be found in the following remarks of one who had studied him with her whole heart,—who had learned to regard him with the eyes of good sense, as well as of affection, and whose strong love, in short, was founded upon a basis the most creditable both to him and herself,—the being able to understand him*.

‘ We continued in Pisa even more rigorously to
‘ absent ourselves from society. However, as there
‘ were a good many English in Pisa he could not avoid
‘ becoming acquainted with various friends of Shelley,
‘ among which number was Mr. Medwin. They fol-
‘ lowed him in his rides, dined with him, and felt
‘ themselves happy, of course, in the apparent inti-
‘ macy in which they lived with so renowned a man;
‘ but not one of them was admitted to any part of his
‘ friendship, which, indeed, he did not easily accord.
‘ He had a great affection for Shelley, and a great
‘ esteem for his character and talents; but he was not

* ‘ My poor Zimmerman, who now will understand thee?’—such was the touching speech addressed to Zimmerman by his wife, on her death-bed, and there is implied in these few words all that a man of morbid sensibility must be dependant for upon the tender and self-forgetting tolerance of the woman with whom he is united.

‘ his friend in the most extensive sense of that word.
‘ Sometimes, when speaking of his friends and of
‘ friendship, as also of love, and of every other noble
‘ emotion of the soul, his expressions might inspire
‘ doubts concerning his sentiments and the goodness
‘ of his heart. The feeling of the moment regulated
‘ his speech, and, besides, he liked to play the part of
‘ singularity,—and sometimes worse,—more especially
‘ with those whom he suspected of endeavouring to
‘ make discoveries as to his real character; but it was
‘ only mean minds and superficial observers that could
‘ be deceived in him. It was necessary to consider
‘ his actions to perceive the contradiction they bore to
‘ his words: it was necessary to be witness of certain
‘ moments, during which unforeseen and involuntary
‘ emotion forced him to give himself entirely up to his
‘ feelings; and whoever beheld him then, became
‘ aware of the stores of sensibility and goodness of
‘ which his noble heart was full.

‘ Among the many occasions I had of seeing him
‘ thus overpowered, I shall mention one relative to his
‘ feelings of friendship. A few days before leaving
‘ Pisa, we were one evening seated in the garden of
‘ the Palazzo Lanfranchi. A soft melancholy was
‘ spread over his countenance; he recalled to mind
‘ the events of his life; compared them with his pre-
‘ sent situation and with that which it might have
‘ been if his affection for me had not caused him to
‘ remain in Italy, saying things which would have
‘ made earth a paradise for me, but that even then a
‘ presentiment that I should lose all this happiness
‘ tormented me. At this moment a servant announced
‘ Mr. Hobhouse. The slight shade of melancholy
‘ diffused over Lord Byron’s face gave instant place to

‘ the liveliest joy ; but it was so great, that it almost
 ‘ deprived him of strength. A fearful paleness came
 ‘ over his cheeks, and his eyes were filled with tears
 ‘ as he embraced his friend. His emotion was so great
 ‘ that he was forced to sit down.

‘ Lord Clare’s visit also occasioned him extreme
 ‘ delight. He had a great affection for Lord Clare,
 ‘ and was very happy during the short visit that he
 ‘ paid him at Leghorn. The day on which they
 ‘ separated was a melancholy one for Lord Byron.
 ‘ “ I have a presentiment that I shall never see him
 ‘ more,” he said, and his eyes filled with tears. The
 ‘ same melancholy came over him during the first
 ‘ weeks that succeeded to Lord Clare’s departure,
 ‘ whenever his conversation happened to fall upon
 ‘ this friend*.’

* ‘ In Pisa abbiamo continuato anche più rigorosamente a vivere lontano dalla società. Essendosi però in Pisa molti Inglesi egli non potè escusarsi dal fare la conoscenza di varii amici di Shelley, fra i quali uno fu Mr. Medwin. Essi lo seguitavano al passeggio, pranzavano con lui e certamente si tenevano felici della apparente intimità che loro accordava un uomo così superiore. Ma nessuno di loro fu ammesso mai a porta della sua amicizia, che egli non era facile a accordare. Per Shelley egli aveva dell’ affezione, e molta stima pel suo carattere e pel suo talento, ma non era suo amico nel estensione del senso che si deva dare alla parola amicizia. Talvolta parlando egli de’ suoi amici, e dell’ amicizia, come pure dell’ amore, e di ogni altro nobile sentimento dell’ anima, potevano i suoi discorsi far nascere dei dubbii sui veri suoi sentimenti, e sulla bontà del suo core. Una impressione momentanea regolava i suoi discorsi ; e di più egli amava anche a rappresentare un personaggio bizzarro, e qualche volta anche peggio,—specialmente con quelli che egli pensava volessero studiare e fare delle scoperte sul suo carattere. Ma nell’ inganno non poteva cadere che una piccola mente, e un osservatore superficiale. Bisognava esaminare le sue azioni per sentire tutta le contraddizione che era fra di esse e i suoi discorsi ; bisognava vederlo in certi momenti in cui per una emozione improvvisa e più forte della sua volontà la sua anima si abbandonava interamente a se stessa ;—bisognava vederlo allora per scoprire i tesori di sensibilità e di bontà che erano in quella nobile anima.

‘ Fra le tante volte che io l’ho veduto in simili circostanze ne ricorderò una che riguarda i suoi sentimenti di amicizia. Pochi giorni prima di lasciare Pisa eravamo verso sera insieme seduti nel giardino del Palazzo Lanfranchi. Una dolce malinconia era sparsa sul suo viso. Egli riandava col pensiero gli avvenimenti della sua vita e faceva il con-

Of his feelings on the death of his daughter Allegra, this lady gives the following account :—‘ On the occasion also of the death of his natural daughter, I saw in his grief the excess of paternal kindness. His conduct towards this child was always that of a fond father; but no one would have guessed from his expressions that he felt this affection for her. He was dreadfully agitated by the first intelligence of her illness; and when afterwards that of her death arrived, I was obliged to fulfil the melancholy task of communicating it to him. The memory of that frightful moment is stamped indelibly on my mind. For several evenings he had not left his house, I therefore went to him. His first question was relative to the courier he had despatched for tidings of his daughter, and whose delay disquieted him. After a short interval of suspense, with every caution which my own sorrow suggested, I deprived him of all hope of the child’s recovery. “I understand,” said he,—“it is enough, say no more.” A mortal paleness spread itself over his face, his strength

‘fronto colle attuale sue situazione e quella che avrebbe potuta essere se la sua affezione per me non lo avesse fatto restare in Italia; e diceva cose che avrebbero resa per me la terra un paradiso, se già sino d’allora il presentimento di perdere tanta felicità non mi avesse tormentata. In questo mentre un domestico annunciò Mr. Hobhouse. La leggiera tinta di malinconia sparsa sul viso di Byron fece luogo subitamente alla più viva gioia; ma essa fu così forte che gli tolse quasi le forze. Un pallore commovente ricoperse il suo volto, e nell’abbracciare il suo amico i suoi occhi erano pieni di lacrime di contento. E l’emozione fu così forte che egli fu obbligato di sedersi, sentendosi mancare le forze.

‘La venuta pure di Lord Clare fu per lui un’epoca di grande felicità. Egli amava sommamente Lord Clare—egli era così felice in quel breve tempo che passò presso di lui a Livorno, e il giorno in cui si separarono fu un giorno di grande tristezza per Lord Byron. “Io ho il presentimento che non lo vedrò più diceva egli; e i suoi occhi si riempivano di lacrime; e in questo stato l’ho veduto per vari settimanaie dopo la partenza di Lord Clare, ogni qual volta il discorso cadeva sopra di codesto il suo amico.”

' failed him, and he sunk into a seat. His look was
' fixed, and the expression such that I began to fear
' for his reason; he did not shed a tear, and his coun-
' tenance manifested so hopeless, so profound, so sub-
' lime a sorrow, that at the moment he appeared a
' being of a nature superior to humanity. He re-
' mained immoveable in the same attitude for an hour,
' and no consolation which I endeavoured to afford
' him seemed to reach his ears, far less his heart. But
' enough of this sad episode, on which I cannot linger,
' even after the lapse of so many years, without re-
' newing in my own heart the awful wretchedness of
' that day. He desired to be left alone, and I was
' obliged to leave him. I found him on the following
' morning tranquillized, and with an expression of
' religious resignation on his features. "She is more
' fortunate than we are," he said; "besides, her posi-
' tion in the world would scarcely have allowed her
' to be happy. It is God's will—let us mention it no
' more." And from that day he would never pro-
' nounce her name; but became more anxious when
' he spoke of Ada,—so much so as to disquiet himself
' when the usual accounts sent him were for a post or
' two delayed*.'

* ' Nell' occasione pure della morte della sua figlia naturale io ho
veduto nel suo dolore tuttociò che vi è di più profondo nella tenerezza
paterna. La sua condotta verso di codesta fanciulla era stata sempre
quella del padre il più amoroso; ma dalle di lui parole non si sarebbe
giudicato che avesse tanta affezione per lei. Alla prima notizia della
di lei malattia egli fu sommamente agitato; giunse poi la notizia della
morte, ed io dovéssì esercitare il tristo ufficio di parteciparla a Lord
Byron. Quel sensibile momento sarà indelebile nella mia memoria.
Egli non usciva da varii giorni la sera: io andai dunque da lui. La
prima domanda che egli mi fece fu relativa al Corriere che egli aveva
spedito per avere notizie della sua figlia, e di cui il ritardo lo in-
quietava. Dopo qualche momento di sospensione con tutta l'arte che
sapeva suggerirmi il mio proprio dolore gli tolsi ogni speranza della
guarigione della fanciulla. "Ho inteso," disse egli—"basta così—non
dite di più"—e un pallore mortale si sparse sul suo volto; le forze gli

The melancholy death of poor Shelley, which happened, as we have seen, also during this period, seems to have affected Lord Byron's mind, less with grief for the actual loss of his friend, than with bitter indignation against those who had, through life, so grossly misrepresented him; and never certainly was there an instance where the supposed absence of all religion in an individual was assumed so eagerly as an excuse for the absence of all charity in judging him. Though never personally acquainted with Mr. Shelley, I can join freely with those who most loved him in admiring the various excellencies of his heart and genius, and lamenting the too early doom that robbed us of the mature fruits of both. His short life had been like his poetry, a sort of bright erroneous dream,—false in the general principles on which it proceeded, though beautiful and attaching in most of the details. Had full time been allowed for the 'over-light' of his imagination to have been tempered down by the judgment which, in him, was still in reserve, the world at large would have been taught to pay that high homage to his genius which those only who saw what he was capable of can now be expected to accord to it.

'mancarono, e cadde sopra una sedia d'appoggio. Il suo sguardo era fisso e tale che mi fece temere per la sua ragione. Egli rimase in quello stato d'immobilità un' ora; e nessuna parola di consolazione che io potessi indirizzargli pareva penetrare le sue orecchie non che il suo core. Ma basta così di questa trista detenzione nella quale non posso fermarmi dopo tanti anni senza risvegliare di nuovo nel mio animo le terribili sofferenze di quel giorno. La mattina lo trovai tranquillo, e con una espressione di religiosa rassegnazione nel suo volto. "Ella è più felice di noi," diss' egli—"d'altronde la sua situazione nel mondo non le avrebbe data forse felicità. Dio ha voluto così—non ne parliamo più." E da quel giorno in poi non ha più voluto proferire il nome di quella fanciulla. Ma è divenuto più pensieroso parlando di Adda, al punto di tormentarsi quando gli ritardavano di qualche ordinario le di lei notizie.'

It was about this time that Mr. Cowell, paying a visit to Lord Byron at Genoa, was told by him that some friends of Mr. Shelley, sitting together one evening, had seen that gentleman, distinctly, as they thought, walk into a little wood at Lerici, when at the same moment, as they afterwards discovered, he was far away, in quite a different direction. ‘This,’ added Lord Byron, in a low, awe-struck tone of voice, ‘was but ten days before poor Shelley died.’

LETTER 504.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘Genoa, October 9th, 1822.

‘I have received your letter, and as you explain it, I have no objection, on *your* account, to omit those passages in the new *Mystery* (which were marked in the half-sheet sent the other day to Pisa), or the passage in *Cain*;—but why not be open and say so at *first*? You should be more straight-forward on every account.

‘I have been very unwell—four days confined to my bed in “the worst inn’s worst room,” at Lerici, with a violent rheumatic and bilious attack, constipation, and the devil knows what: no physician, except a young fellow, who, however, was kind and cautious, and that’s enough.

‘At last I seized Thompson’s book of prescriptions (a donation of yours), and physicked myself with the first dose I found in it; and after undergoing the ravages of all kinds of decoctions, sallied from bed on the fifth day to cross the Gulf to Sestri. The sea revived me instantly; and I ate the sailor’s cold fish, and drank a gallon of country wine, and got to Genoa the same night after landing at Sestri, and

‘ have ever since been keeping well, but thinner, and
 ‘ with an occasional cough towards evening.

‘ I am afraid the Journal *is a bad* business, and
 ‘ won’t do ; but in it I am sacrificing *myself* for others
 ‘ I can have no advantage in it. I believe the *brothers*
 ‘ *Hunts* to be honest men ; I am sure that they are
 ‘ poor ones ; they have not a nap. They pressed me
 ‘ to engage in this work, and in an evil hour I con-
 ‘ sented. Still I shall not repent, if I can do them
 ‘ the least service. I have done all I can for Leigh
 ‘ Hunt since he came here ; but it is almost useless :
 ‘ —his wife is ill, his six children not very tractable,
 ‘ and in the affairs of this world he himself is a child.
 ‘ The death of Shelley left them totally aground ; and
 ‘ I could not see them in such a state without using
 ‘ the common feelings of humanity, and what means
 ‘ were in my power, to set them afloat again.

‘ So Douglas Kinnaird is out of the way ? He was
 ‘ so the last time I sent him a parcel, and he gives no
 ‘ previous notice. When is he expected again ?

‘ Yours, &c.

‘ P.S. Will you say at once—do you publish Wer-
 ‘ ner and the Mystery or not ? You never once allude
 ‘ to them.

‘ That curst advertisement of Mr. J. Hunt is out of
 ‘ the limits. I did not lend him my name to be
 ‘ hawked about in this way.

‘ However, I believe—at least, hope—that after all
 ‘ you may be a good fellow at bottom, and it is on this
 ‘ presumption that I now write to you on the subject
 ‘ of a poor woman of the name of *Yossy*, who is, or
 ‘ was, an author of yours, as she says, and published a
 ‘ book on Switzerland in 1816, patronized by the
 ‘ “ Court and Colonel M’Mahon.” But it seems that

‘ neither the Court nor the Colonel could get over the
‘ portentous price of “ three pounds, thirteen, and
‘ sixpence,” which alarmed the too susceptible public ;
‘ and, in short, “ the book died away,” and, what is
‘ worse, the poor soul’s husband died too, and she
‘ writes with the man a corpse before her ; but in-
‘ stead of addressing the bishop or Mr. Wilberforce,
‘ she hath recourse to that proscribed, atheistical, syl-
‘ logical, phlogistical person, *mysen*, as they say in
‘ Notts. It is strange enough, but the rascaille Eng-
‘ lish who calumniate me in every direction and on
‘ every score, whenever they are in great distress
‘ recur to me for assistance. If I have had one ex-
‘ ample of this, I have had letters from a thousand,
‘ and as far as is in my power have tried to repay
‘ good for evil, and purchase a shilling’s worth of sal-
‘ vation as long as my pocket can hold out.

‘ Now, I am willing to do what I can for this un-
‘ fortunate person ; but her situation and her wishes
‘ (not unreasonable however) require more than can
‘ be advanced by one individual like myself ; for I
‘ have many claims of the same kind just at present,
‘ and also some remnants of *debt* to pay in England—
‘ God, he knows, the *latter* how reluctantly ! Can the
‘ Literary Fund do nothing for her ? By your interest,
‘ which is great among the pious, I dare say that
‘ something might be collected. Can you get any of
‘ her books published ? Suppose you took her as
‘ author in my place, now vacant among your raga-
‘ muffins ; she is a moral and pious person, and will
‘ shine upon your shelves. But seriously, do what
‘ you can for her.’

LETTER 505.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ *Genoa, 9bre 23d, 1822.*

‘ I have to thank you for a parcel of books, which
‘ are very welcome, especially Sir Walter’s gift of
‘ “Halidon Hill.” You have sent me a copy of
‘ “Werner,” but *without* the preface. If you have
‘ published it *without*, you will have plunged me into
‘ a very disagreeable dilemma, because I shall be
‘ accused of plagiarism from Miss Lee’s German’s
‘ Tale, whereas I have fully and freely acknowledged
‘ that the drama is entirely taken from the story.

‘ I return you the Quarterly Review, uncut and
‘ unopened, not from disrespect or disregard, or pique,
‘ but it is a kind of reading which I have some time
‘ disused, as I think the periodical style of writing
‘ hurtful to the habits of the mind, by presenting the
‘ superficies of too many things at once. I do not
‘ know that it contains any thing disagreeable to me—
‘ it may or it may not; nor do I return it on account
‘ that there *may* be an article which you hinted at in
‘ one of your late letters, but because I have left off
‘ reading these kind of works, and should equally have
‘ returned you any other number.

‘ I am obliged to take in one or two abroad because
‘ solicited to do so. The Edinburgh came before me
‘ by mere chance in Galignani’s picnic sort of gazette,
‘ where he had inserted a part of it.

‘ You will have received various letters from me
‘ lately, in a style which I used with reluctance; but
‘ you left me no other choice by your absolute refusal
‘ to communicate with a man you did not like upon
‘ the mere simple matter of transfer of a few papers of
‘ little consequence (except to their author), and which
‘ could be of no moment to yourself.

‘ I hope that Mr. Kinnaird is better. It is strange
‘ that you never alluded to his accident, if it be true,
‘ as stated in the papers. ‘ I am yours, &c. &c.

‘ I hope that you have a milder winter than we have
‘ had here. We have had inundations worthy of the
‘ Trent or Po, and the conductor (Franklin’s) of my
‘ house was struck (or supposed to be stricken) by a
‘ thunderbolt. I was so near the window that I was
‘ dazzled and my eyes hurt for several minutes, and
‘ every body in the house felt an electric shock at the
‘ moment. Madame Guiccioli was frightened, as you
‘ may suppose.

‘ I have thought since that your bigots would have
‘ “saddled me with a judgment,” (as Thwackum did
‘ Square when he bit his tongue in talking metaphy-
‘ sics,) if anything had happened of consequence.
‘ These fellows always forget Christ in their Chris-
‘ tianity, and what he said when “the tower of
‘ Siloam fell.”

‘ To-day is the 9th, and the 10th is my surviving
‘ daughter’s birth-day. I have ordered, as a regale, a
‘ mutton chop and a bottle of ale. She is seven years
‘ old, I believe. Did I ever tell you that the day I
‘ came of age I dined on eggs and bacon and a bottle
‘ of ale? For once in a way they are my favourite dish
‘ and drinkable, but as neither of them agree with me,
‘ I never use them but on great jubilees—once in four
‘ or five years or so.

‘ I see somebody represents the Hunts and Mrs.
‘ Shelley as living in my house: it is a falsehood.
‘ They reside at some distance, and I do not see them
‘ twice in a month. I have not met Mr. Hunt a dozen
‘ times since I came to Genoa, or near it.

‘ Yours ever, &c.’

LETTER 506.

TO MR. MURRAY.

‘ Genoa, 10bre 25°, 1822.

‘ I had sent you back the Quarterly, without perusal, having resolved to read no more reviews, good, bad, or indifferent; but “who can control his fate?” Galignani, to whom my English studies are confined, has forwarded a copy of at least one half of it in his indefatigable catch-penny weekly compilation; and as, “like honour, it came unlooked for,” I have looked through it. I must say that, upon the whole, that is, the whole of the *half* which I have read (for the other half is to be the segment of Galignani’s next week’s circular), it is extremely handsome, and anything but unkind or unfair. As I take the good in good part, I must not, nor will not, quarrel with the bad. What the writer says of Don Juan is harsh, but it is inevitable. He must follow, or at least not directly oppose, the opinion of a prevailing and yet not very firmly seated party. A Review may and will direct and “turn awry” the currents of opinion, but it must not directly oppose them. Don Juan will be known by and by, for what it is intended,—a *Satire* on *abuses* of the present states of society, and not an eulogy of vice. It may be now and then voluptuous: I can’t help that. Ariosto is worse; Smollett (see Lord Strutwell in vol. 2d of *Roderick Random*) ten times worse; and Fielding no better. No girl will ever be seduced by reading Don Juan:—no, no; she will go to Little’s poems and Rousseau’s *romans* for that, or even to the immaculate De Staël. They will encourage her, and not the Don, who laughs at that, and—and—most other things. But never mind—*ça ira*!

‘ Now, do you see what you and your friends do by

‘ your injudicious rudeness ?—actually cement a sort
‘ of connexion which you strove to prevent, and which,
‘ had the Hunts *prospered*, would not in all probability
‘ have continued. As it is, I will not quit them in
‘ their adversity, though it should cost me character,
‘ fame, money, and the usual *et cetera*.

‘ My original motives I already explained (in the
‘ letter which you thought proper to show): they are
‘ the *true* ones, and I abide by them, as I tell you, and
‘ I told Leigh Hunt when he questioned me on the
‘ subject of that letter. He was violently hurt, and
‘ never will forgive me at bottom; but I can’t help
‘ that. I never meant to make a parade of it; but if
‘ he chose to question me, I could only answer the
‘ plain truth: and I confess I did not see anything in
‘ the letter to hurt him, unless I said he was “a bore,”
‘ which I don’t remember. Had their Journal gone
‘ on well, and I could have aided to make it better for
‘ them, I should then have left them, after my safe
‘ pilotage off a lee shore, to make a prosperous voy-
‘ age by themselves. As it is, I can’t, and would not;
‘ if I could, leave them among the breakers.

‘ As to any community of feeling, thought, or opi-
‘ nion, between Leigh Hunt and me, there is little or
‘ none. We meet rarely, hardly ever; but I think
‘ him a good-principled and able man, and must do as
‘ I would be done by. I do not know what world he
‘ has lived in, but I have lived in three or four; but
‘ none of them like his Keats and kangaroo terra
‘ incognita. Alas! poor Shelley! how we would
‘ have laughed had he lived, and how we used to
‘ laugh now and then, at various things which are
‘ grave in the suburbs!

‘ You are all mistaken about Shelley. You do not

‘ know how mild, how tolerant, how good he was in society ; and as perfect a gentleman as ever crossed a drawing-room, when he liked, and where liked.

‘ I have some thoughts of taking a run down to Naples (*solus*, or, at most, *cum sola*) this spring, and writing, when I have studied the country, a Fifth and Sixth Canto of Childe Harold : but this is merely an idea for the present, and I have other excursions and voyages in my mind. The busts* are finished : are you worthy of them ?

‘ Yours, &c. ‘ N. B.

‘ P.S. Mrs. Shelley is residing with the Hunts at some distance from me. I see them very seldom, and generally on account of their business. Mrs. Shelley, I believe, will go to England in the spring.

‘ Count Gamba’s family, the father and mother and daughter, are residing with me by Mr. Hill (the minister’s) recommendation, as a safer asylum from the political persecutions than they could have in another residence ; but they occupy one part of a large house, and I the other, and our establishments are quite separate.

‘ Since I have read the Quarterly, I shall erase two or three passages in the latter six or seven cantos, in which I had lightly stroked over two or three of your authors ; but I will not return evil for good. I liked what I read of the article much.

‘ Mr. J. Hunt is most likely the publisher of the new Cantos ; with what prospects of success I know

* Of the bust of himself by Bartollini he says, in one of the omitted letters to Mr. Murray :—‘ The bust does not turn out a good one,—though it may be like for aught I know, as it exactly resembles a superannuated Jesuit.’ Again : ‘ I assure you Bartollini’s is dreadful, though my mind misgives me that it is hideously like. If it is, I cannot be long for this world, for it overlooks seventy.’

‘ not, nor does it very much matter, as far as I am
‘ concerned ; but I hope that it may be of use to him ;
‘ he is a stiff, sturdy, conscientious man, and I like him :
‘ he is such a one as Prynne or Pym might be. I bear
‘ you no ill-will for declining the Don Juans.

‘ Have you aided Madame de Yossy, as I requested ?
‘ I sent her three hundred francs. Recommend her,
‘ will you, to the Literary Fund, or to some benevo-
‘ lence within your circles.’

LETTER 507.

To LADY ———.

‘ *Albaro, November 10th, 1822.*

‘ The Chevalier persisted in declaring himself an
‘ ill-used gentleman, and describing you as a kind of
‘ cold Calypso, who lead astray people of an amatory
‘ disposition without giving them any sort of compen-
‘ sation, contenting yourself, it seems, with only mak-
‘ ing *one* fool instead of two, which is the more ap-
‘ proved method of proceeding on such occasions.
‘ For my part, I think you are quite right ; and be
‘ assured from me that a woman (as society is con-
‘ stituted in England) who gives any advantage to a
‘ man may expect a lover, but will sooner or later find
‘ a tyrant ; and this is not the man’s fault either, per-
‘ haps, but is the necessary and natural result of the
‘ circumstances of society, which, in fact, tyrannize
‘ over the man equally with the woman, that is to say,
‘ if either of them have any feeling or honour.

‘ You can write to me at your leisure and inclina-
‘ tion. I have always laid it down as a maxim, and
‘ found it justified by experience, that a man and a
‘ woman make far better friendships than can exist
‘ between two of the same sex ; but *these* with this
‘ condition, that they never have made, or are to

' make, love with each other. Lovers may, and,
' indeed, generally *are* enemies, but they never can be
' friends; because there must always be a spice of
' jealousy and a something of self in all their specula-
' tions.

' Indeed, I rather look upon love altogether as a
' sort of hostile transaction, very necessary to make or
' to break matches, and keep the world going, but by
' no means a sinecure to the parties concerned.

' Now, as my love perils are, I believe, pretty well
' over, and yours, by all accounts, are never to begin,
' we shall be the best friends imaginable, as far as
' both are concerned, and with this advantage, that we
' may both fall to loving right and left through all our
' acquaintance, without either sullenness or sorrow
' from that amiable passion which are its inseparable
' attendants. ' Believe me, &c.'

LETTER 508.

TO MR. MOORE.

' *Genoa, February 20th, 1823.*

' My Dear Tom,

' I must again refer you to those two letters ad-
' dressed to you at Passy before I read your speech in
' Galignani, &c., and which you do not seem to have
' received*.

' Of Hunt I see little—once a month or so, and then
' on his own business generally. You may easily sup-
' pose that I know too little of Hampstead and his
' satellites to have much communion or community
' with him. My whole present relation to him arose
' from Shelley's unexpected wreck. You would not
' have had me leave him in the street with his family,

* I was never lucky enough to recover these two letters, though frequent inquiries were made about them at the French post-office.

‘ would you ? and as to the other plan you mention, you forget how it would *humiliate* him—that his writings should be supposed to be dead weight* ! Think a moment—he is perhaps the vainest man on earth, at least his own friends say so pretty loudly ; and if he were in other circumstances, I might be tempted to take him down a peg ; but not now,—it would be cruel. It is a cursed business ; but neither the motive nor the means rest upon my conscience, and it happens that he and his brother *have* been so far benefited by the publication in a pecuniary point of view. His brother is a steady, bold fellow, such as *Prynne*, for example, full of moral, and, I hear, physical courage.

‘ And *you* are *really* recanting, or softening to the clergy ! It will do little good for you—it is *you*, not the poem, they are at. They will say they frightened you—forbid it, Ireland !

‘ Yours ever,
‘ N. B.’

Lord Byron had now, for some time, as may be collected from his letters, begun to fancy that his reputation in England was on the wane. The same thirst after fame, with the same sensitiveness to every passing change of popular favour, which led Tasso at last to look upon himself as the most despised of writers †, had more than once disposed Lord Byron, in the midst of all his triumphs, if not to doubt their reality, at

* The passage in one of my letters to which he refers shall be given presently.

† In one of his Letters this poet says :—‘ Non posso negare che io mi doglio oltramisura di esser stato tanto disprezzato dal mondo quanto non è altro scrittore di questo secolo.’ In another letter, however, after complaining of being ‘ perseguitato da molti più che non era convenevole,’ he adds, with a proud prescience of his future fame, ‘ Laondé stimo di potermene ragionevolmente richiamare alla posterità.’

least to distrust their continuance; and sometimes even, with that painful skill which sensibility supplies, to extract out of the brightest tributes of success some omen of future failure, or symptom of decline. New successes, however, still came to dissipate these bodings of diffidence, nor was it till after his unlucky coalition with Mr. Hunt in the Liberal that any grounds for such a suspicion of his having declined in public favour showed themselves.

The chief inducements, on the part of Lord Byron, to this unworthy alliance, were, in the first place, a wish to second the kind views of his friend Shelley in inviting Mr. Hunt to join him in Italy; and, in the next, a desire to avail himself of the aid of one so experienced, as an editor, in the favourite project he had now so long contemplated, of a periodical work, in which all the various offsprings of his genius might be received fast as they sprung to light. With such opinions, however, as he had long entertained of Mr. Hunt's character and talents*, the facility with which he now admitted him—not certainly to any degree of confidence or intimacy, but to a declared fellowship of fame and interest in the eyes of the world, is, I own, an inconsistency not easily to be accounted for, and argued, at all events, a strong confidence in the antidotal power of his own name to resist the ridicule of such an association.

As long as Shelley lived, the regard which Lord Byron entertained for him extended its influence also over his relations with his friend; the suavity and good-breeding of Shelley interposing a sort of softening medium in the way of those unpleasant collisions

* See Letter 317, vol. ii. page 422.

which afterwards took place, and which, from what is known of both parties, may be easily conceived to have been alike trying to the patience of the patron and the vanity of the dependent. That even, however, during the lifetime of their common friend, there had occurred some of those humiliating misunderstandings which money engenders,—humiliating on both sides, as if from the very nature of the dross that gives rise to them,—will appear from the following letter of Shelley's, which I find among the papers in my hands.

TO LORD BYRON.

February 15th, 1823.

‘ My dear Lord Byron,

‘ I enclose you a letter from Hunt, which annoys
‘ me on more than one account. You will observe the
‘ postscript, and you know me well enough to feel
‘ how painful a task is set me in commenting upon it.
‘ Hunt had urged me more than once to ask you
‘ to lend him this money. My answer consisted in
‘ sending him all I could spare, which I have now
‘ literally done. Your kindness in fitting up a part of
‘ your own house for his accommodation I sensibly
‘ felt, and willingly accepted from you on his part,
‘ but, believe me, without the slightest intention of
‘ imposing, or, if I could help it, allowing to be
‘ imposed, any heavier task on your purse. As it has
‘ come to this in spite of my exertions, I will not conceal
‘ from you the low ebb of my own money affairs
‘ in the present moment,—that is, my absolute incapacity
‘ of assisting Hunt farther.

‘ I do not think poor Hunt's promise to pay in a
‘ given time is worth very much; but mine is less
‘ subject to uncertainty, and I should be happy to be

‘ responsible for any engagement he may have proposed to you. I am so much annoyed by this subject that I hardly know what to write, and much less what to say ; and I have need of all your indulgence in judging both my feelings and expressions.

‘ I shall see you by and by. Believe me

‘ Yours most faithfully and sincerely,

‘ P. B. SHELLEY.’

Of the book in which Mr. Hunt has thought it decent to revenge upon the dead the pain of those obligations he had, in his hour of need, accepted from the living, I am luckily saved from the distaste of speaking at any length, by the utter and most deserved oblivion into which his volume has fallen. Never, indeed, was the right feeling of the world upon such subjects more creditably displayed than in the reception given universally to that ungenerous book ; —even those the least disposed to think approvingly of Lord Byron having shrunk back from such a corroboration of their own opinion as could be afforded by one who derived his authority, as an accuser, from the facilities of observation he had enjoyed by having been sheltered and fed under the very roof of the man whom he maligned.

With respect to the hostile feeling manifested in Mr. Hunt’s work towards myself, the sole revenge I shall take is, to lay before my readers the passage in one of my letters which provoked it ; and which may claim, at least, the merit of not being a covert attack, as throughout the whole of my remonstrances to Lord Byron on the subject of his new literary allies, not a line did I ever write respecting either Mr. Shelley or Mr. Hunt which I was not fully prepared, from long

knowledge of my correspondent, to find that he had instantly, and as a matter of course, communicated to them. That this want of retention was a fault in my noble friend, I am not inclined to deny; but, being undisguised, it was easily guarded against, and, when guarded against, harmless. Besides, such is the penalty generally to be paid for frankness of character; and they who could have flattered themselves that one so open about his own affairs as Lord Byron would be much more discreet where the confidences of others were concerned, would have had their own imprudence, not his, to blame for any injury that their dependence upon his secrecy had brought on them.

The following is the passage, which Lord Byron, as I take for granted, showed to Mr. Hunt, and to which one of his letters to myself (February 20) refers:—

‘I am most anxious to know that you mean to emerge out of the Liberal. It grieves me to urge anything so much against Hunt’s interest; but I should not hesitate to use the same language to himself, were I near him. I would, if I were you, serve him in every possible way but this—I would give him (if he would accept of it) the profits of the same works, published separately—but I would *not* mix myself up in this way with others. I would *not* become a partner in this sort of miscellaneous “*pot au feu*,” where the bad flavour of one ingredient is sure to taint all the rest. I would be, if I were *you*, alone, single-handed, and, as such, invincible.’

While on the subject of Mr. Hunt, I shall avail myself of the opportunity it affords me of introducing some portions of a letter addressed to a friend of that gentleman by Lord Byron, in consequence of an ap-

peal made to the feelings of the latter on the score of his professed 'friendship' for Mr. Hunt. The avowals he here makes are, I own, startling, and must be taken with more than the usual allowance, not only for the particular mood of temper or spirits in which the letter was written, but for the influence also of such slight, casual piques and resentments as might have been, just then, in their darkening transit through his mind,—indisposing him, for the moment, to those among his friends whom, in a sunnier mood, he would have proclaimed as his most chosen and dearest.

LETTER 509.

TO MRS. ———.

' I presume that you, at least, know enough of me ' to be sure that I could have no intention to insult ' Hunt's poverty. On the contrary, I honour him for ' it; for I know what it is, having been as much ' embarrassed as ever he was, without perceiving ' aught in it to diminish an honourable man's self- ' respect. If you mean to say that, had he been a ' wealthy man, I would have joined in this Journal, ' I answer in the negative. * * * I engaged in the ' Journal from good-will towards him, added to respect ' for his character, literary and personal; and no less ' for his political courage, as well as regret for his ' present circumstances: I did this in the hope that ' he might, with the same aid from literary friends of ' literary contributions (which is requisite for all jour- ' nals of a mixed nature), render himself independent.

' I have always treated him, in our personal inter- ' course, with such scrupulous delicacy, that I have ' forbore intruding advice which I thought might be ' disagreeable, lest he should impute it to what is ' called "taking advantage of a man's situation."

‘ As to friendship, it is a propensity in which my genius is very limited. I do not know the *male* human being, except Lord Clare, the friend of my infancy, for whom I feel anything that deserves the name. All my others are men-of-the-world friendships. I did not even feel it for Shelley, however much I admired and esteemed him ; so that you see not even vanity could bribe me into it, for, of all men, Shelley thought highest of my talents,—and, perhaps, of my disposition.

‘ I will do my duty by my intimates, upon the principle of doing as you would be done by. I have done so, I trust, in most instances. I may be pleased with their conversation—rejoice in their success—be glad to do them service, or to receive their counsel and assistance in return. But, as for friends and friendship, I have (as I already said) named the only remaining male for whom I feel anything of the kind, excepting, perhaps, Thomas Moore. I have had, and may have still, a thousand friends, as they are called, in *life*, who are like one’s partners in the waltz of this world—not much remembered when the ball is over, though very pleasant for the time. Habit, business, and companionship in pleasure or in pain, are links of a similar kind, and the same faith in politics is another.’ * * *

LETTER 510.

TO LADY * * *.

‘ *Genoa, March 28th, 1823.*

‘ Mr. Hill is here: I dined with him on Saturday before last ; and on leaving his house at S. P. d’Arena, my carriage broke down. I walked home, about three miles,—no very great feat of pedestrianism ; but either the coming out of hot rooms into a bleak

‘ wind chilled me, or the walking up-hill to Albaro
‘ heated me, or something or other set me wrong, and
‘ next day I had an inflammatory attack in the face,
‘ to which I have been subject this winter for the first
‘ time, and I suffered a good deal of pain, but no peril.
‘ My health is now much as usual. Mr. Hill is, I
‘ believe, occupied with his diplomacy. I shall give
‘ him your message when I see him again.

‘ My name, I see in the papers, has been dragged
‘ into the unhappy Portsmouth business, of which all
‘ that I know is very succinct. Mr. H—— is my
‘ solicitor. I found him so when I was ten years old
‘ —at my uncle’s death—and he was continued in the
‘ management of my legal business. He asked me, by
‘ a civil epistle, as an old acquaintance of his family,
‘ to be present at the marriage of Miss H——. I went
‘ very reluctantly, one misty morning (for I had been
‘ up at two balls all night), to witness the ceremony,
‘ which I could not very well refuse without affronting
‘ a man who had never offended me. I saw nothing
‘ particular in the marriage. Of course I could not
‘ know the preliminaries, except from what he said,
‘ not having been present at the wooing, nor after it,
‘ for I walked home, and they went into the country
‘ as soon as they had promised and vowed. Out of
‘ this simple fact I hear the *Débats de Paris* has
‘ quoted Miss H. as “ *autrefois très liée avec le cé-
‘ lèbre,*” &c. &c. I am obliged to him for the celebrity,
‘ but beg leave to decline the *liaison*, which is quite
‘ untrue ; my *liaison* was with the father, in the un-
‘ sentimental shape of long lawyers’ bills, through the
‘ medium of which I have had to pay him ten or
‘ twelve thousand pounds within these few years. She
‘ was not pretty, and I suspect that the indefatigable

‘ Mr. A—— was (like all her people) more attracted
‘ by her title than her charms. I regret very much
‘ that I was present at the prologue to the happy
‘ state of horsewhipping and black jobs, &c. &c., but
‘ I could not foresee that a man was to turn out mad,
‘ who had gone about the world for fifty years, as
‘ competent to vote, and walk at large; nor did he
‘ seem to me more insane than any other person going
‘ to be married.

‘ I have no objection to be acquainted with the
‘ Marquis Palavicini, if he wishes it. Lately I have
‘ gone little into society, English or foreign, for I had
‘ seen all that was worth seeing in the former before
‘ I left England, and at the time of life when I was
‘ more disposed to like it; and of the latter I had a
‘ sufficiency in the first few years of my residence in
‘ Switzerland, chiefly at Madame de Staël’s, where I
‘ went sometimes, till I grew tired of conversazioni
‘ and carnivals, with their appendages; and the bore
‘ is, that if you go once, you are expected to be there
‘ daily, or rather nightly. I went the round of the
‘ most noted soirées at Venice or elsewhere (where I re-
‘ mained not any time) to the Benzona, and the Albrizzi,
‘ and the Michelli, &c. &c. and to the Cardinals and
‘ the various potentates of the Legation in Romagna
‘ (that is, Ravenna), and only receded for the sake of
‘ quiet when I came into Tuscany. Besides, if I go
‘ into society, I generally get, in the long run, into
‘ some scrape of some kind or other, which don’t occur
‘ in my solitude. However, I am pretty well settled
‘ now, by time and temper, which is so far lucky, as
‘ it prevents restlessness; but, as I said before, as an
‘ acquaintance of yours, I will be ready and willing to
‘ know your friends. He may be a sort of connexion

‘ for aught I know ; for a Palavicini, of *Bologna*, I
‘ believe, married a distant relative of mine half a cen-
‘ tury ago. I happen to know the fact, as he and his
‘ spouse had an annuity of five hundred pounds on my
‘ uncle’s property, which ceased at his demise, though
‘ I recollect hearing they attempted, naturally enough,
‘ to make it survive him. If I can do anything for
‘ you here or elsewhere, pray order, and be obeyed.’

LETTER 511.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Genoa, April 2d, 1823.*

‘ I have just seen some friends of yours, who paid
‘ me a visit yesterday, which, in honour of them and of
‘ you, I returned to-day ;—as I reserve my bear-skin
‘ and teeth, and paws and claws, for our enemies.

‘ I have also seen Henry F * *, Lord H * *’s son,
‘ whom I had not looked upon since I left him a pretty,
‘ mild boy, without a neckcloth, in a jacket, and in
‘ delicate health, seven long years ago, at the period
‘ of mine eclipse—the third, I believe, as I have gene-
‘ rally one every two or three years. I think that he
‘ has the softest and most amiable expression of coun-
‘ tenance I ever saw, and manners correspondent. If
‘ to those he can add hereditary talents, he will keep
‘ the name of F * * in all its freshness for half a cen-
‘ tury more, I hope. I speak from a transient glimpse
‘ —but I love still to yield to such impressions ; for I
‘ have ever found that those I liked longest and best,
‘ I took to at first sight ; and I always liked that boy
‘ —perhaps, in part, from some resemblance in the
‘ less fortunate part of our destinies—I mean, to avoid
‘ mistakes, his lameness. But there is this difference,
‘ that *he* appears a halting angel, who has tripped
‘ against a star ; whilst I am *Le Diable Boiteux*,—a

‘soubriquet, which I marvel that, amongst their
‘various *nominis umbræ*, the Orthodox have not hit
‘upon.

‘Your other allies, whom I have found very agree-
‘able personages, are Milor B * * and *épouse*, travel-
‘ling with a very handsome companion, in the shape
‘of a “French Count,” (to use Farquhar’s phrase in
‘the *Beaux Stratagem*,) who has all the air of a *Cu-
‘pidon déchainé*, and is one of the few specimens I
‘have seen of our ideal of a Frenchman *before* the
‘Revolution—an old friend with a new face, upon
‘whose like I never thought that we should look
‘again. Miladi seems highly literary,—to which,
‘and your honour’s acquaintance with the family, I
‘attribute the pleasure of having seen them. She is
‘also very pretty, even in a morning,—a species of
‘beauty on which the sun of Italy does not shine so
‘frequently as the chandelier. Certainly, English-
‘women wear better than their continental neighbours
‘of the same sex. M * * seems very good-natured,
‘but is much tamed, since I recollect him in all the
‘glory of gems and snuff-boxes, and uniforms, and
‘theatricals, and speeches in our house—“I mean, of
‘peers”—(I must refer you to Pope—who you don’t
‘read and won’t appreciate—for that quotation, which
‘you must allow to be poetical) and sitting to Stroel-
‘ing, the painter (do you remember our visit, with
‘Leckie, to the German?) to be depicted as one of the
‘heroes of Agincourt, “with his long sword, saddle,
‘bridle, Whack fal de, &c. &c.”

‘I have been unwell—caught a cold and inflam-
‘mation, which menaced a conflagration, after dining
‘with our ambassador, Monsieur Hill,—not owing
‘to the dinner, but my carriage broke down in the

‘ way home, and I had to walk some miles, up hill
‘ partly, after hot rooms, in a very bleak, windy even-
‘ ing, and over-hotted, or over-colded myself. I have
‘ not been so robustious as formerly, ever since the
‘ last summer, when I fell ill after a long swim in the
‘ Mediterranean, and have never been quite right up
‘ to this present writing. I am thin,—perhaps thinner
‘ than you saw me, when I was nearly transparent, in
‘ 1812,—and am obliged to be moderate of my mouth,
‘ which, nevertheless, won’t prevent me (the gods
‘ willing) from dining with your friends the day after
‘ to-morrow.

‘ They give me a very good account of you, and of
‘ your nearly “Emprisoned Angels.” But why did you
‘ change your title?—you will regret this some day.
‘ The bigots are not to be conciliated; and, if they
‘ were—are they worth it? I suspect that I am a more
‘ orthodox Christian than you are; and, whenever I
‘ see a real Christian, either in practice or in theory,
‘ (for I never yet found the man who could produce
‘ either, when put to the proof,) I am his disciple.
‘ But, till then, I cannot truckle to tithe-mongers,—
‘ nor can I imagine what has made *you* circumcise your
‘ Seraphs.

‘ I have been far more persecuted than you, as you
‘ may judge by my present decadence,—for I take it
‘ that I am as low in popularity and bookselling as
‘ any writer can be. At least, so my friends assure
‘ me—blessings on their benevolence! This they attri-
‘ bute to Hunt; but they are wrong—it must be,
‘ partly at least, owing to myself; be it so. As to
‘ Hunt, I prefer *not* having turned him to starve in
‘ the streets to any personal honour which might have
‘ accrued from such genuine philanthropy. I really

‘act upon principle in this matter, for we have nothing much in common; and I cannot describe to you the despairing sensation of trying to do something for a man who seems incapable or unwilling to do any thing further for himself,—at least, to the purpose. It is like pulling a man out of a river who directly throws himself in again. For the last three or four years Shelley assisted, and had once actually extricated him. I have since his demise,—and even before,—done what I could: but it is not in my power to make this permanent. I want Hunt to return to England, for which I would furnish him with the means in comfort; and his situation *there*, on the whole, is bettered, by the payment of a portion of his debts, &c.; and he would be on the spot to continue his Journal, or Journals, with his brother, who seems a sensible, plain, sturdy, and enduring person.’ * *

The new intimacy of which he here announces the commencement, and which it was gratifying to me, as the common friend of all, to find that he had formed, was a source of much pleasure to him during the stay of his noble acquaintances at Genoa. So long, indeed, had he persuaded himself that his countrymen abroad all regarded him in no other light than as an outlaw or a show, that every new instance he met of friendly reception from them was as much a surprise as pleasure to him; and it was evident that to his mind the revival of English associations and habitudes always brought with it a sense of refreshment, like that of inhaling his native air.

With the view of inducing these friends to prolong their stay at Genoa, he suggested their taking a pretty

villa called 'Il Paradiso,' in the neighbourhood of his own, and accompanied them to look at it. Upon that occasion it was that, on the lady expressing some intentions of residing there, he produced the following impromptu, which—but for the purpose of showing that he was not so 'chary of his fame' as to fear failing in such trifles—I should have thought hardly worth transcribing.

' Beneath * * * 's eyes
 ' The reclaim'd Paradise
 ' Should be free as the former from evil;
 ' But, if the new Eve
 ' For an apple should grieve,
 ' What mortal would not play the devil * ?'

Another copy of verses addressed by him to the same lady, whose beauty and talent might well have claimed a warmer tribute from such a pen, is yet too interesting as descriptive of the premature feeling of age now stealing upon him, to be omitted in these pages.

' TO THE COUNTESS OF B * * * * .

1.

' You have ask'd for a verse:—the request
 ' In a rhymers 'twere strange to deny,
 ' But my Hippocrene was but my breast,
 ' And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

2.

' Were I now as I was, I had sung
 ' What Lawrence has painted so well;
 ' But the strain would expire on my tongue,
 ' And the theme is too soft for my shell.

3.

' I am ashes where once I was fire,
 ' And the bard in my bosom is dead;
 ' What I loved I *now* merely admire,
 ' And my heart is as gray as my head.

* The Genoese wits had already applied this threadbare jest to himself. Taking it into their heads that this villa (which was also, I believe, a Casa Saluzzo) had been the one fixed on for his own residence, they said ' Il Diavolo é ancora entrato in Paradiso.'

4.

- ‘ My Life is not dated by years—
 ‘ There are *moments* which act as a plough,
 ‘ And there is not a furrow appears
 ‘ But is deep in my soul as my brow.

5.

- ‘ Let the young and the brilliant aspire
 ‘ To sing what I gaze on in vain ;
 ‘ For sorrow has torn from my lyre
 ‘ The string which was worthy the strain.

‘ B.’

The following letters written during the stay of this party at Genoa will be found,—some of them at least,—not a little curious.

LETTER 512. TO THE EARL OF B * *.

‘ April 5th, 1823.

‘ My dear Lord,

‘ How is your gout? or rather, how are you? I
 ‘ return the Count * *’s Journal, which is a very ex-
 ‘ traordinary production *, and of a most melancholy
 ‘ truth in all that regards high life in England. I
 ‘ know, or knew personally, most of the personages
 ‘ and societies which he describes; and after reading
 ‘ his remarks, have the sensation fresh upon me as if I
 ‘ had seen them yesterday. I would however plead
 ‘ in behalf of some few exceptions, which I will men-
 ‘ tion by and by. The most singular thing is, *how* he
 ‘ should have penetrated *not* the *fact*, but the *mystery*
 ‘ of the English ennui, at two-and-twenty. I was
 ‘ about the same age when I made the same discovery,
 ‘ in almost precisely the same circles—(for there is
 ‘ scarcely a person mentioned whom I did not see

* In another letter to Lord B * * he says of this gentleman, ‘ he seems to have all the qualities requisite to have figured in his brother-in-law’s ancestor’s Memoirs.’

‘ nightly or daily, and was acquainted more or less
‘ intimately with most of them)—but I never could
‘ have described it so well. *Il faut être Français*, to
‘ effect this.

‘ But he ought also to have been in the country
‘ during the hunting season, with “a select party of
‘ distinguished guests,” as the papers term it. He
‘ ought to have seen the gentlemen after dinner (on
‘ the hunting days), and the soirée ensuing thereupon
‘ —and the women looking as if they had hunted, or
‘ rather been hunted; and I could have wished that
‘ he had been at a dinner in town, which I recollect at
‘ Lord C * *’s—small, but select, and composed of
‘ the most amusing people. The dessert was hardly
‘ on the table, when, out of twelve, I counted *five*
‘ *asleep*; of that five, there were *Tierney*, Lord * *,
‘ and Lord * *—I forget the other two, but they were
‘ either wits or orators—perhaps poets.

‘ My residence in the East and in Italy has made
‘ me somewhat indulgent of the siesta—but then they
‘ set regularly about it in warm countries, and per-
‘ form it in solitude (or at most in a tête-à-tête
‘ with a proper companion), and retire quietly to
‘ their rooms to get out of the sun’s way for an hour
‘ or two.

‘ Altogether, your friend’s Journal is a very formi-
‘ dable production. Alas! our dearly beloved coun-
‘ trymen have only discovered that they are tired, and
‘ not that they are tiresome; and I suspect that the
‘ communication of the latter unpleasant verity will
‘ not be better received than truths usually are. I
‘ have read the whole with great attention and in-
‘ struction. I am too good a patriot to say *pleasure*
‘ —at least I won’t say so, whatever I may think. I

‘ showed it (I hope no breach of confidence) to a
‘ young Italian lady of rank, *très instruite* also; and who
‘ passes, or passed, for being one of the three most
‘ celebrated belles in the district of Italy, where her
‘ family and connexions resided in less troublesome
‘ times as to politics (which is not Genoa, by the way),
‘ and she was delighted with it, and says that she has
‘ derived a better notion of English society from it
‘ than from all Madame de Staël’s metaphysical dis-
‘ putations on the same subject, in her work on the
‘ Revolution. I beg that you will thank the young
‘ philosopher, and make my compliments to Lady B.
‘ and her sister.

‘ Believe me your very obliged and faithful

‘ N. B.

‘ P.S. There is a rumour in letters of some dis-
‘ turbance or complot in the French Pyrenean army
‘ —generals suspected or dismissed, and ministers of
‘ war travelling to see what’s the matter. “ Marry
‘ (as David says), this hath an angry favour.”

‘ Tell Count * * that some of the names are not
‘ quite intelligible, especially of the clubs; he speaks
‘ of *Watts*—perhaps he is right, but in my time
‘ *Watiers* was the Dandy Club, of which (though no
‘ dandy) I was a member, at the time too of its greatest
‘ glory, when Brummell and Mildmay, Alvanley and
‘ Pierrepont, gave the Dandy Balls; and we (the club,
‘ that is) got up the famous masquerade at Burling-
‘ ton House and Garden, for Wellington. He does
‘ not speak of the *Alfred*, which was the most *recherché*
‘ and most tiresome of any, as I know by being a
‘ member of that too.’

LETTER 513.

TO THE EARL OF B * *.

‘ April 6th, 1823.

‘ It *would* be worse than idle, knowing, as I do, the
‘ utter worthlessness of words on such occasions, in
‘ me to attempt to express what I ought to feel, and
‘ do feel for the loss you have sustained * ; and I must
‘ thus dismiss the subject, for I dare not trust myself
‘ further with it *for your* sake, or for my own. I shall
‘ *endeavour* to see you as soon as it may not appear
‘ intrusive. Pray excuse the levity of my yesterday’s
‘ scrawl—I little thought under what circumstances it
‘ would find you.

‘ I have received a very handsome and flattering
‘ note from Count * *. He must excuse my apparent
‘ rudeness and real ignorance in replying to it in
‘ English, through the medium of your kind interpre-
‘ tation. I would not on any account deprive him of a
‘ production, of which I really think more than I have
‘ even *said*, though you are good enough not to be
‘ dissatisfied even with that ; but whenever it is com-
‘ pleted, it would give me the greatest pleasure to
‘ have a *copy*—but *how* to keep it secret? literary
‘ secrets are like others. By changing the names, or
‘ at least omitting several, and altering the circum-
‘ stances indicative of the writer’s real station or situa-
‘ tion, the author would render it a most amusing
‘ publication. His countrymen have not been treated
‘ either in a literary or personal point of view with
‘ such deference in English recent works, as to lay
‘ him under any very great national obligation of for-
‘ bearing ; and really the remarks are so true and
‘ piquante, that I cannot bring myself to wish their

* The death of Lord B * *’s son, which had been long expected, but of which the account had just then arrived.

‘ suppression ; though, as Dangle says, “ He is *my* friend,” many of these personages “ were *my friends*,” but much such friends as Dangle and his allies.

‘ I return you Dr. Parr’s letter—I have met him at Payne Knight’s and elsewhere, and he did me the honour once to be a patron of mine, although a great friend of the other branch of the House of Atreus, and the Greek teacher (I believe) of my *moral* Clytemnestra—I say *moral*, because it is true, and is so useful to the virtuous, that it enables them to do any thing without the aid of an Ægisthus.

‘ I beg my compliments to Lady B., Miss P., and to your *Alfred*. I think, since his Majesty of the same name, there has not been such a learned surveyor of our Saxon society.

‘ Ever yours most truly,

‘ N. B.’

‘ April 9th, 1823.

‘ P.S. I salute Miledi, Mademoiselle Mama, and the illustrious Chevalier Count * * ; who, I hope, will continue his history of “ his own times.” There are some strange coincidences between a part of his remarks and a certain work of mine, now in MS. in England (I do not mean the hermetically sealed Memoirs, but a continuation of certain Cantos of a certain poem), especially in *what a man* may do in London with impunity while he is “ à la mode ;” which I think it well to state, that he may not suspect me of taking advantage of his confidence. The observations are very general.’

LETTER 514.

TO THE EARL OF B * *.

‘ April 14th, 1823.

‘ I am truly sorry that I cannot accompany you in your ride this morning, owing to a violent pain in

‘ my face, arising from a wart to which I by medical
‘ advice applied a caustic. Whether I put too much,
‘ I do not know, but the consequence is, that not only
‘ I have been put to some pain, but the peccant part
‘ and its immediate environ are as black as if the
‘ printer’s devil had marked me for an author. As I
‘ do not wish to frighten your horses, or their riders,
‘ I shall postpone waiting upon you until six o’clock,
‘ when I hope to have subsided into a more christian-
‘ like resemblance to my fellow-creatures. My inflic-
‘ tion has partially extended even to my fingers, for on
‘ trying to get the black from off my upper lip at least,
‘ I have only transfused a portion thereof to my right
‘ hand, and neither lemon juice nor eau de Cologne,
‘ nor any other eau, have been able as yet to redeem it
‘ also from a more inky appearance than is either
‘ proper or pleasant. But “out, damn’d spot”—you
‘ may have perceived something of the kind yesterday,
‘ for on my return, I saw that during my visit it had
‘ increased, was increasing, and ought to be dimi-
‘ nished; and I could not help laughing at the figure
‘ I must have cut before you. At any rate, I shall be
‘ with you at six, with the advantage of twilight.

‘ Ever most truly, &c.

Eleven o’clock.

‘ P.S. I wrote the above at three this morning, I
‘ regret to say that the whole of the skin of about an
‘ *inch* square above my upper lip has come off, so that
‘ I cannot even shave or masticate, and I am equally
‘ unfit to appear at your table, and to partake of its
‘ hospitality. Will you therefore pardon me, and not
‘ mistake this rueful excuse for a “*make-believe*,” as
‘ you will soon recognise whenever I have the plea-
‘ sure of meeting you again, and I will call the moment

' I am, in the nursery phrase, " fit to be seen." Tell
' Lady B. with my compliments, that I am rummaging
' my papers for a MS. worthy of her acceptance. I
' have just seen the younger Count Gamba, and as I
' cannot prevail on his infinite modesty to take the
' field without me, I must take this piece of diffidence
' on myself also, and beg your indulgence for both.'

LETTER 513.

TO THE COUNT * *.

' April 22d, 1823.

' My dear Count * * (if you will permit me to
' address you so familiarly), you should be content
' with writing in your own language, like Grammont,
' and succeeding in London as nobody has succeeded
' since the days of Charles the Second and the records
' of Antonio Hamilton, without deviating into our bar-
' barous language,—which you understand and write,
' however, much better than it deserves.

' My "approbation," as you are pleased to term it,
' was very sincere, but perhaps not very impartial;
' for, though I love my country, I do not love my
' countrymen—at least, such as they now are. And
' besides the seduction of talent and wit in your work,
' I fear that to me there was the attraction of ven-
' geance. I have *seen* and *felt* much of what you
' have described so well. I have known the persons,
' and the re-unions so described,—(many of them, that
' is to say,) and the portraits are so like that I cannot
' but admire the painter no less than his performance.

' But I am sorry for you; for if you are so well
' acquainted with life at your age, what will become of
' you when the illusion is still more dissipated? But
' never mind—*en avant!*—live while you can; and
' that you may have the full enjoyment of the many

‘ advantages of youth, talent, and figure, which you
‘ possess, is the wish of an—Englishman,—I suppose,
‘ but it is no treason ; for my mother was Scotch, and
‘ my name and my family are both Norman ; and as
‘ for myself, I am of no country. As for my “ Works,”
‘ which you are pleased to mention, let them go to the
‘ Devil, from whence (if you believe many persons)
‘ they came.

‘ I have the honour to be your obliged, &c. &c.’

During this period a circumstance occurred which shows, most favourably for the better tendencies of his nature, how much allayed and softened down his once angry feeling, upon the subject of his matrimonial differences, had now grown. It has been seen that his daughter Ada,—more especially since his late loss of the only tie of blood which he could have a hope of attaching to himself,—had become the fond and constant object of his thoughts ; and it was but natural, in a heart kindly as his was, that, dwelling thus with tenderness upon the child, he should find himself insensibly subdued into a gentler tone of feeling towards the mother. A gentleman, whose sister was known to be the confidential friend of Lady Byron, happening at this time to be at Genoa, and in the habit of visiting at the house of the poet’s new intimates, Lord Byron took one day an opportunity, in conversing with Lady * *, to say, that she would render him an essential kindness if, through the mediation of this gentleman and his sister, she could procure for him from Lady Byron, what he had long been most anxious to possess, a copy of her picture. It having been represented to him, in the course of the same, or a similar conversation, that Lady Byron was

said by her friends to be in a state of constant alarm lest he should come to England to claim his daughter, or, in some other way, interfere with her, he professed his readiness to give every assurance that might have the effect of calming such apprehensions; and the following letter, in reference to both these subjects, was soon after sent by him.

LETTER 516. TO THE COUNTESS OF B * *.

May 3d, 1823.

‘ Dear Lady * *,

‘ My request would be for a copy of the miniature
‘ of Lady B. which I have seen in possession of the
‘ late Lady Noel, as I have no picture, or indeed
‘ memorial of any kind of Lady B., as all her letters
‘ were in her own possession before I left England,
‘ and we have had no correspondence since—at least
‘ on her part.

‘ My message, with regard to the infant, is simply
‘ to this effect—that in the event of any accident
‘ occurring to the mother, and my remaining the sur-
‘ vivor, it would be my wish to have her plans carried
‘ into effect, both with regard to the education of the
‘ child, and the person or persons under whose care
‘ Lady B. might be desirous that she should be placed.
‘ It is not my intention to interfere with her in any
‘ way on the subject during her life; and I presume
‘ that it would be some consolation to her to know (if
‘ she is in ill health, as I am given to understand),
‘ that in *no* case would anything be done, as far as I
‘ am concerned, but in strict conformity with Lady
‘ B.’s own wishes and intentions—left in what manner
‘ she thought proper.

Believe me, dear Lady B., your obliged, &c.’

This negotiation, of which I know not the results, nor whether, indeed, it ever ended in any, led naturally and frequently to conversations on the subject of his marriage,—a topic he was himself always the first to turn to,—and the account which he then gave, as well of the circumstances of the separation, as of his own entire unconsciousness of the immediate causes that provoked it, was, I find, exactly such as, upon every occasion when the subject presented itself, he, with an air of sincerity in which it was impossible not to confide, promulgated. ‘Of what really led to the separation (said he, in the course of one of these conversations) I declare to you that, even at this moment, I am wholly ignorant; as Lady Byron would never assign her motives, and has refused to answer my letters. I have written to her repeatedly, and am still in the habit of doing so. Some of these letters I have sent, and others I did not, simply because I despaired of their doing any good. You may, however, see some of them if you like;—they may serve to throw some light upon my feelings.’

In a day or two after, accordingly, one of these withheld letters was sent by him, enclosed in the following, to Lady * * *.

LETTER 517. TO THE COUNTESS OF * * *.

‘Albaro, May 6th, 1823.

‘My dear Lady * * *,

‘I send you the letter which I had forgotten, and the book*, which I ought to have remembered. It contains (the book, I mean) some melancholy truths; though I believe that it is too triste a work ever to

* *Adolphe*, by M. Benjamin Constant.

‘ have been popular. The first time I ever read it
‘ (not the edition I send you,—for I got it since) was
‘ at the desire of Madame de Staël, who was supposed
‘ by the good-natured world to be the heroine ;—
‘ which she was not, however, and was furious at the
‘ supposition. This occurred in Switzerland, in the
‘ summer of 1816, and the last season in which I ever
‘ saw that celebrated person.

‘ I have a request to make to my friend Alfred (since
‘ he has not disdained the title), viz. that he would
‘ condescend to add a *cap* to the gentleman in the
‘ jacket,—it would complete his costume,—and smooth
‘ his brow, which is somewhat too inveterate a like-
‘ ness of the original, God help me !

‘ I did well to avoid the water-party,—*why*, is a
‘ mystery, which is not less to be wondered at than all
‘ my other mysteries. Tell Milor that I am deep in
‘ his MS., and will do him justice by a diligent pe-
‘ rusal.

‘ The letter which I enclose I was prevented from
‘ sending by my despair of its doing any good. I was
‘ perfectly sincere when I wrote it, and am so still.
‘ But it is difficult for me to withstand the thousand
‘ provocations on that subject, which both friends and
‘ foes have for seven years been throwing in the way
‘ of a man, whose feelings were once quick, and whose
‘ temper was never patient. But “returning were as
‘ tedious as go o’er.” I feel this as much as ever
‘ Macbeth did ; and it is a dreary sensation, which at
‘ least avenges the real or imaginary wrongs of one of
‘ the two unfortunate persons whom it concerns.

‘ But I am going to be gloomy ;—so “to bed, to
‘ bed.” Good night,—or rather morning. One of
‘ the reasons why I wish to avoid society is, that I can

‘ never sleep after it, and the pleasanter it has been
 ‘ the less I rest. ‘ Ever most truly, &c. &c.’

I shall now produce the enclosure contained in the above, and there are few, I should think, of my readers who will not agree with me in pronouncing, that if the author of the following letter had not *right* on his side, he had at least most of those good feelings which are found in general to accompany it.

LETTER 518.

TO LADY BYRON.

(TO THE CARE OF THE HON. MRS. LEIGH, LONDON.)

‘ *Pisa, November 17th, 1821.*

‘ I have to acknowledge the receipt of “Ada’s hair,”
 ‘ which is very soft and pretty, and nearly as dark
 ‘ already as mine was at twelve years old, if I may
 ‘ judge from what I recollect of some in Augusta’s
 ‘ possession, taken at that age. But it don’t curl,—
 ‘ perhaps from its being let grow.

‘ I also thank you for the inscription of the date and
 ‘ name, and I will tell you why ;—I believe that they
 ‘ are the only two or three words of your handwriting
 ‘ in my possession. For your letters I returned, and
 ‘ except the two words, or rather the one word, “House-
 ‘ hold,” written twice in an old account-book, I have
 ‘ no other. I burnt your last note, for two reasons :—
 ‘ firstly, it was written in a style not very agreeable ;
 ‘ and, secondly, I wished to take your word without
 ‘ documents, which are the worldly resources of sus-
 ‘ picious people.

‘ I suppose that this note will reach you somewhere
 ‘ about Ada’s birthday—the 10th of December, I be-
 ‘ lieve. She will then be six, so that in about twelve
 ‘ more I shall have some chance of meeting her ;—

‘ perhaps sooner, if I am obliged to go to England by
‘ business or otherwise. Recollect, however, one
‘ thing, either in distance or nearness ;—every day
‘ which keeps us asunder should, after so long a pe-
‘ riod, rather soften our mutual feelings, which must
‘ always have one rallying-point as long as our child
‘ exists, which I presume we both hope will be long
‘ after either of her parents.

‘ The time which has elapsed since the separation
‘ has been considerably more than the whole brief
‘ period of our union, and the not much longer one of
‘ our prior acquaintance. We both made a bitter
‘ mistake ; but now it is over and irrevocably so. For,
‘ at thirty-three on my part, and a few years less on
‘ yours, though it is no very extended period of life,
‘ still it is one when the habits and thought are gene-
‘ rally so formed as to admit of no modification ; and
‘ as we could not agree when younger, we should with
‘ difficulty do so now.

‘ I say all this, because I own to you, that, notwith-
‘ standing everything, I considered our reunion as not
‘ impossible for more than a year after the separation ;
‘ —but then I gave up the hope entirely and for ever.
‘ But this very impossibility of reunion seems to me at
‘ least a reason why, on all the few points of discus-
‘ sion which can arise between us, we should preserve
‘ the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as
‘ people who are never to meet may preserve perhaps
‘ more easily than nearer connexions. For my own
‘ part, I am violent, but not malignant ; for only fresh
‘ provocations can awaken my resentments. To you,
‘ who are colder and more concentrated, I would just
‘ hint, that you may sometimes mistake the depth of a
‘ cold anger for dignity, and a worse feeling for duty.

‘ I assure you that I bear you *now* (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember, that *if you have injured me* in aught, this forgiveness is something; and that, if I have *injured you*, it is something more still, if it be true, as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving.

‘ Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to reflect upon any but two things,—viz. that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again. I think if you also consider the two corresponding points with reference to myself, it will be better for all three.

‘ Yours ever,

‘ NOËL BYRON.’

It has been my plan, as must have been observed, wherever my materials have furnished me with the means, to leave the subject of my Memoir to relate his own story; and this object, during the two or three years of his life just elapsed, I have been enabled by the rich resources in my hands, with but few interruptions, to attain. Having now, however, reached that point of his career from which a new start was about to be taken by his excursive spirit, and a course, glorious as it was brief and fatal, entered upon,—a moment of pause may be permitted while we look back through the last few years, and for a while dwell upon the spectacle, at once grand and painful, which his life during that most unbridled period of his powers exhibited.

In a state of unceasing excitement, both of heart and brain,—for ever warring with the world’s will, yet living but in the world’s breath,—with a genius

taking upon itself all shapes, from Jove down to Scapin, and a disposition veering with equal facility to all points of the moral compass,—not even the ancient fancy of the existence of two souls within one bosom would seem at all adequately to account for the varieties, both of power and character, which the course of his conduct and writings during these few feverish years displayed. Without going back so far as the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, which one of his bitterest and ablest assailants has pronounced to be, ‘in point of execution, the sublimest poetical achievement of mortal pen,’ we have, in a similar strain of strength and splendour, the *Prophecy of Dante*, *Cain*, the *Mystery of Heaven and Earth*, *Sardanapalus*,—all produced during this wonderful period of his genius. To these also are to be added four other dramatic pieces, which, though the least successful of his compositions, have yet, as Poems, few equals in our literature; while, in a more especial degree, they illustrate the versatility of taste and power so remarkable in him, as being founded, and to this very circumstance, perhaps, owing their failure, on a severe classic model, the most uncongenial to his own habits and temperament, and the most remote from that bold, unshackled license which it had been the great mission of his genius, throughout the whole realms of Mind, to assert.

In contrast to all these high-toned strains, and struck off during the same fertile period, we find his *Don Juan*—in itself an epitome of all the marvellous contrarieties of his character—the *Vision of Judgment*, the *Translation from Pulci*, the *Pamphlets on Pope*, on the *British Review*, on *Blackwood*,—together with a swarm of other light, humorous trifles, all

flashing forth carelessly from the same mind that was, almost at the same moment, personating, with a port worthy of such a presence, the mighty spirit of Dante, or following the dark footsteps of Scepticism over the ruins of past worlds, with Cain.

All this time, too, while occupied with these ideal creations, the demands upon his active sympathies, in real life, were such as almost any mind but his own would have found sufficient to engross its every thought and feeling. An amour, not of that light, transient kind which 'goes without a burden,' but, on the contrary, deep-rooted enough to endure to the close of his days, employed as restlessly with its first hopes and fears a portion of this period as with the entanglements to which it led, political and domestic, it embarrassed the remainder. Scarcely, indeed, had this disturbing passion begun to calm, when a new source of excitement presented itself in that conspiracy into which he flung himself so fearlessly, and which ended, as we have seen, but in multiplying the objects of his sympathy and protection, and driving him to a new change of home and scene.

When we consider all these distractions that beset him, taking into account also the frequent derangement of his health, and the time and temper he must have thrown away on the minute drudgery of watching over every item of his household expenditure, the mind is lost in almost incredulous astonishment at the wonders he was able to achieve under such circumstances—at the variety and prodigality of power with which, in the midst of such interruptions and hindrances, his 'bright soul broke out on every side,' and not only held on its course, unclogged, through all these difficulties, but even extracted out of the very

struggles and annoyances it encountered new nerve for its strength, and new fuel for its fire.

While thus at this period, more remarkably than at any other during his life, the unparalleled versatility of his genius was unfolding itself, those quick, cameleon-like changes of which his character, too, was capable were, during the same time, most vividly, and in strongest contrast, drawn out. To the world, and more especially to England,—the scene at once of his glories and his wrongs,—he presented himself in no other aspect than that of a stern, haughty misanthrope, self-banished from the fellowship of men and, most of all, from that of Englishmen. The more genial and beautiful inspirations of his muse were, in this point of view, looked upon but as lucid intervals between the paroxysms of an inherent malignancy of nature; and even the laughing effusions of his wit and humour got credit for no other aim than that which Swift boasted of, as the end of all his own labours, ‘to vex the world rather than divert it.’

How totally all this differed from the Byron of the social hour, they who lived in familiar intercourse with him may be safely left to tell. The sort of ferine reputation which he had acquired for himself abroad prevented numbers, of course, of his countrymen, whom he would have most cordially welcomed, from seeking his acquaintance. But, as it was, no English gentleman ever approached him, with the common forms of introduction, that did not come away at once surprised and charmed by the kind courtesy and facility of his manners, the unpretending play of his conversation, and, on a nearer intercourse, the frank, youthful spirits, to the flow of which he gave way with such a zest, as even to deceive some of those

who best knew him into the impression, that gaiety was after all the true bent of his disposition.

To these contrasts which he presented, as viewed publicly and privately, is to be added also the fact, that, while braving the world's ban so boldly, and asserting man's right to think for himself with a freedom and even daringness unequalled, the original shyness of his nature never ceased to hang about him; and while at a distance he was regarded as a sort of autocrat in intellect, revelling in all the confidence of his own great powers, a somewhat nearer observation enabled a common acquaintance at Venice * to detect, under all this, traces of that self-distrust and bashfulness which had marked him as a boy, and which never entirely forsook him through the whole of his career.

Still more singular, however, than this contradiction between the public and private man—a contradiction not unfrequent, and, in some cases, more apparent than real, as depending upon the relative position of the observer—were those contrarieties and changes not less startling, which his character so often exhibited, as compared with itself. He who, at one moment, was seen intrenched in the most absolute self-will, would, at the very next, be found all that was docile and amenable. To-day, storming the world in its strong holds, as a misanthrope and satirist—to-morrow, learning, with implicit obedience, to fold a shawl, as a Cavaliere—the same man who had so obstinately refused to surrender, either to friendly remonstrance or public outcry, a single line of Don Juan, at the mere request of a gentle Donna agreed to cease it altogether; nor would venture to resume this

* The Countess Albrizzi—see her Sketch of his Character.

task (though the chief darling of his muse) till, with some difficulty, he had obtained leave from the same ascendant quarter. Who, indeed, is there that, without some previous clue to his transformations, could have been at all prepared to recognise the coarse libertine of Venice in that romantic and passionate lover who, but a few months after, stood weeping before the fountain in the garden at Bologna? or, who could have expected to find in the close calculator of sequins and baiocchi, that generous champion of Liberty whose whole fortune, whose very life itself were considered by him but as trifling sacrifices for the advancement, but by a day, of her cause?

And here naturally our attention is drawn to the consideration of another feature of his character, connected more intimately with the bright epoch of his life now before us. Notwithstanding his strongly marked prejudices in favour of rank and high birth, we have seen with what ardour,—not only in fancy and theory, but practically, as in the case of the Italian Carbonari,—he embarked his sympathies unreservedly on the current of every popular movement towards freedom. Though of the sincerity of this zeal for liberty the seal set upon it so solemnly by his death leaves us no room to doubt, a question may fairly arise whether that general love of excitement, let it flow from whatever source it might, by which, more or less, every pursuit of his whole life was actuated, was not predominant among the impulses that governed him in this; and, again, whether it is not probable that, like Alfieri and other aristocratic lovers of freedom, he would not ultimately have shrunk from the result of his own equalizing doctrines; and, though zealous enough in lowering those *above* his

own level, rather recoil from the task of raising up those who were *below* it.

With regard to the first point, it may be conceded, without deducting much from his sincere zeal in the cause, that the gratification of his thirst of fame, and, above all, perhaps, that supply of excitement so necessary to him, to whet, as it were, the edge of his self-wearing spirit, were not the least of the attractions and incitements which a struggle under the banners of Freedom presented to him. It is also but too certain that, destined as he was to endless disenchantment, from that singular and painful union which existed in his nature of the creative imagination that calls up illusions, and the cool, searching sagacity that, at once, detects their hollowness, he could not long have gone on, even in a path so welcome to him, without finding the hopes with which his fancy had strewed it withering away beneath him at every step.

In politics, as in every other pursuit, his ambition was to be among the first; nor would it have been from the want of a due appreciation of all that is noblest and most disinterested in patriotism, that he would ever have stooped his flight to any less worthy aim. The following passage in one of his Journals will be remembered by the reader.—‘To be the first man (*not* the Dictator), not the Sylla, but the Washington, or Aristides, the leader in talent and truth, ‘is to be next to the Divinity.’ With such high and pure notions of political eminence he could not be otherwise than fastidious as to the means of attaining it; nor can it be doubted that with the sort of vulgar and sometimes sullied instruments which all popular leaders must stoop to employ, his love of truth, his sense of honour, his impatience of injustice, would

have led him constantly into such collisions as must have ended in repulsion and disgust; while the companionship of those beneath him, a tax all demagogues must pay, would, as soon as it had ceased to amuse his fancy for the new and the ridiculous, have shocked his taste and mortified his pride. The distaste with which, as appears from more than one of his letters, he was disposed to view the personal, if not the political, attributes of what is commonly called the Radical party in England, shows how unsuited he was naturally to mix in that kind of popular fellowship which, even to those far less aristocratic in their notions and feelings, must be sufficiently trying.

But, even granting that all these consequences might safely be predicted as almost certain to result from his engaging in such a career, it by no means the more necessarily follows that, *once* engaged, he would not have persevered in it consistently and devotedly to the last; nor that, even if reduced to say, with Cicero, "*nil boni præter causam*," he could not have so far abstracted the principle of the cause from its unworthy supporters as, at the same time, to uphold the one and despise the others. Looking back, indeed, from the advanced point where we are now arrived through the whole of his past career, we cannot fail to observe, pervading all its apparent changes and inconsistencies, an adherence to the original bias of his nature, a general consistency in the main, however shifting and contradictory the details, which had the effect of preserving, from first to last, all his views and principles, upon the great subjects that interested him through life, essentially unchanged*.

* Colonel Stanhope, who saw clearly this leading character of Byron's mind, has thus justly described it. 'Lord Byron's was a versatile and

At the worst, therefore, though allowing that, from disappointment or disgust, he might have been led to withdraw all personal participation in such a cause, in no case would he have shown himself a recreant to its principles; and though too proud to have ever descended, like *Egalité*, into the ranks of the people, he would have been far too consistent to pass, like *Alfieri*, into those of their enemies.

After the failure of those hopes with which he had so sanguinely looked forward to the issue of the late struggle between Italy and her rulers, it may be well conceived what a relief it was to him to turn his eyes to Greece, where a spirit was now rising such as he had himself imaged forth in dreams of song, but hardly could have even dreamed that he should live to see it realized. His early travels in that country had left a lasting impression on his mind; and whenever, as I have before remarked, his fancy for a roving life returned, it was to the regions about the 'blue Olympus' he always fondly looked back. Since his adoption of Italy as a home, this propensity had in a great degree subsided. In addition to the sedatory effects of his new domestic tie, there had, at this time, grown upon him a degree of inertness, or indisposition to change of residence, which, in the instance of his departure from Ravenna, was with some difficulty surmounted.

The unsettled state of life he was from thenceforward thrown into, by the precarious fortunes of those with whom he had connected himself, conspired with one or two other causes to revive within him all his former love of change and adventure; nor is it won-

still a stubborn mind; it wavered, but always returned to certain fixed principles.'

derful that to Greece, as offering *both* in their most exciting form, he should turn eagerly his eyes, and at once kindle with a desire not only to witness, but perhaps share in, the present triumphs of Liberty on those very fields where he had already gathered for immortality such memorials of her day long past.

Among the causes that concurred with this sentiment to determine him to the enterprise he now meditated, not the least powerful, undoubtedly, was the supposition in his own mind that the high tide of his poetical popularity had been for some time on the ebb. The utter failure of the Liberal,—in which, splendid as were some of his own contributions to it, there were yet others from his pen hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding dross,—confirmed him fully in the notion that he had at last wearied out his welcome with the world; and, as the voice of fame had become almost as necessary to him as the air he breathed, it was with a proud consciousness of the yet untouched reserves of power within him he now saw that, if arrived at the end of *one* path of fame, there were yet others for him to strike into, still more glorious.

That some such vent for the resources of his mind had long been contemplated by him appears from a letter of his to myself, in which it will be recollected he says:—‘If I live ten years longer, you will see that ‘it is not over with me. I don’t mean in literature, ‘for that is nothing; and—it may seem odd enough to ‘say—I do not think it was my vocation. But you ‘will see that I shall do something,—the times and ‘Fortune permitting,—that “like the cosmogony of ‘the world will puzzle the philosophers of all ages.”’

He then adds this but too true and sad prognostic :—
' But I doubt whether my constitution will hold out.'

His zeal in the cause of Italy, whose past history and literature seemed to call aloud for redress of her present vassalage and wrongs, would have, no doubt, led him to the same chivalrous self-devotion in her service, as he displayed afterwards in that of Greece. The disappointing issue, however, of that brief struggle is but too well known; and this sudden wreck of a cause so promising pained him the more deeply from his knowledge of some of the brave and true hearts embarked in it. The disgust, indeed, which that abortive effort left behind, coupled with the opinion he had early formed of the 'hereditary bondsmen' of Greece, had kept him for some time in a state of considerable doubt and misgiving as to their chances of ever working out their own enfranchisement; nor was it till the spring of this year, when, rather by the continuance of the struggle than by its actual success, some confidence had begun to be inspired in the trustworthiness of the cause, that he had nearly made up his mind to devote himself to its aid. The only difficulty that still remained to retard or embarrass this resolution was the necessity it imposed of a temporary separation from Madame Guiccioli, who was herself, as might be expected, anxious to participate his perils, but whom it was impossible he could think of exposing to the chances of a life, even for men, so rude.

At the beginning of the month of April he received a visit from Mr. Blaquiere, who was then proceeding on a special mission to Greece, for the purpose of procuring for the Committee lately formed in London correct information as to the state and prospects of that

country. It was among the instructions of this gentleman that he should touch at Genoa and communicate with Lord Byron; and the following note will show how cordially the noble poet was disposed to enter into all the objects of the Committee.

LETTER 519.

TO MR. BLAQUIERE.

*' Albaro, April 5th, 1823.**' Dear Sir,*

' I shall be delighted to see you and your Greek friend, and the sooner the better. I have been expecting you for some time,—you will find me at home. I cannot express to you how much I feel interested in the cause, and nothing but the hopes I entertained of witnessing the liberation of Italy itself prevented me long ago from returning to do what little I could, as an individual, in that land which it is an honour even to have visited.

' Ever yours truly, ' NOEL BYRON.'

Soon after this interview with their agent, a more direct communication on the subject was opened between his lordship and the Committee itself.

LETTER 520.

TO MR. BOWRING.

*' Genoa, 12th May, 1823.**' Sir,*

' I have great pleasure in acknowledging your letter, and the honour which the Committee have done me;—I shall endeavour to deserve their confidence by every means in my power. My first wish is to go up into the Levant in person, where I might be enabled to advance, if not the cause, at least the means of obtaining information which the Committee

‘ might be desirous of acting upon; and my former
‘ residence in the country, my familiarity with the
‘ Italian language (which is there universally spoken,
‘ or at least to the same extent as French in the more
‘ polished parts of the continent), and my *not* total
‘ ignorance of the Romaic, would afford me some
‘ advantages of experience. To this project the only
‘ objection is of a domestic nature, and I shall try to
‘ get over it;—if I fail in this, I must do what I can
‘ where I am; but it will be always a source of regret
‘ to me, to think that I might perhaps have done
‘ more for the cause on the spot.

‘ Our last information of Captain Blaquiere is from
‘ Ancona, where he embarked with a fair wind for
‘ Corfu, on the 15th ult.; he is now probably at his
‘ destination. My last letter *from* him personally
‘ was dated Rome; he had been refused a passport
‘ through the Neapolitan territory, and returned to
‘ strike up through Romagna for Ancona;—little time,
‘ however, appears to have been lost by the delay.

‘ The principal material wanted by the Greeks
‘ appears to be, first, a park of field artillery—light,
‘ and fit for mountain-service; secondly, gunpowder;
‘ thirdly, hospital or medical stores. The readiest
‘ mode of transmission is, I hear, by Idra, addressed to
‘ Mr. Negri, the minister. I meant to send up a cer-
‘ tain quantity of the two latter—no great deal—but
‘ enough for an individual to show his good wishes for
‘ the Greek success,—but am pausing, because, in case
‘ I should go myself, I can take them with me. I do
‘ not want to limit my own contribution to this merely,
‘ but more especially, if I can get to Greece myself, I
‘ should devote whatever resources I can muster of my
‘ own, to advancing the great object. I am in corre-



View of the Harbour from a Boat by H. J. J. J.

Engraved by J. J. J.

Engraving published by the Author, and sold by the Booksellers, in 1840.

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‘ spondence with Signor Nicolas Karrellas (well known
‘ to Mr. Hobhouse), who is now at Pisa ; but his
‘ latest advice merely stated, that the Greeks are at
‘ present employed in organizing their *internal* govern-
‘ ment, and the details of its administration ; this
‘ would seem to indicate *security*, but the war is how-
‘ ever far from being terminated.

‘ The Turks are an obstinate race, as all former
‘ wars have proved them, and will return to the
‘ charge for years to come, even if beaten, as it is to
‘ be hoped they will be. But in no case can the
‘ labours of the Committee be said to be in vain, for
‘ in the event even of the Greeks being subdued, and
‘ dispersed, the funds which could be employed in
‘ succouring and gathering together the remnant, so
‘ as to alleviate in part their distresses, and enable
‘ them to find or make a country (as so many emi-
‘ grants of other nations have been compelled to do),
‘ would “bless both those who gave and those who
‘ took,” as the bounty both of justice and of mercy.

‘ With regard to the formation of a brigade (which
‘ Mr. Hobhouse hints at in his short letter of this
‘ day’s receipt, enclosing the one to which I have the
‘ honour to reply), I would presume to suggest—but
‘ merely as an opinion, resulting rather from the me-
‘ lancholy experience of the brigades embarked in the
‘ Columbian service than from any experiment yet
‘ fairly tried in GREECE—that the attention of the
‘ Committee had better perhaps be directed to the em-
‘ ployment of *officers* of experience than the enrolment
‘ of *raw British* soldiers, which latter are apt to be
‘ unruly, and not very serviceable, in irregular war-
‘ fare, by the side of foreigners. A small body of good
‘ officers, especially artillery ; an engineer, with quan-

‘ tity (such as the Committee might deem requisite)
‘ of stores, of the nature which Captain Blaquiere
‘ indicated as most wanted, would, I should conceive,
‘ be a highly useful accession. Officers, also, who
‘ had previously served in the Mediterranean would
‘ be preferable, as some knowledge of Italian is nearly
‘ indispensable.

‘ It would also be as well that they should be aware,
‘ that they are not going “to rough it on a beef-steak
‘ and bottle of port,”—but that Greece—never, of late
‘ years, very plentifully stocked for a *mess*—is at pre-
‘ sent the country of all kinds of *privations*. This
‘ remark may seem superfluous; but I have been led
‘ to it, by observing that many *foreign* officers, Italian,
‘ French, and even Germans (but *fewer* of the *latter*),
‘ have returned in disgust, imagining either that they
‘ were going up to make a party of pleasure, or to
‘ enjoy full pay, speedy promotion, and a very mode-
‘ rate degree of duty. They complain, too, of having
‘ been ill received by the Government or inhabitants;
‘ but numbers of these complainants were mere adven-
‘ turers, attracted by a hope of command and plunder,
‘ and disappointed of both. Those Greeks I have
‘ seen strenuously deny the charge of inhospitality,
‘ and declare that they shared their pittance to the
‘ last crum with their foreign volunteers.

‘ I need not suggest to the Committee the very great
‘ advantage which must accrue to Great Britain from
‘ the success of the Greeks, and their probable commer-
‘ cial relations with England in consequence; because
‘ I feel persuaded that the first object of the Committee
‘ is their EMANCIPATION, without any interested
‘ views. But the consideration might weigh with the
‘ English people in general, in their present passion

‘ for every kind of speculation,—they need not cross
‘ the American seas, for one much better worth their
‘ while, and nearer home. The resources even for an
‘ emigrant population, in the Greek islands alone, are
‘ rarely to be paralleled ; and the cheapness of every
‘ kind of, not *only necessary*, but *luxury*, (that is to say,
‘ *luxury of nature*,) fruits, wine, oil, &c. in a state of
‘ peace, are far beyond those of the Cape, and Van
‘ Dieman’s Land, and the other places of refuge, which
‘ the English people are searching for over the waters.

‘ I beg that the Committee will command me in any
‘ and every way. If I am favoured with any instructions,
‘ I shall endeavour to obey them to the letter, whether
‘ conformable to my own private opinion or not. I
‘ beg leave to add, personally, my respect for the gen-
‘ tleman whom I have the honour of addressing,

‘ And am, Sir, your obliged, &c.

‘ P.S. The best refutation of Gell will be the active
‘ exertions of the Committee ;—I am too warm a con-
‘ troversialist ; and I suspect that if Mr. Hobhouse
‘ have taken him in hand, there will be little occasion
‘ for me to “ encumber him with help.” If I go up into
‘ the country, I will endeavour to transmit as accu-
‘ rate and impartial an account as circumstances will
‘ permit.

‘ I shall write to Mr. Karellas. I expect intelli-
‘ gence from Captain Blaquiere, who has promised
‘ me some early intimation from the seat of the Pro-
‘ visional Government. I gave him a letter of intro-
‘ duction to Lord Sydney Osborne, at Corfu ; but as
‘ Lord S. is in the government service, of course his
‘ reception could only be a *cautious* one.’

LETTER 521.

TO MR. BOWRING.

Genoa, May 21st, 1823.

‘ Sir,

‘ I received yesterday the letter of the Committee, dated the 14th of March. What has occasioned the delay, I know not. It was forwarded by Mr. Gallignani, from Paris, who stated that he had only had it in his charge four days, and that it was delivered to him by a Mr. Grattan. I need hardly say that I gladly accede to the proposition of the Committee, and hold myself highly honoured by being deemed worthy to be a member. I have also to return my thanks, particularly to yourself, for the accompanying letter, which is extremely flattering.

‘ Since I last wrote to you, through the medium of Mr. Hobhouse, I have received and forwarded a letter from Captain Blaquiere to me, from Corfu, which will show how he gets on. Yesterday I fell in with two young Germans, survivors of General Normann’s band. They arrived at Genoa in the most deplorable state—without food—without a sou—without shoes. The Austrians had sent them out of their territory on their landing at Trieste; and they had been forced to come down to Florence, and had travelled from Leghorn here, with four Tuscan *livres* (about three francs) in their pockets. I have given them twenty Genoese scudi (about a hundred and thirty-three *livres*, French money), and new shoes, which will enable them to get to Switzerland, where they say that they have friends. All that they could raise in Genoa, besides, was thirty *sous*. They do not complain of the Greeks, but say that they have suffered more since their landing in Italy.

‘ I tried their veracity, 1st, by their passports and

‘ papers; 2dly, by topography, cross-questioning them
‘ about Arta, Argos, Athens, Missolonghi, Corinth,
‘ &c.; and 3dly, in *Romaic*, of which I found one of
‘ them, at least, knew more than I do. One of them
‘ (they are both of good families) is a fine handsome
‘ young fellow of three-and-twenty—a Wirtembergher,
‘ and has a look of *Sandt* about him—the other a Ba-
‘ varian, older and flat-faced, and less ideal, but a
‘ great, sturdy, soldier-like personage. The Wirtem-
‘ bergher was in the action at Arta, where the Phil-
‘ hellenists were cut to pieces after killing six hundred
‘ Turks, they themselves being only a hundred and
‘ fifty in number, opposed to about six or seven thou-
‘ sand; only eight escaped, and of them about three
‘ only survived; so that General Normann “ posted
‘ his ragamuffins where they were well peppered—
‘ not three of the hundred and fifty left alive—and
‘ they are for the town’s end for life.”

‘ These two left Greece by the direction of the
‘ Greeks. When Churschid Pacha overrun the Morea,
‘ the Greeks seem to have behaved well, in wishing to
‘ save their allies, when they thought that the game
‘ was up with themselves. This was in September
‘ last (1822): they wandered from island to island,
‘ and got from Milo to Smyrna, where the French
‘ consul gave them a passport, and a charitable captain
‘ a passage to Ancona, whence they got to Trieste,
‘ and were turned back by the Austrians. They com-
‘ plain only of the minister (who has always been an
‘ indifferent character); say that the Greeks fight very
‘ well in their own way, but were at *first* afraid to
‘ *fire* their own cannon—but mended with practice.

‘ Adolphe (the younger) commanded at Navarino for
‘ a short time; the other, a more material person,

“ the bold Bavarian in a luckless hour,” seems chiefly to lament a fast of three days at Argos, and the loss of twenty-five paras a day of pay in arrear, and some baggage at Tripolitza ; but takes his wounds, and marches, and battles in very good part. Both are very simple, full of naïveté, and quite unpretending : they say the foreigners quarrelled among themselves, particularly the French with the Germans, which produced duels.

‘ The Greeks accept muskets, but throw away *bayonets*, and will *not* be disciplined. When these lads saw two Piedmontese regiments yesterday, they said, “ Ah, if we had but *these* two, we should have cleared the Morea :” in that case the Piedmontese must have behaved better than they did against the Austrians. They seem to lay great stress upon a few regular troops—say that the Greeks have arms and powder in plenty, but want victuals, hospital stores, and lint and linen, &c. and money, very much. Altogether, it would be difficult to show more practical philosophy than this remnant of our “ *puir hill folk* ” have done ; they do not seem the least cast down, and their way of presenting themselves was as simple and natural as could be. They said, a Dane here had told them that an Englishman, friendly to the Greek cause, was here, and that, as they were reduced to beg their way home, they thought they might as well begin with me. I write in haste to snatch the post.—Believe me, and truly,

‘ Your obliged, &c.

‘ P.S. I have, since I wrote this, seen them again. Count P. Gamba asked them to breakfast. One of them means to publish his Journal of the campaign. The Bavarian wonders a little that the Greeks are

‘ not quite the same with them of the time of Themistocles (they were not then very tractable, by the by), and at the difficulty of disciplining them ; but he is a “ bon homme ” and a tactician, and a little like Dugald Dalgetty, who would insist upon the erection of “ a sconce on the hill of Drumsnab,” or whatever it was ;—the other seems to wonder at nothing.’

LETTER 522.

TO LADY ———.

‘ May 17th, 1823.

‘ My voyage to Greece will depend upon the Greek Committee (in England) partly, and partly on the instructions which some persons now in Greece on a private mission may be pleased to send me. I am a member, lately elected, of the said Committee ; and my object in going up would be to do any little good in my power ;—but as there are some *pros* and *cons* on the subject, with regard to how far the intervention of strangers may be advisable, I know no more than I tell you ; but we shall probably hear something soon from England and Greece, which may be more decisive.

‘ With regard to the late person (Lord Londonderry), whom you hear that I have attacked, I can only say that a bad minister’s memory is as much an object of investigation as his conduct while alive,—for his measures do not die with him like a private individual’s notions. He is matter of *history* ; and, wherever I find a tyrant or a villain, *I will mark him*. I attacked him no more than I had been wont to do. As to the Liberal,—it was a publication set up for the advantage of a persecuted author and a very worthy man. But it was foolish in me to engage in it ; and so it has turned out—for I have hurt myself

‘ without doing much good to those for whose benefit
‘ it was intended.

‘ Do *not defend* me—it will never do—you will only
‘ make *yourself* enemies.

‘ Mine are neither to be diminished nor softened,
‘ but they may be overthrown ; and there are events
‘ which may occur, less improbable than those which
‘ have happened in our time, that may reverse the
‘ present state of things—*nous verrons*.

‘ I send you this gossip that you may laugh at it,
‘ which is all it is good for, if it is even good for so
‘ much. I shall be delighted to see you again ; but
‘ it will be melancholy, should it be only for a mo-
‘ ment.

‘ Ever yours,

‘ N. B.’

It being now decided that Lord Byron should proceed forthwith to Greece, all the necessary preparations for his departure were hastened. One of his first steps was to write to Mr. Trelawney, who was then at Rome, to request that he would accompany him. ‘ You must have heard,’ he says, ‘ that I am going to Greece—why do you not come to me ? I can do nothing without you, and am exceedingly anxious to see you. Pray, come, for I am at last determined to go to Greece ;—it is the only place I was ever contented in. I am serious ; and did not write before, as I might have given you a journey for nothing. They all say I can be of use to Greece ; I do not know how—nor do they ; but, at all events, let us go.’

A physician, acquainted with surgery, being considered a necessary part of his suite, he requested of his own medical attendant at Genoa, Doctor Alex-

ander, to provide him with such a person ; and, on the recommendation of this gentleman, Doctor Bruno, a young man who had just left the university with considerable reputation was engaged. Among other preparations for his expedition, he ordered three splendid helmets to be made,—with his never forgotten crest engraved upon them,—for himself and the two friends who were to accompany him. In this little circumstance which, in England (where the ridiculous is so much better understood than the heroic), excited some sneers at the time, we have one of the many instances that occur amusingly through his life, to confirm the quaint but, as applied to him, true observation, that ‘ the child is father to the man ;’—the characteristics of these two periods of life being in him so anomalously transposed, that while the passions and ripened views of the man developed themselves in his boyhood, so the easily pleased fancies and vanities of the boy were for ever breaking out among the most serious moments of his manhood. The same schoolboy whom we found, at the beginning of the first volume, boasting of his intention to raise, at some future time, a troop of horse in black armour, to be called Byron’s Blacks, was now seen trying on with delight his fine crested helmet, and anticipating the deeds of glory he was to achieve under its plumes.

At the end of May a letter arrived from Mr. Blaquiere communicating to him very favourable intelligence, and requesting that he would as much as possible hasten his departure, as he was now anxiously looked for, and would be of the greatest service. However encouraging this summons, and though Lord Byron, thus called upon from all sides, had now determined to give freely the aid which all deemed so essential,

it is plain from his letters that, in the cool, sagacious view which he himself took of the whole subject, so far from agreeing with these enthusiasts in their high estimate of his personal services, he had not yet even been able to perceive any definite way in which those services could, with any prospect of permanent utility, be applied.

For an insight into the true state of his mind at this crisis, the following observations of one who watched him with eyes quickened by anxiety will be found, perhaps, to afford the clearest and most certain clue. ‘At this time,’ says the Contessa Guiccioli, ‘Lord Byron again turned his thoughts to Greece; and, excited on every side by a thousand combining circumstances, found himself, almost before he had time to form a decision, or well know what he was doing, obliged to set out for that country. But, notwithstanding his affection for those regions—notwithstanding the consciousness of his own moral energies, which made him say always that “a man ought to do something more for society than write verses”—notwithstanding the attraction which the object of this voyage must necessarily have for his noble mind, and that, moreover, he was resolved to return to Italy within a few months,—notwithstanding all this, every person who was near him at the time can bear witness to the struggle which his mind underwent (however much he endeavoured to hide it), as the period fixed for his departure approached*.’

* ‘Fu allora che Lord Byron rivolse i suoi pensieri alla Grecia; e stimolato poi da ogni parte per mille combinazioni egli si trovò quasi senza averlo deciso, e senza saperlo, obbligato di partire per la Grecia. Ma, non ostante il suo affetto per quelle contrade,—non ostante il sentimento delle sue forze morali che gli faceva dire sempre “che un

In addition to the vagueness which this want of any defined object so unsatisfactorily threw round the enterprise before him, he had also a sort of ominous presentiment—natural, perhaps, to one of his temperament under such circumstances—that he was but fulfilling his own doom in this expedition, and should die in Greece. On the evening before the departure of his friends, Lord and Lady B * *, from Genoa, he called upon them for the purpose of taking leave, and sat conversing for some time. He was evidently in low spirits, and after expressing his regret that they should leave Genoa before his own time of sailing, proceeded to speak of his intended voyage in a tone full of despondence. ‘Here,’ said he, ‘we are all now together—but when, and where, shall we meet again? I have a sort of boding that we see each other for the last time; as something tells me I shall never again return from Greece.’ Having continued a little longer in this melancholy strain, he leaned his head upon the arm of the sofa on which they were seated, and, bursting into tears, wept for some minutes with uncontrollable feeling. Though he had been talking only with Lady B * *, all who were present in the room observed, and were affected by his emotion, while he himself, apparently ashamed of his weakness, endeavoured to turn off attention from it by some ironical remark, spoken with a sort of hysterical laugh, upon the effects of ‘nervousness.’

He had, previous to this conversation, presented to

‘uomo è obbligato a fare per la società qualche cosa di più che dei versi,’—non ostante le attrattive che doveva avere pel nobile suo animo l’oggetto di quel viaggio,—e non ostante che egli fosse determinato di ritornare in Italia fra non molti mesi,—pure in quale combattimento si trovasse il suo cuore mentre si avanzava l’epoca della sua partenza (sebbene cercasse occultarlo) ognuno che lo ha avvicinato allora può dirlo.’

each of the party some little farewell gift—a book to one, a print from his bust by Bartolini to another, and to Lady B * * a copy of his Armenian Grammar, which had some manuscript remarks of his own on the leaves. In now parting with her, having begged, as a memorial, some trifle which she had worn, the lady gave him one of her rings; in return for which he took a pin from his breast, containing a small cameo of Napoleon, which he said had long been his companion, and presented it to her ladyship.

The next day Lady B * * received from him the following note :

TO THE COUNTESS OF B * *.

Albaro, June 2d, 1823.

‘ My Dear Lady B * *,

‘ I am *superstitious*, and have recollected that me-
 ‘ morials with a *point* are of less fortunate augury ; I
 ‘ will, therefore, request you to accept, instead of the
 ‘ *pin*, the enclosed chain, which is of so slight a value
 ‘ that you need not hesitate. As you wished for
 ‘ something *worn*, I can only say, that it has been
 ‘ worn oftener and longer than the other. It is of
 ‘ Venetian manufacture; and the only peculiarity
 ‘ about it is, that it could only be obtained at or from
 ‘ Venice. At Genoa they have none of the same kind.
 ‘ I also enclose a ring, which I would wish *Alfred* to
 ‘ keep; it is too large to *wear*; but is formed of *lava*,
 ‘ and so far adapted to the fire of his years and cha-
 ‘ racter. You will perhaps have the goodness to
 ‘ acknowledge the receipt of this note, and send back
 ‘ the pin (for good luck’s sake), which I shall value
 ‘ much more for having been a night in your custody.

‘ Ever and faithfully your obliged, &c.

‘ P.S. I hope your *nerves* are well to-day, and will
‘ continue to flourish.’

In the mean time the preparations for his romantic expedition were in progress. With the aid of his banker and very sincere friend, Mr. Barry, of Genoa; he was enabled to raise the large sums of money necessary for his supply;—10,000 crowns in specie, and 40,000 crowns in bills of exchange; being the amount of what he took with him, and a portion of this having been raised upon his furniture and books, on which Mr. Barry, as I understand, advanced a sum far beyond their worth. An English brig, the *Hercules*, had been freighted to convey himself and his suite, which consisted, at this time, of Count Gamba, Mr. Trelawney, Doctor Bruno, and eight domestics. There were also aboard five horses, sufficient arms and ammunition for the use of his own party, two one-pounders belonging to his schooner, the *Bolivar*, which he had left at Genoa, and medicine enough for the supply of a thousand men for a year.

The following letter to the Secretary of the Greek Committee announces his approaching departure.

LETTER 523.

TO MR. BOWRING.

‘ July 7th, 1823.

‘ We sail on the 12th for Greece.—I have had a
‘ letter from Mr. Blaquiere, too long for present tran-
‘ scription, but very satisfactory. The Greek Go-
‘ vernment expects me without delay.

‘ In conformity to the desires of Mr. B. and other
‘ correspondents in Greece, I have to suggest, with
‘ all deference to the Committee, that a remittance of

‘ even “ *ten thousand pounds only* ” (Mr. B.’s expression) would be of the greatest service to the Greek Government at present. I have also to recommend strongly the attempt of a loan, for which there will be offered a sufficient security by deputies now on their way to England. In the mean time, I hope that the Committee will be enabled to do something effectual.

‘ For my own part, I mean to carry up, in cash or credits, above eight, and nearly nine thousand pounds sterling, which I am enabled to do by funds I have in Italy, and credits in England. Of this sum I must necessarily reserve a portion for the subsistence of myself and suite; the rest I am willing to apply in the manner which seems most likely to be useful to the cause—having of course some guarantee or assurance, that it will not be misapplied to any individual speculation.

‘ If I remain in Greece, which will mainly depend upon the presumed probable utility of my presence there, and of the opinion of the Greeks themselves as to its propriety—in short, if I am welcome to them, I shall continue, during my residence at least, to apply such portions of my income, present and future, as may forward the object—that is to say, what I can spare for that purpose. Privations I can, or at least could once bear—abstinence I am accustomed to—and, as to fatigue, I was once a tolerable traveller. What I may be now, I cannot tell—but I will try.

‘ I await the commands of the Committee.—Address to Genoa—the letters will be forwarded me, wherever I may be, by my bankers, Messrs. Webb and Barry. It would have given me pleasure to

' have had some more *defined* instructions before I
' went, but these, of course, rest at the option of the
' Committee. ' I have the honour to be,

' Yours obediently, &c.

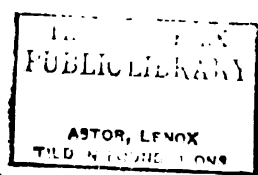
' P.S. Great anxiety is expressed for a printing
' press and types, &c. I have not the time to provide
' them, but recommend this to the notice of the Com-
' mittee. I presume the types must, partly at least,
' be *Greek*: they wish to publish papers, and perhaps
' a Journal, probably in Romaic, with Italian transla-
' tions.'

All was now ready ; and on the 13th of July him-
self and his whole party slept on board the *Hercules*.
About sunrise the next morning they succeeded in
clearing the port ; but there was little wind, and they
remained in sight of Genoa the whole day. The
night was a bright moonlight, but the wind had
become stormy and adverse, and they were, for a
short time, in serious danger. Lord Byron, who re-
mained on deck during the storm, was employed
anxiously, with the aid of such of his suite as were not
disabled by sea-sickness from helping him, in pre-
venting further mischief to the horses, which, having
been badly secured, had broken loose and injured
each other. After making head against the wind for
three or four hours, the captain was at last obliged to
steer back to Genoa, and re-entered the port at six in
the morning. On landing again, after this unprom-
ising commencement of his voyage, Lord Byron
(says Count Gamba) 'appeared thoughtful, and re-
' marked that he considered a bad beginning a favour-
' able omen.'

It has been already, I believe, mentioned that,

among the superstitions in which he chose to indulge, the supposed unluckiness of Friday, as a day for the commencement of any work, was one by which he, almost always, allowed himself to be influenced. Soon after his arrival at Pisa, a lady of his acquaintance happening to meet him, on the road from her house as she was herself returning thither, and supposing that he had been to make her a visit, requested that he would go back with her. 'I have not been to your house,' he answered; 'for, just before I got to the door, I remembered that it was Friday; and, not liking to make my first visit on a Friday, I turned back.' It is even related of him that he once sent away a Genoese tailor who brought him home a new coat on the same ominous day.

With all this, strange to say, he set sail for Greece on a Friday:—and though, by those who have any leaning to this superstitious fancy, the result may be thought but too sadly confirmatory of the omen, it is plain that either the influence of the superstition over his own mind was slight, or, in the excitement of self-devotion under which he now acted, was forgotten. In truth, notwithstanding his encouraging speech to Count Gamba, the forewarning he now felt of his approaching doom seems to have been far too deep and serious to need the aid of any such accessory. Having expressed a wish, on relanding, to visit his own palace, which he had left to the care of Mr. Barry during his absence, and from which Madame Guiccioli had early that morning departed, he now proceeded thither, accompanied by Count Gamba alone. 'His conversation,' says this gentleman, 'was somewhat melancholy on our way to Albaro: he spoke much of his past life, and of the uncertainty of the





Painted by J. M. W. Turner

Painted by J. M. W. Turner

The Temple of Solomon, Jerusalem, 1844

Painted by J. M. W. Turner, and sold by a Pitt-Rivers house

‘ future. “ Where,” said he, “ shall we be in a year ? ”
‘ —It looked (adds his friend) like a melancholy fore-
‘ boding ; for, on the same day, of the same month, in
‘ the next year, he was carried to the tomb of his
‘ ancestors.’

It took nearly the whole of the day to repair the damages of their vessel ; and the greater part of this interval was passed by Lord Byron, in company with Mr. Barry, at some gardens near the city. Here his conversation, as this gentleman informs me, took the same gloomy turn. That he had not fixed to go to England, in preference, seemed one of his deep regrets ; and so hopeless were the views he expressed of the whole enterprise before him, that, as it appeared to Mr. Barry, nothing but a devoted sense of duty and honour could have determined him to persist in it.

In the evening of that day they set sail ;—and now, fairly launched in the cause, and disengaged, as it were, from his former state of existence, the natural power of his spirit to shake off pressure, whether from within or without, began instantly to display itself. According to the report of one of his fellow-voyagers, though so clouded while on shore, no sooner did he find himself, once more, bounding over the waters, than all the light and life of his better nature shone forth. In the breeze that now bore him towards his beloved Greece, the voice of his youth seemed again to speak. Before the titles of hero, of benefactor, to which he now aspired, that of poet, however pre-eminent, faded into nothing. His love of freedom, his generosity, his thirst for the new and adventurous,—all were re-awakened ; and even the bodings that still lingered at the bottom of his heart but made the course before him more precious from his consciousness of its

brevity, and from the high and self-ennobling resolution he had now taken to turn what yet remained of it gloriously to account.

‘ Parte, e porta un desio d’eterna ed alma
 ‘ Gloria che a nobil cuor è sferza e sprone ;
 ‘ A magnanime imprese intenta ha l’alma,
 ‘ Ed *insolite cose* oprar dispone.
 ‘ Gir fra i nemici—*ivi o cipresso o palma*
 ‘ Acquistar.’

After a passage of five days, they reached Leghorn, at which place it was thought necessary to touch, for the purpose of taking on board a supply of gunpowder, and other English goods, not to be had elsewhere.

It would have been the wish of Lord Byron, in the new path he had now marked out for himself, to disconnect from his name, if possible, all those poetical associations, which, by throwing a character of romance over the step he was now taking, might have a tendency, as he feared, to impair its practical utility; and it is, perhaps, hardly saying too much for his sincere zeal in the cause to assert, that he would willingly at this moment have sacrificed his whole fame, as poet, for even the prospect of an equivalent renown, as philanthropist and liberator. How vain, however, was the thought that he could thus supersede his own glory, or cause the fame of the lyre to be forgotten in that of the sword, was made manifest to him by a mark of homage which reached him, while at Leghorn, from the hands of one of the only two men of the age who could contend with him in the universality of his literary fame.

Already, as has been seen, an exchange of courtesies, founded upon mutual admiration, had taken place between Lord Byron and the great poet of Germany, Goethe. Of this intercourse between two such

men,—the former as brief a light in the world's eyes, as the latter has been long and steadily luminous,—an account has been by the venerable survivor put on record, which, as a fit preliminary to the letter I am about to give, I shall here insert in as faithful a translation as it has been in my power to procure.

‘GOETHE AND BYRON.

‘The German poet, who, down to the latest period of his long life, had been always anxious to acknowledge the merits of his literary predecessors and contemporaries, because he has always considered this to be the surest means of cultivating his own powers, could not but have his attention attracted to the great talent of the noble lord almost from his earliest appearance, and uninterruptedly watched the progress of his mind throughout the great works which he unceasingly produced. It was immediately perceived by him that the public appreciation of his poetical merits kept pace with the rapid succession of his writings. The joyful sympathy of others would have been perfect, had not the poet, by a life marked by self-dissatisfaction, and the indulgence of strong passions, disturbed the enjoyment which his infinite genius produced. But his German admirer was not led astray by this, or prevented from following with close attention both his works and his life in all their eccentricity. These astonished him the more, as he found in the experience of past ages no element for the calculation of so eccentric an orbit.

‘These endeavours of the German did not remain unknown to the Englishman, of which his poems contain unambiguous proofs; and he also availed himself of the means afforded by various travellers,

‘ to forward some friendly salutation to his unknown
‘ admirer. At length a manuscript Dedication of *Sar-*
‘ *danapalus*, in the most complimentary terms, was
‘ forwarded to him, with an obliging inquiry whether
‘ it might be prefixed to the tragedy. The German,
‘ who, at his advanced age, was conscious of his own
‘ powers and of their effects, could only gratefully and
‘ modestly consider this Dedication as the expression
‘ of an inexhaustible intellect, deeply feeling and
‘ creating its own object. He was by no means dis-
‘ satisfied when, after a long delay, *Sardanapalus* ap-
‘ peared without the Dedication; and was made happy
‘ by the possession of a fac simile of it, engraved on
‘ stone, which he considered a precious memorial.

‘ The noble lord, however, did not abandon his pur-
‘ pose of proclaiming to the world his valued kindness
‘ towards his German contemporary and brother poet,
‘ a precious evidence of which was placed in front of
‘ the tragedy of *Werner*. It will be readily believed,
‘ when so unhopd for an honour was conferred upon
‘ the German poet—one seldom experienced in life,
‘ and that too from one himself so highly distinguished
‘ —he was by no means reluctant to express the high
‘ esteem and sympathizing sentiment with which his
‘ unsurpassed contemporary had inspired him. The
‘ task was difficult, and was found the more so, the more
‘ it was contemplated ;—for what can be said of one
‘ whose unfathomable qualities are not to be reached
‘ by words? But when a young gentleman, Mr. Ster-
‘ ling, of pleasing person and excellent character, in
‘ the spring of 1823, on a journey from Genoa to
‘ Weimar, delivered a few lines under the hand of the
‘ great man as an introduction, and when the report
‘ was soon after spread that the noble peer was about

‘ to direct his great mind and various power to deeds
 ‘ of sublime daring beyond the ocean, there appeared
 ‘ to be no time left for further delay, and the following
 ‘ lines were hastily written* :

‘ Ein freundlich Wort kommt eines nach dem andern
 ‘ Von Süden her und bringt uns frohe Stunden ;
 ‘ Es ruft uns auf zum Edelsten zu wandern,
 ‘ Nicht ist der Geist, doch ist der Fuss gebunden.
 ‘ Wie soll ich dem, den ich so lang begleitet,
 ‘ Nun etwas Traulich's in die Ferne sagen ?
 ‘ Ihm der sich selbst im Innersten bestreitet,
 ‘ Stark angewohnt das tiefste Weh zu tragen.
 ‘ Wohl sey ihm doch, wenn er sich selbst empfindet !
 ‘ Er wage selbst sich hoch beglückt zu nennen,
 ‘ Wenn Musenkraft die Schmerzen überwindet,
 ‘ Und wie ich ihn erkannt mög' er sich kennen.

‘ The verses reached Genoa, but the excellent friend
 ‘ to whom they were addressed was already gone, and
 ‘ to a distance, as it appeared, inaccessible. Driven
 ‘ back, however, by storms, he landed at Leghorn,
 ‘ where these cordial lines reached him just as he was
 ‘ about to embark, on the 24th of July, 1823. He had
 ‘ barely time to answer by a well-filled page, which
 ‘ the possessor has preserved among his most precious
 ‘ papers, as the worthiest evidence of the connexion
 ‘ that had been formed. Affecting and delightful as
 ‘ was such a document, and justifying the most lively
 ‘ hopes, it has acquired now the greatest, though most
 ‘ painful value, from the untimely death of the lofty
 ‘ writer, which adds a peculiar edge to the grief felt
 ‘ generally throughout the whole moral and poetical
 ‘ world at his loss : for we were warranted in hoping,
 ‘ that when his great deeds should have been achieved,
 ‘ we might personally have greeted in him the pre-

* I insert the verses in the original language, as an English version gives but a very imperfect notion of their meaning.

‘ eminent intellect, the happily acquired friend, and
‘ the most humane of conquerors. At present we can
‘ only console ourselves with the conviction that his
‘ country will at last recover from that violence of in-
‘ vective and reproach which has been so long raised
‘ against him, and will learn to understand that the
‘ dross and lees of the age and the individual, out of
‘ which even the best have to elevate themselves, are
‘ but perishable and transient, while the wonderful
‘ glory to which he in the present and through all
‘ future ages has elevated his country, will be as
‘ boundless in its splendour as it is incalculable in its
‘ consequences. Nor can there be any doubt that the
‘ nation, which can boast of so many great names, will
‘ class him among the first of those through whom she
‘ has acquired such glory.’

The following is Lord Byron’s answer to the communication above mentioned from Goethe.

LETTER 524.

TO GOETHE.

‘ *Leghorn, July 24th, 1823.*

‘ Illustrious Sir,

‘ I cannot thank you as you ought to be thanked
‘ for the lines which my young friend, Mr. Sterling,
‘ sent me of yours; and it would but ill become me
‘ to pretend to exchange verses with him who, for fifty
‘ years, has been the undisputed sovereign of Euro-
‘ pean literature. You must therefore accept my most
‘ sincere acknowledgments in prose—and in hasty
‘ prose too; for I am at present on my voyage to
‘ Greece once more, and surrounded by hurry and
‘ bustle, which hardly allow a moment even to grati-
‘ tude and admiration to express themselves.

‘ I sailed from Genoa some days ago, was driven
‘ back by a gale of wind, and have since sailed again
‘ and arrived here, “ Leghorn,” this morning, to re-
‘ ceive on board some Greek passengers for their
‘ struggling country.

‘ Here also I found your lines and Mr. Sterling’s
‘ letter; and I could not have had a more favourable
‘ omen, a more agreeable surprise, than a word of
‘ Goethe, written by his own hand.

‘ I am returning to Greece, to see if I can be of
‘ any little use there: if ever I come back, I will pay
‘ a visit to Weimar, to offer the sincere homage of one
‘ of the many millions of your admirers. I have the
‘ honour to be, ever and most,

‘ Your obliged,

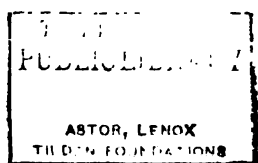
‘ NOEL BYRON.’

From Leghorn, where his lordship was joined by Mr. Hamilton Browne, he set sail on the 24th of July, and after about ten days of most favourable weather, cast anchor at Argostoli, the chief port of Cephalonia.

It had been thought expedient that Lord Byron should, with the view of informing himself correctly respecting Greece, direct his course, in the first instance, to one of the Ionian islands, from whence, as from a post of observation, he might be able to ascertain the exact position of affairs before he landed on the continent. For this purpose it had been recommended that either Zante or Cephalonia should be selected, and his choice was chiefly determined towards the latter island by his knowledge of the talents and liberal feelings of the Resident, Colonel Napier. Aware, however, that in the yet doubtful aspect of

the foreign policy of England, his arrival thus on an expedition so declaredly in aid of insurrection might have the effect of embarrassing the existing authorities, he resolved to adopt such a line of conduct as would be the least calculated either to compromise or offend them. It was with this view he now thought it prudent not to land at Argostoli, but to await on board his vessel such information from the Government of Greece as should enable him to decide upon his further movements.

The arrival of a person so celebrated at Argostoli excited naturally a lively sensation, as well among the Greeks as the English of that place; and the first approaches towards intercourse between the latter and their noble visitor were followed instantly, on both sides, by that sort of agreeable surprise which from the false notions they had preconceived of each other was to be expected. His countrymen, who from the exaggerated stories they had so often heard of his misanthropy and especial horror of the English, expected their courtesies to be received with a haughty, if not insulting coldness, found, on the contrary, in all his demeanour a degree of open and cheerful affability which, calculated, as it was, to charm under any circumstances, was to them, expecting so much the reverse, peculiarly fascinating;—while he, on his side, even still more sensitively prepared, by a long course of brooding over his own fancies, for a cold and reluctant reception from his countrymen, found himself greeted at once with a welcome so cordial and respectful as not only surprised and flattered, but, it was evident, sensibly touched him. Among other hospitalities accepted by him was a dinner with the officers of the garrison, at which, on his health being



drunk, he is reported to have said, in returning thanks, that 'he was doubtful whether he could express his sense of the obligation as he ought, having been so long in the practice of speaking a foreign language that it was with some difficulty he could convey the whole force of what he felt in his own.'

Having despatched messengers to Corfu and Missolonghi in quest of information, he resolved, while waiting their return, to employ his time in a journey to Ithaca, which island is separated from that of Cephalonia but by a narrow strait. On his way to Vathi, the chief city of the island, to which place he had been invited, and his journey hospitably facilitated, by the Resident, Captain Knox, he paid a visit to the mountain-cave in which, according to tradition, Ulysses deposited the presents of the Phæacians. 'Lord Byron (says Count Gamba) ascended to the grotto, but the steepness and height prevented him from reaching the remains of the Castle. I myself experienced considerable difficulty in gaining it. Lord Byron sat reading in the grotto, but fell asleep. I awoke him on my return, and he said that I had interrupted dreams more pleasant than ever he had before in his life.'

Though unchanged, since he first visited these regions, in his preference of the wild charms of Nature to all the classic associations of Art and History, he yet joined with much interest in any pilgrimage to those places which tradition had sanctified. At the Fountain of Arethusa, one of the spots of this kind which he visited, a repast had been prepared for himself and his party by the Resident; and at the School of Homer,—as some remains beyond Chioni

are called,—he met with an old refugee bishop, whom he had known thirteen years before in Livadia, and with whom he now conversed of those times with a rapidity and freshness of recollection with which the memory of the old bishop could but ill keep pace. Neither did the traditional Baths of Penelope escape his research; and ‘however sceptical (says a lady, ‘who, soon after, followed his footsteps) he might have ‘been as to these supposed localities, he never offended ‘the natives by any objection to the reality of their ‘fancies. On the contrary, his politeness and kindness won the respect and admiration of all those ‘Greek gentlemen who saw him; and to me they spoke ‘of him with enthusiasm.’

Those benevolent views by which, even more, perhaps, than by any ambition of renown, he proved himself to be actuated in his present course, had, during his short stay at Ithaca, opportunities of disclosing themselves. On learning that a number of poor families had fled thither from Scio, Patras, and other parts of Greece, he not only presented to the Commandant three thousand piastres for their relief, but by his generosity to one family in particular, which had once been in a state of affluence at Patras, enabled them to repair their circumstances and again live in comfort. ‘The eldest girl (says the lady whom I ‘have already quoted) became afterwards the mistress ‘of the school formed at Ithaca; and neither she, her ‘sister, nor mother, could ever speak of Lord Byron ‘without the deepest feeling of gratitude and of ‘regret for his too premature death.’

After occupying in this excursion about eight days, he had again established himself on board the Her-

cules, when one of the messengers whom he had despatched returned, bringing a letter to him from the brave Marco Botzari, whom he had left among the mountains of Agrafa, preparing for that attack in which he so gloriously fell. The following are the terms in which this heroic chief wrote to Lord Byron.

‘Your letter, and that of the venerable Ignazio, have filled me with joy. Your Excellency is exactly the person of whom we stand in need. Let nothing prevent you from coming into this part of Greece. The enemy threatens us in great number; but, by the help of God and your Excellency, they shall meet a suitable resistance. I shall have something to do to-night against a corps of six or seven thousand Albanians, encamped close to this place. The day after to-morrow I will set out with a few chosen companions, to meet your Excellency. Do not delay. I thank you for the good opinion you have of my fellow-citizens, which God grant you will not find ill-founded; and I thank you still more for the care you have so kindly taken of them.

‘Believe me, &c.’

In the expectation that Lord Byron would proceed forthwith to Missolonghi, it had been the intention of Botzari, as the above letter announces, to leave the army, and hasten, with a few of his brother warriors, to receive their noble ally on his landing in a manner worthy of the generous mission on which he came. The above letter, however, preceded but by a few hours his death. That very night he penetrated, with but a handful of followers, into the midst of the enemy’s camp, whose force was eight thousand strong,

and after leading his heroic band over heaps of dead, fell, at last, close to the tent of the Pasha himself.

The mention made in this brave Suliote's letter of Lord Byron's care of his fellow-citizens refers to a popular act done recently by the noble poet at Cephalonia in taking into his pay, as a body-guard, forty of this now homeless tribe. On finding, however, that for want of employment they were becoming restless and turbulent, he despatched them off soon after, armed and provisioned, to join in the defence of Missolonghi, which was at that time besieged on one side by a considerable force, and blockaded on the other by a Turkish squadron. Already had he, with a view to the succour of this place, made a generous offer to the Government, which he thus states himself in one of his letters, 'I offered to advance a thousand dollars a month for the succour of Missolonghi, and the Suliotes under Botzari (since killed), but the Government have answered me, that they wish to confer with me previously, which is in fact saying they wish me to expend my money in some other direction. I will take care that it is for the public cause, otherwise I will not advance a para. The opposition say they want to cajole me, and the party in power say the others wish to seduce me, so between the two I have a difficult part to play; however, I will have nothing to do with the factions unless to reconcile them if possible.'

In these last few sentences is described briefly the position in which Lord Byron was now placed, and in which the coolness, foresight, and self-possession he displayed sufficiently refute the notion that even the

highest powers of imagination, whatever effect they may sometimes produce on the moral temperament, are at all incompatible with the sound practical good sense, the steadily balanced views, which the business of active life requires,

The great difficulty, to an observer of the state of Greece at this crisis, was to be able clearly to distinguish between what was real and what was merely apparent in those tests by which the probability of her future success or failure was to be judged. With a Government little more than nominal, having neither authority nor resources, its executive and legislative branches being openly at variance, and the supplies that ought to fill its exchequer being intercepted by the military Chiefs, who, as they were, in most places, collectors of the revenue, were able to rob by authority;—with that curse of all popular enterprises, a multiplicity of leaders, each selfishly pursuing his own objects, and ready to make the sword the umpire of their claims;—with a fleet furnished by private adventure, and therefore precarious; and an army belonging rather to its Chiefs than to the Government, and, accordingly, trusting more to plunder than to pay;—with all these principles of mischief, and, as it would seem, ruin at the very heart of the struggle, it had yet persevered, which was in itself victory, through three trying campaigns; and at this moment presented, in the midst of all its apparent weakness and distraction, some elements of success which both accounted for what had hitherto been effected, and gave a hope, with more favouring circumstances, of something nobler yet to come.

Besides the never-failing encouragement which the incapacity of their enemies afforded them, the Greeks

derived also from the geographical conformation of their country those same advantages with which nature had blessed their great ancestors, and which had contributed mainly perhaps to the formation, as well as maintenance, of their high national character. Islanders and mountaineers, they were, by their very position, heirs to the blessings of freedom and commerce; nor had the spirit of either, through all their long slavery and sufferings, ever wholly died away. They had also, luckily, in a political as well as religious point of view, preserved that sacred line of distinction between themselves and their conquerors which a fond fidelity to an ancient church alone could have maintained for them;—keeping thus holily in reserve, against the hour of struggle, that most stirring of all the excitements to which Freedom can appeal when she points to her flame rising out of the censer of Religion. In addition to these, and all the other moral advantages included in them, for which the Greeks were indebted to their own nature and position, is to be taken also into account the aid and sympathy they had every right to expect from others, as soon as their exertions in their own cause should justify the confidence that it would be something more than the mere chivalry of generosity to assist them*.

Such seem to have been the chief features of hope which the state of Greece, at this moment, presented. But though giving promise, perhaps, of a lengthened continuance of the struggle, they, in that very promise, postponed indefinitely the period of its success; and

* For a clear and concise sketch of the state of Greece at this crisis, executed with all that command of the subject which a long residence in the country alone could give, see Colonel Leake's 'Historical Outline of the Greek Revolution.'

checked and counteracted as were these auspicious appearances by the manifold and inherent evils above enumerated,—by a consideration, too, of the resources and obstinacy of the still powerful Turk, and of the little favour with which it was at all probable that the Courts of Europe would ever regard the attempt of any people, under any circumstances, to be their own emancipators,—none, assuredly, but a most sanguine spirit could indulge in the dream that Greece would be able to work out her own liberation, or that aught, indeed, but a fortuitous concurrence of political circumstances could ever accomplish it. Like many other such contests between right and might, it was a cause destined, all felt, to be successful, but at its own ripe hour;—a cause which individuals might keep alive, but which events, wholly independent of them, alone could accomplish, and which, after the hearts, and hopes, and lives of all its bravest defenders had been wasted upon it, would at last to other hands, and even to other means than those contemplated by its first champions, owe its completion.

That Lord Byron, on a nearer view of the state of Greece, saw it much in the light I have here regarded it in, his letters leave no room to doubt. Neither was the impression he had early received of the Greeks themselves at all improved by the present renewal of his acquaintance with them. Though making full allowance for the causes that had produced their degeneracy, he still saw that they were grossly degenerate, and must be dealt with and counted upon accordingly. ‘I am of St. Paul’s opinion,’ said he, ‘that there is no difference between Jews and Greeks,—the character of both being equally vile.’ With such means and materials, the work of regenera-

tion, he knew, must be slow ; and the hopelessness he therefore felt as to the chances of ever connecting his name with any essential or permanent benefit to Greece, gives to the sacrifice he now made of himself a far more touching interest than had the consciousness of dying for some great object been at once his incitement and reward. He but looked upon himself,—to use a favourite illustration of his own,—as one of the many waves that must break and die upon the shore, before the tide they help to advance can reach its full mark. ‘What signifies Self,’ was his generous thought, ‘if a single spark of that which would be ‘worthy of the past can be bequeathed unquenchedly ‘to the future*?’ Such was the devoted feeling with which he embarked in the cause of Italy ; and these words, which, had they remained *only* words, the unjust world would have pronounced but an idle boast, have now received from his whole course in Greece a practical comment, which gives them all the right of truth to be engraved solemnly on his tomb.

Though with so little hope of being able to serve, signally, the cause, the task of at least lightening, by his interposition, some of the manifold mischiefs that pressed upon it, might yet, he thought, be within his reach. To convince the Government and the Chiefs of the paralysing effect of their dissensions ;—to inculcate that spirit of union among themselves which alone could give strength against their enemies ;—to endeavour to humanize the feelings of the belligerents on both sides, so as to take from the war that cha-

* *Diary of 1821.*—The same distrustful and, as it turned out, just view of the chances of success were taken by him also on that occasion :—‘I ‘shall not,’ he says, ‘fall back ;—though I don’t think them in force or ‘heart sufficient to make much of it.’

racter of barbarism which deterred the more civilized friends of freedom through Europe from joining in it ; —such were, in addition to the now essential aid of his money, the great objects which he proposed to effect by his interference ; and to these he accordingly, with all the candour, clear-sightedness, and courage which so pre-eminently distinguished his great mind, applied himself.

Aware that, to judge deliberately of the state of parties, he must keep out of their vortex, and warned, by the very impatience and rivalry with which the different chiefs courted his presence, of the risk he should run by connecting himself with any, he resolved to remain, for some time longer, in his station at Cephalonia, and there avail himself of the facilities afforded by the position for collecting information as to the real state of affairs, and ascertaining in what quarter his own presence and money would be most available. During the six weeks that had elapsed since his arrival at Cephalonia, he had been living in the most comfortable manner, pent up with pigs and poultry, on board the vessel which brought him. Having now come, however, to the determination of prolonging his stay, he decided also upon fixing his abode on shore ; and, for the sake of privacy, retired to a small village, called Metaxata, about seven miles from Argostoli, where he continued to reside during the remainder of his stay on the island.

Before this change of residence, he had despatched Mr. Hamilton Browne and Mr. Trelawney with a letter to the existing Government of Greece, explanatory of his own views and those of the Committee whom he represented ; and it was not till a month after his removal to Metaxata that intelligence from these gen-

tlements reached him. The picture they gave of the state of the country was, in most respects, confirmatory of what has already been described as his own view of it;—incapacity and selfishness at the head of affairs, disorganization throughout the whole body politic, but still, with all this, the heart of the nation sound, and bent on resistance. Nor could he have failed to be struck with the close family resemblance to the ancient race of the country which this picture exhibited;—that great people, in the very midst of their own endless dissensions, having been ever ready to face round in concert against the foe.

His lordship's agents had been received with all due welcome by the Government, who were most desirous that he should set out for the Morea without delay; and pressing letters to the same purport, both from the Legislative and Executive bodies, accompanied those which reached him from Messrs. Browne and Trelawney. He was, however, determined not to move till his own selected time, having seen reason, the farther insight he obtained into their intrigues, to congratulate himself but the more on his prudence in not plunging into the maze without being first furnished with those guards against deception which the information he was now acquiring supplied him.

To give an idea, as briefly as possible, of the sort of conflicting calls that were, from various scenes of action, reaching him in his retirement, it may be sufficient to mention that, while by Metaxa, the present governor of Missolonghi, he was entreated earnestly to hasten to the relief of that place, which the Turks were now blockading both by land and by sea, the head of the military chiefs, Colocotroni, was no less earnestly urging that he should present himself at the approach-

ing congress of Salamis, where, under the dictation of these rude warriors, the affairs of the country were to be settled,—while at the same time, from another quarter, the great opponent of these Chieftains, Mavrocordato, was, with more urgency, as well as more ability than any, endeavouring to impress upon him his own views, and imploring his presence at Hydra, whither he himself had just been forced to retire.

The mere knowledge, indeed, that a noble Englishman had arrived in those regions, so unprepossessed by any party as to inspire a hope of his alliance in all, and with money, by common rumour, as abundant as the imaginations of the needy chose to make it, was, in itself, fully sufficient, without any of the more elevated claims of his name, to attract towards him all thoughts. ‘It is easier to conceive,’ says Count Gamba, ‘than to relate the various means employed to engage him in one faction or the other: letters, messengers, intrigues, and recriminations,—nay, each faction had its agents exerting every art to degrade its opponent.’ He then adds a circumstance strongly illustrative of a peculiar feature in the noble poet’s character;—‘He occupied himself in discovering the truth, hidden as it was under these intrigues, and *amused himself in confronting the agents of the different factions.*’

During all these occupations he went on pursuing his usual simple and uniform course of life,—rising, however, for the despatch of business, at an early hour, which showed how capable he was of conquering even long habit when necessary. Though so much occupied, too, he was, at all hours, accessible to visitors; and the facility with which he allowed even

the dullest people to break in upon him was exemplified, I am told, strongly in the case of one of the officers of the garrison, who, without being able to understand anything of the poet but his good-nature, used to say, whenever he found his time hang heavily on his hands,—‘ I think I shall ride out and have a little talk with Lord Byron.’

The person, however, whose visits appeared to give him most pleasure, as well from the interest he took in the subject on which they chiefly conversed, as from the opportunities, sometimes, of pleasantry which the peculiarities of his visitor afforded him, was a medical gentleman, named Kennedy, who, from a strong sense of the value of religion to himself, had taken up the benevolent task of communicating his own light to others. The first origin of their intercourse was an undertaking, on the part of this gentleman, to convert to a firm belief in Christianity some rather sceptical friends of his, then at Argostoli. Happening to hear of the meeting appointed for this purpose, Lord Byron begged that he might be allowed to attend, saying to the person through whom he conveyed his request, ‘ You know I am reckoned a black sheep,—yet, after ‘ all, not so black as the world believes me.’ He had promised to convince Doctor Kennedy that, ‘ though ‘ wanting, perhaps, in faith, he at least had patience : ’ but the process of so many hours of lecture,—no less than twelve, without interruption, being stipulated for, —was a trial beyond his strength ; and, very early in the operation, as the Doctor informs us, he began to show evident signs of a wish to exchange the part of hearer for that of speaker. Notwithstanding this, however, there was in all his deportment, both as listener and talker, such a degree of courtesy, candour,

and sincere readiness to be taught, as excited interest, if not hope, for his future welfare in the good Doctor; and though he never after attended the more numerous meetings, his conferences, on the same subject, with Dr. Kennedy alone, were not infrequent during the remainder of his stay at Cephalonia.

These curious Conversations are now published, and to the value which they possess as a simple and popular exposition of the chief evidences of Christianity, is added the charm that must ever dwell round the character of one of the interlocutors, and the almost fearful interest attached to every word that, on such a subject, he utters. In the course of the first conversation, it will be seen that Lord Byron expressly disclaimed being one of those infidels 'who deny the Scriptures and wish to remain in 'unbelief.' On the contrary, he professed himself 'desirous to believe; as he experienced no happiness 'in having his religious opinions so unfixed.' He was unable, however, he added, 'to understand the Scriptures. Those who conscientiously believed them he 'could always respect, and was always disposed to 'trust in them more than in others; but he had met 'with so many whose conduct differed from the principles which they professed, and who seemed to profess those principles either because they were paid 'to do so, or from some other motive which an intimate acquaintance with their character would enable 'one to detect, that altogether he had seen few, if 'any, whom he could rely upon as truly and conscientiously believing the Scriptures.'

We may take for granted that these conversations, —more especially the first, from the number of persons present who would report the proceedings,—

excited considerable interest among the society of Argostoli. It was said that Lord Byron had displayed such a profound knowledge of the Scriptures as astonished, and even puzzled, the polemic Doctor; while in all the eminent writers on theological subjects he had shown himself far better versed than his more pretending opponent. All this Doctor Kennedy strongly denies; and the truth seems to be, that on neither side were there much stores of theological learning. The confession of the lecturer himself, that he had not read the works of Stillingfleet or Barrow, shows that, in his researches after orthodoxy, he had not allowed himself any very extensive range; while the alleged familiarity of Lord Byron with the same authorities must be taken with a similar abatement of credence and wonder to that which his own account of his youthful studies, already given, requires;—a rapid eye and retentive memory having enabled him, on this as on most other subjects, to catch, as it were, the salient points on the surface of knowledge, and the recollections he thus gathered being, perhaps, the livelier from his not having encumbered himself with more. To any regular train of reasoning, even on this his most favourite topic, it was not possible to lead him. He would start objections to the arguments of others, and detect their fallacies; but of any consecutive ratiocination on his own side he seemed, if not incapable, impatient. In this, indeed, as in many other peculiarities belonging to him,—his caprices, fits of weeping, sudden affections and dislikes,—may be observed striking traces of a feminine cast of character;—it being observable that the discursive faculty is rarely exercised by women; but that nevertheless, by the mere instinct of truth (as was the case with

Lord Byron), they are often enabled at once to light upon the very conclusion to which man, through all the forms of reasoning, is, in the mean time, puzzling and, perhaps, losing his way :—

‘ And strikes each point with native force of mind,

‘ While puzzled logic blunders far behind.’

Of the Scriptures, it is certain that Lord Byron was a frequent and almost daily reader,—the small pocket-bible which, on his leaving England, had been given him by his sister, being always near him. How much, in addition to his natural solicitude on the subject of religion, the taste of the poet influenced him in this line of study, may be seen in his frequently expressed admiration of ‘ the ghost-scene,’ as he called it, in Samuel, and his comparison of this supernatural appearance with the Mephistopheles of Goethe. In the same manner, his imagination appears to have been much struck by the notion of his lecturer, that the circumstance mentioned in Job of the Almighty summoning Satan into his presence was to be interpreted, not, as he thought, allegorically and poetically, but literally. More than once we find him expressing to Doctor Kennedy ‘ how much this belief ‘ of the real appearance of Satan to hear and obey the ‘ commands of God added to his views of the grandeur and majesty of the Creator.’

On the whole, the interest of these Conversations, as far as regards Lord Byron, arises not so much from any new or certain lights they supply us with on the subject of his religious opinions, as from the evidence they afford of his amiable facility of intercourse, the total absence of bigotry or prejudice from even his most favourite notions, and—what may be accounted, perhaps, the next step in conversion to belief itself—

his disposition to believe. As far, indeed, as a frank submission to the charge of being wrong may be supposed to imply an advance on the road to being right, few persons, it must be acknowledged, under a process of proselytism, ever showed more of this desired symptom of change than Lord Byron. 'I own,' says a witness to one of these conversations *, 'I felt astonished to hear Lord Byron submit to lectures on his life, his vanity, and the uselessness of his talents, which made me stare.'

As most persons will be tempted to refer to the work itself, there are but one or two other opinions of his lordship recorded in it which I shall think necessary to notice here. A frequent question of his to Doctor Kennedy was—'What, then, you think me in a very bad way?'—the usual answer to which being in the affirmative, he, on one occasion, replied,—'I am now, however, in a fairer way. I already believe in predestination, which I know you believe, and in the depravity of the human heart in general, and of my own in particular:—thus you see there are two points in which we agree. I shall get at the others by and by; but you cannot expect me to become a perfect Christian at once.' On the subject of Dr. Southwood's amiable and, it is to be hoped for the sake of Christianity and the human race, *orthodox* work on 'the Divine Government,' he thus spoke: 'I cannot decide the point; but to my present apprehension it would be a most desirable thing could it be proved, that ultimately all created beings were to be happy. This would appear to be most consistent with God, whose power is omnipotent, and whose

* Mr. Finlay.





From the Highlands from a Clench by W. H. P.

1817. A. M. A. B. A.

Printed at the E. P. Press

‘ chief attribute is Love. I cannot yield to your doctrine of the eternal duration of punishment. This author’s opinion is more humane, and I think he supports it very strongly from Scripture.’

I shall now insert, with such explanatory remarks as they may seem to require, some of the letters, official as well as private, which his lordship wrote while at Cephalaria; and from which the reader may collect, in a manner far more interesting than through the medium of any narrative, a knowledge both of the events now passing in Greece, and of the views and feelings with which they were regarded by Lord Byron.

To Madame Guiccioli he wrote frequently, but briefly, and, for the first time, in English; adding always a few lines in her brother Pietro’s letters to her. The following are extracts.

‘ October 7th.

‘ Pietro has told you all the gossip of the island,—our earthquakes, our politics, and present abode in a pretty village. As his opinions and mine on the Greeks are nearly similar, I need say little on that subject. I was a fool to come here; but, being here, I must see what is to be done.’

‘ October ———.

‘ We are still in Cephalaria, waiting for news of a more accurate description; for all is contradiction and division in the reports of the state of the Greeks. I shall fulfil the object of my mission from the Committee, and then return into Italy; for it does not seem likely that, as an individual, I can be of use to them;—at least no other foreigner has yet appeared to be so, nor does it seem likely that any will be at present.

‘ Pray be as cheerful and tranquil as you can ; and
‘ be assured that there is nothing here that can excite
‘ anything but a wish to be with you again,—though
‘ we are very kindly treated by the English here of all
‘ descriptions. Of the Greeks, I can’t say much good
‘ hitherto, and I do not like to speak ill of them,
‘ though they do of one another.’

‘ *October 29th.*

‘ You may be sure that the moment I can join you
‘ again, will be as welcome to me as at any period of
‘ our recollection. There is nothing very attractive
‘ here to divide my attention ; but I must attend to the
‘ Greek cause, both from honour and inclination.
‘ Messrs. B. and T. are both in the Morea, where they
‘ have been very well received, and both of them write
‘ in good spirits and hopes. I am anxious to hear how
‘ the Spanish cause will be arranged, as I think it may
‘ have an influence on the Greek contest. I wish that
‘ both were fairly and favourably settled, that I might
‘ return to Italy, and talk over with you *our*, or rather
‘ Pietro’s adventures, some of which are rather amus-
‘ ing, as also some of the incidents of our voyages and
‘ travels. But I reserve them, in the hope that we
‘ may laugh over them together at no very distant
‘ period.’

LETTER 525.

TO MR. BOWRING.’

‘ *9bre 29th, 1823.*

‘ This letter will be presented to you by Mr. Hamil-
‘ ton Browne, who precedes or accompanies the Greek
‘ deputies. He is both capable and desirous of ren-
‘ dering any service to the cause, and information to
‘ the Committee. He has already been of conside-
‘ rable advantage to both, of my own knowledge. Lord

‘ Archibald Hamilton, to whom he is related, will add
‘ a weightier recommendation than mine.

‘ Corinth is taken, and a Turkish squadron said to
‘ be beaten in the Archipelago. The public progress
‘ of the Greeks is considerable, but their internal dis-
‘ sensions still continue. On arriving at the seat of
‘ Government, I shall endeavour to mitigate or extin-
‘ guish them—though neither is an easy task. I have
‘ remained here till now, partly in expectation of the
‘ squadron in relief of Missolonghi, partly of Mr.
‘ Parry’s detachment, and partly to receive from Malta
‘ or Zante the sum of four thousand pounds sterling,
‘ which I have advanced for the payment of the ex-
‘ pected squadron. The bills are negotiating, and
‘ will be cashed in a short time, as they would have
‘ been immediately in any other mart; but the mise-
‘ rable Ionian merchants have little money, and no
‘ great credit, and are besides *politically shy* on this
‘ occasion; for although I had letters of Messrs. Webb
‘ (one of the strongest houses of the Mediterranean),
‘ and also of Messrs. Ransom, there is no business to
‘ be done on *fair* terms except through English mer-
‘ chants. These, however, have proved both able and
‘ willing,—and upright, as usual*.

‘ Colonel Stanhope has arrived, and will proceed
‘ immediately; he shall have my co-operation in all his
‘ endeavours; but from everything that I can learn,
‘ the formation of a brigade at present will be ex-
‘ tremely difficult, to say the least of it. With regard
‘ to the reception of foreigners,—at least of foreign

* The English merchants whom he thus so justly describes, are Messrs. Barff and Hancock, of Zante, whose conduct, not only in the instance of Lord Byron, but throughout the whole Greek struggle, has been uniformly most zealous and disinterested.

‘ officers,—I refer you to a passage in Prince Mavro-
‘ cordato’s recent letter, a copy of which is enclosed in
‘ my packet sent to the Deputies. It is my intention
‘ to proceed by sea to Napoli di Romania as soon as I
‘ have arranged this business for the Greeks them-
‘ selves—I mean the advance of two hundred thou-
‘ sand piastres for their fleet.

‘ My time here has not been entirely lost,—as you
‘ will perceive by some former documents that any
‘ advantage from my *then* proceeding to the Morea
‘ was doubtful. We have at last moved the Deputies,
‘ and I have made a strong remonstrance on their divi-
‘ sions to Mavrocordato, which, I understand, was for-
‘ warded by the Legislative to the Prince. With a
‘ loan they *may* do much, which is all that *I*, for parti-
‘ cular reasons, can say on the subject.

‘ I regret to hear from Colonel Stanhope that the
‘ Committee have exhausted their funds. Is it sup-
‘ posed that a brigade can be formed without them?
‘ or that three thousand pounds would be sufficient?
‘ It is true that money will go farther in Greece than
‘ in most countries; but the regular force must be ren-
‘ dered a *national concern*, and paid from a national
‘ fund; and neither individuals nor committees, at
‘ least with the usual means of such as now exist, will
‘ find the experiment practicable.

‘ I beg once more to recommend my friend, Mr.
‘ Hamilton Browne, to whom I have also personal obli-
‘ gations for his exertions in the common cause, and
‘ have the honour to be ‘ Yours very truly.’

His remonstrance to Prince Mavrocordato, here mentioned, was accompanied by another, addressed to the existing Government; and Colonel Stanhope, who

was about to proceed to Napoli and Argos, was made the bearer of both. The wise and noble spirit that pervades these two papers must, of itself, without any further comment, be appreciated by all readers*.

LETTER 526.

TO THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT OF GREECE.

‘ Cephalonia, November 30th, 1823.

‘ The affair of the Loan, the expectations so long
‘ and vainly indulged of the arrival of the Greek fleet,
‘ and the danger to which Missolonghi is still exposed,
‘ have detained me here, and will still detain me till
‘ some of them are removed. But when the money
‘ shall be advanced for the fleet, I will start for the
‘ Morea, not knowing, however, of what use my pre-
‘ sence can be in the present state of things. We
‘ have heard some rumours of new dissensions, nay, of
‘ the existence of a civil war. With all my heart I
‘ pray that these reports may be false or exaggerated;
‘ for I can imagine no calamity more serious than
‘ this; and I must frankly confess, that unless union
‘ and order are established, all hopes of a Loan will be
‘ vain; and all the assistance which the Greeks could
‘ expect from abroad—an assistance neither trifling
‘ nor worthless—will be suspended or destroyed; and,
‘ what is worse, the great powers of Europe, of whom
‘ no one was an enemy to Greece, but seemed to
‘ favour her establishment of an independent power,
‘ will be persuaded that the Greeks are unable to
‘ govern themselves, and will, perhaps, themselves
‘ undertake to settle your disorders in such a way as

* The originals of both are in Italian.

‘ to blast the brightest hopes of yourselves and of your friends.

‘ Allow me to add, once for all,—I desire the well-being of Greece, and nothing else ; I will do all I can to secure it ; but I cannot consent, I never will consent, that the English public, or English individuals, should be deceived as to the real state of Greek affairs. The rest, Gentlemen, depends on you. You have fought gloriously ;—act honourably towards your fellow-citizens and the world, and it will then no more be said, as has been repeated for two thousand years with the Roman historians, that Philopœmen was the last of the Grecians. Let not calumny itself (and it is difficult, I own, to guard against it in so arduous a struggle) compare the patriot Greek, when resting from his labours, to the Turkish pacha, whom his victories have exterminated.

‘ I pray you to accept these my sentiments as a sincere proof of my attachment to your real interests, and to believe that I am, and always shall be,

‘ Yours, &c.’

LETTER 527. TO PRINCE MAVROCORDATO.

‘ *Cephalonia, 2d Dec. 1823.*

‘ Prince,

‘ The present will be put into your hands by Colonel Stanhope, son of Major-General the Earl of Harrington, &c. &c. He has arrived from London in fifty days, after having visited all the Committees of Germany. He is charged by our Committee to act in concert with me for the liberation of Greece. I conceive that his name and his mission will be a sufficient recommendation, without the necessity of any other from a foreigner, although one who, in

‘ common with all Europe, respects and admires the
 ‘ courage, the talents, and, above all, the probity of
 ‘ Prince Mavrocordato.

‘ I am very uneasy at hearing that the dissensions
 ‘ of Greece still continue, and at a moment when she
 ‘ might triumph over everything in general, as she as
 ‘ already triumphed in part. Greece is, at present,
 ‘ placed between three measures : either to reconquer
 ‘ her liberty, to become a dependence of the sove-
 ‘ reigns of Europe, or to return to a Turkish province.
 ‘ She has the choice only of these three alternatives.
 ‘ Civil war is but a road which leads to the two latter.
 ‘ If she is desirous of the fate of Walachia and the
 ‘ Crimea, she may obtain it to-morrow ; if of that of
 ‘ Italy, the day after ; but if she wishes to become
 ‘ truly Greece, free and independent, she must resolve
 ‘ to-day, or she will never again have the opportunity.

‘ I am, with all respect,

‘ Your Highness’s obedient servant,

‘ N. B.

‘ P.S. Your Highness will already have known that
 ‘ I have sought to fulfil the wishes of the Greek go-
 ‘ vernment, as much as it lay in my power to do so :
 ‘ but I should wish that the fleet so long and so vainly
 ‘ expected were arrived, or, at least, that it were on
 ‘ the way ; and especially that your Highness should
 ‘ approach these parts, either on board the fleet, with
 ‘ a public mission, or in some other manner.’

LETTER 528.

TO MR. BOWRING.

‘ 10bre 7th, 1823.

‘ I confirm the above* ; it is certainly my opinion

* He here alludes to a letter, forwarded with his own, from Mr. Mil-
 lingen, who was about to join, in his medical capacity, the Suliotes, near

‘ that Mr. Millingen is entitled to the same salary
 ‘ with Mr. Tindall, and his service is likely to be
 ‘ harder.

‘ I have written to you (as to Mr. Hobhouse *for*
 ‘ your perusal) by various opportunities, mostly pri-
 ‘ vate ; also by the Deputies, and by Mr. Hamilton
 ‘ Browne.

‘ The public success of the Greeks has been consi-
 ‘ derable,—Corinth taken, Missolonghi nearly safe,
 ‘ and some ships in the Archipelago taken from the
 ‘ Turks ; but there is not only dissension in the Morea,
 ‘ but *civil war*, by the latest accounts* ; to what extent
 ‘ we do not yet know, but hope trifling.

‘ For six weeks I have been expecting the fleet,
 ‘ *which has not arrived*, though I have, at the request
 ‘ of the Greek Government, advanced—that is, pre-
 ‘ pared, and have in hand two hundred thousand
 ‘ piastres (deducting the commission and bankers’
 ‘ charges) of my own monies to forward their projects.
 ‘ The Suliotes (now in Acarnania) are very anxious
 ‘ that I should take them under my directions, and go
 ‘ over and put things to rights in the Morea, which,

Patras, and requested of the Committee an increase of pay. This gentleman, having mentioned in his letter ‘ that the retreat of the Turks from
 ‘ before Missolonghi had rendered unnecessary the appearance of the
 ‘ Greek fleet,’ Lord Byron, in a note on this passage, says, ‘ By the spe-
 ‘ cial providence of the Deity, the Mussulmans were seized with a panic,
 ‘ and fled ; but no thanks to the fleet, which ought to have been here
 ‘ months ago, and has no excuse to the contrary, lately—at least since I
 ‘ had the money ready to pay.’

On another passage, in which Mr. Millingen complains that his hope
 of any remuneration from the Greeks has ‘ turned out perfectly chime-
 ‘ rical,’ Lord Byron remarks, in a note, ‘ and *will* do so, till they obtain
 ‘ a Loan. They have not a rap, nor credit (in the islands) to raise one.
 ‘ A medical man may succeed better than others ; but all these penni-
 ‘ less officers had better have stayed at home. Much money may not be
 ‘ required, but some must.’

* The Legislative and Executive bodies having been for some time at
 variance, the latter had at length resorted to violence, and some skir-
 mishes had already taken place between the factions.

‘ without a force, seems impracticable ; and, really,
‘ though very reluctant (as my letters will have shown
‘ you) to take such a measure, there seems hardly any
‘ milder remedy. However, I will not do anything
‘ rashly, and have only continued here so long in the
‘ hope of seeing things reconciled, and have done all
‘ in my power thereto. Had *I gone sooner, they would*
‘ *have forced me into one party or other*, and I doubt
‘ as much now ; but we will do our best.

‘ Yours, &c.’

LETTER 529.

TO MR. BOWRING.

‘ October 10th, 1828.

‘ Colonel Napier will present to you this letter. Of
‘ his military character it were superfluous to speak ;
‘ of his personal, I can say, from my own knowledge,
‘ as well as from all public rumour or private report,
‘ that it is as excellent as his military : in short, a
‘ better or a braver man is not easily to be found. *He*
‘ is our man to lead a regular force, or to organize a
‘ national one for the Greeks. Ask the army—ask
‘ any one. He is besides a personal friend of both
‘ Prince Mavrocordato, Colonel Stanhope, and myself,
‘ and in such concord with all three that we should all
‘ pull together—an indispensable, as well as a rare
‘ point, especially in Greece at present.

‘ To enable a regular force to be properly organized,
‘ it will be requisite for the loan-holders to set apart at
‘ least 50,000*l.* sterling for that particular purpose—
‘ perhaps more ; but by so doing they will guarantee
‘ their own monies, “and make assurance doubly
‘ sure.” They can appoint commissioners to see that
‘ part properly expended—and I recommend a similar
‘ precaution for the whole.

‘ I hope that the deputies have arrived, as well as
 ‘ some of my various despatches (chiefly addressed to
 ‘ Mr. Hobhouse) for the Committee. Colonel Napier
 ‘ will tell you the recent special interposition of the
 ‘ gods in behalf of the Greeks—who seem to have no
 ‘ enemies in heaven or on earth to be dreaded but
 ‘ their own tendency to discord amongst themselves.
 ‘ But these, too, it is to be hoped, will be mitigated,
 ‘ and then we can take the field on the offensive, in-
 ‘ stead of being reduced to the *petite guerre* of defend-
 ‘ ing the same fortresses year after year, and taking a
 ‘ few ships, and starving out a castle, and making more
 ‘ fuss about them than Alexander in his cups, or
 ‘ Buonaparte in a bulletin. Our friends have done
 ‘ something in the way of the *Spartans*—(though not
 ‘ one-tenth of what is told)—but have not yet inherited
 ‘ *their* style. ‘ Believe me yours, &c.’

LETTER 530.

TO MR. BOWRING.

‘ October 13th, 1823.

‘ Since I wrote to you on the 10th instant, the long-
 ‘ desired squadron has arrived in the waters of Misso-
 ‘ longhi and intercepted two Turkish corvettes—ditto
 ‘ transports—destroying or taking all four—except
 ‘ some of the crews, escaped on shore in Ithaca—and
 ‘ an unarmed vessel, with passengers, chased into a
 ‘ port on the opposite side of Cephalonia. The
 ‘ Greeks had fourteen sail, the Turks *four*—but the
 ‘ odds don’t matter—the victory will make a very good
 ‘ *puff*, and be of some advantage besides. I expect
 ‘ momentarily advices from Prince Mavrocordato, who
 ‘ is on board, and has (I understand) despatches from
 ‘ the Legislative for me; in consequence of which,
 ‘ after paying the squadron (for which I have pre-

‘pared, and am preparing), I shall probably join him
‘at sea or on shore.

‘I add the above communication to my letter by
‘Col. Napier, who will inform the Committee of
‘everything in detail much better than I can do.

‘The mathematical, medical, and musical prepara-
‘tions of the Committee have arrived, and in good
‘condition, abating some damage from wet, and some
‘ditto from a portion of the letter-press being spilt in
‘landing—(I ought not to have omitted the press—
‘but forgot it a moment—excuse the same)—they are
‘excellent of their kind, but till we have an engineer
‘and a trumpeter (we have surgeons already) mere
‘“pearls to swine,” as the Greeks are quite ignorant
‘of mathematics, and have a bad ear for *our* music.
‘The maps, &c. I will put into use for them, and take
‘care that *all* (with proper caution) are turned to the
‘intended uses of the Committee—but I refer you to
‘Colonel Napier, who will tell you, that much of your
‘really valuable supplies should be removed till pro-
‘per persons arrive to adapt them to actual service.

‘Believe me, my dear Sir, to be, &c.

‘P.S. *Private*.—I have written to our friend
‘Douglas Kinnaird on my own matters, desiring him
‘to send me out all the further credits I can com-
‘mand,—and I have a year’s income, and the sale of
‘a manor besides, he tells me, before me,—for till the
‘Greeks get *their* Loan, it is probable that I shall have
‘to stand partly paymaster—as far as I am “good
‘upon *Change*,” that is to say. I pray you to repeat
‘as much to *him*, and say that I must in the interim
‘draw on Messrs. Ransom most formidably. To say
‘the truth, I do not grudge it, now the fellows have
‘begun to fight *again*—and still more welcome shall

‘ they be if they will go on. But they have had, or
‘ are to have, some four thousand pounds (besides
‘ some private extraordinaries for widows, orphans,
‘ refugees, and rascals of all descriptions) of mine at
‘ one “swoop;” and it is to be expected the next will
‘ be at least as much more. And how can I refuse it
‘ if they *will* fight?—and especially if I should happen
‘ ever to be in their company? I therefore request
‘ and require that you should apprise my trusty and
‘ trust-worthy trustee and banker, and crown and
‘ sheet-anchor, Douglas Kinnaird the Honourable, that
‘ he prepare all monies of mine, including the pur-
‘ chase-money of Rochdale manor and mine income
‘ for the year ensuing, A.D. 1824, to answer, or antici-
‘ pate, any orders or drafts of mine for the good cause,
‘ in good and lawful money of Great Britain, &c. &c.
‘ May you live a thousand years! which is nine hun-
‘ dred and nine-nine longer than the Spanish Cortes
‘ Constitution.’

LETTER 531.

TO THE HONOURABLE MR. DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

‘ *Cephalonia, December 23d, 1823.*

‘ I shall be as saving of my purse and person as you
‘ recommend, but you know that it is as well to be in
‘ readiness with one or both, in the event of either
‘ being required.

‘ I presume that some agreement has been con-
‘ cluded with Mr. Murray about “Werner.” Although
‘ the copyright should only be worth two or three hun-
‘ dred pounds, I will tell you what can be done with
‘ them. For three hundred pounds I can maintain
‘ in Greece, at more than the *fullest pay* of the Pro-
‘ visional Government, rations included, one hundred

‘ armed men for *three months*. You may judge of this
‘ when I tell you, that the four thousand pounds ad-
‘ vanced by me to the Greeks is likely to set a fleet
‘ and an army in motion for some months.

‘ A Greek vessel has arrived from the squadron to
‘ convey me to Missolonghi, where Mavrocordato now
‘ is, and has assumed the command, so that I expect
‘ to embark immediately. Still address, however, to
‘ Cephalonia, through Messrs. Welch and Barry of
‘ Genoa, as usual; and get together all the means and
‘ credit of mine you can, to face the war establishment,
‘ for it is “in for a penny, in for a pound,” and I must
‘ do all that I can for the ancients.

‘ I have been labouring to reconcile these parties,
‘ and there is *now* some hope of succeeding. Their
‘ public affairs go on well. The Turks have retreated
‘ from Acarnania without a battle, after a few fruitless
‘ attempts on Anatoliko. Corinth is taken, and the
‘ Greeks have gained a battle in the Archipelago.
‘ The squadron here, too, has taken a Turkish corvette
‘ with some money and a cargo. In short, if they can
‘ obtain a Loan, I am of opinion that matters will
‘ assume and preserve a steady and favourable aspect
‘ for their independence.

‘ In the mean time I stand paymaster, and what
‘ not; and lucky it is that, from the nature of the war-
‘ fare and of the country, the resources even of an
‘ individual can be of a partial and temporary service.

‘ Colonel Stanhope is at Missolonghi. Probably
‘ we shall attempt Patras next. The Suliotes, who
‘ are friends of mine, seem anxious to have me with
‘ them, and so is Mavrocordato. If I can but succeed in
‘ reconciling the two parties (and I have left no stone
‘ unturned) it will be something; and if not, we must

‘ go over to the Morea with the Western Greeks—
‘ who are the bravest, and at present the strongest,
‘ having beaten back the Turks—and try the effect of
‘ a little *physical* advice, should they persist in reject-
‘ ing *moral* persuasion.

‘ Once more recommending to you the reinforce-
‘ ment of my strong box and credit from all lawful
‘ sources and resources of mine to their practicable
‘ extent—for, after all, it is better playing at nations
‘ than gaming at Almack’s or Newmarket—and re-
‘ questing you to write to me as often as you can,

‘ I remain ever, &c.’

The squadron, so long looked for, having made its appearance at last in the waters of Missolonghi, and Mavrocordato, the only leader of the cause worthy the name of statesman, having been appointed, with full powers, to organize Western Greece, the fit moment for Lord Byron’s presence on the scene of action seemed to have arrived. The anxiety, indeed, with which he was expected at Missolonghi was intense, and can be best judged from the impatient language of the letters written to hasten him. ‘ I need not tell ‘ you, my lord,’ says Mavrocordato, ‘ how much I long ‘ for your arrival, to what a pitch your presence is de- ‘ sired by everybody, or what a prosperous direction it ‘ will give to all our affairs. Your counsels will be ‘ listened to like oracles.’ Colonel Stanhope, with the same urgency, writes from Missolonghi,—‘ The Greek ‘ ship sent for your lordship has returned ; your arrival ‘ was anticipated, and the disappointment has been ‘ great indeed. The Prince is in a state of anxiety, ‘ the Admiral looks gloomy, and the sailors grumble ‘ aloud.’ He adds at the end, ‘ I walked along the

‘ streets this evening, and the people asked me after ‘ Lord Byron !!!’ In a Letter to the London Committee of the same date, Colonel Stanhope says, ‘ All ‘ are looking forward to Lord Byron’s arrival, as they ‘ would to the coming of the Messiah.’

Of this anxiety, no inconsiderable part is doubtless to be attributed to their great impatience for the possession of the loan which he had promised them, and on which they wholly depended for the payment of the fleet.— ‘ Prince Mavrocordato and the Admiral ‘ (says the same gentleman) are in a state of extreme ‘ perplexity ; they, it seems, relied on your loan for the ‘ payment of the fleet ; that loan not having been received, the sailors will depart immediately. This will ‘ be a fatal event, indeed, as it will place Missolonghi ‘ in a state of blockade ; and will prevent the Greek ‘ troops from acting against the fortresses of Nepacto ‘ and Patras.’

In the mean time Lord Byron was preparing busily for his departure, the postponement of which latterly had been, in a great measure, owing to that repugnance to any new change of place which had lately so much grown upon him, and which neither love, as we have seen, nor ambition, could entirely conquer. There had been also considerable pains taken by some of his friends at Argostoli to prevent his fixing upon a place of residence so unhealthy as Missolonghi ; and Mr. Muir, a very able medical officer, on whose talents he had much dependance, endeavoured most earnestly to dissuade him from such an imprudent step. His mind, however, was made up,—the proximity of that port, in some degree, tempting him,—and having hired, for himself and suite, a light, fast-sailing vessel, called the *Mistico*, with a boat for part of his baggage,

and a larger vessel for the remainder, the horses, &c., he was, on the 26th of December, ready to sail. The wind, however, being contrary, he was detained two days longer, and in this interval the following letters were written.

LETTER 532.

TO MR. BOWRING.

' 10th 26th, 1823.

' Little need be added to the enclosed, which arrived
' this day, except that I embark to-morrow for Misso-
' longhi. The intended operations are detailed in the
' annexed documents. I have only to request that
' the Committee will use every exertion to forward
' our views by all its influence and credit.

' I have also to request you *personally* from myself
' to urge my friend and trustee, Douglas Kinnaird
' (from whom I have not heard these four months
' nearly), to forward to me all the resources of my *own*
' we can muster for the ensuing year, since it is no
' time to ménager *purse*, or, perhaps, *person*. I have
' advanced, and am advancing, all that I have in hand,
' but I shall require all that can be got together—and
' (if Douglas has completed the sale of Rochdale, *that*
' and my year's income for next year ought to form a
' good round sum)—as you may perceive that there
' will be little cash of their own amongst the Greeks
' (unless they get the Loan), it is the more necessary
' that those of their friends who have any should
' risk it.

' The supplies of the Committee are, some, useful,
' and all excellent in their kind, but occasionally
' hardly *practical* enough, in the present state of
' Greece; for instance, the mathematical instruments
' are thrown away—none of the Greeks know a pro-

'blem from a poker—we must conquer first, and plan afterwards. The use of the trumpets, too, may be doubted, unless Constantinople were Jericho, for the Helenists have no ears for bugles, and you must send us somebody to listen to them.

'We will do our best—and I pray you to stir your English hearts at home to more *general* exertion; for my part, I will stick by the cause while a plank remains which can be *honourably* clung to. If I quit it, it will be by the Greeks' conduct, and not the Holy Allies or holier Mussulmans—but let us hope better things. 'Ever yours, N. B.'

'P.S. I am happy to say that Colonel Leicester Stanhope and myself are acting in perfect harmony together—he is likely to be of great service both to the cause and to the Committee, and is publicly as well as personally a very valuable acquisition to our party on every account. He came up (as they all do who have not been in the country before) with some high-flown notions of the sixth form at Harrow or Eton, &c.; but Col. Napier and I set him to rights on those points, which is absolutely necessary to prevent disgust, or perhaps return; but now we can set our shoulders *soberly* to the *wheel*, without quarrelling with the mud which may clog it occasionally.

'I can assure you that Col. Napier and myself are as decided for the cause as any German student of them all; but like men who have seen the country and human life, there and elsewhere, we must be permitted to view it in its truth, with its defects as well as beauties,—more especially as success will remove the former *gradually*. 'N. B.

‘ P.S. As much of this letter as you please is for
 ‘ the Committee, the rest may be “entre nous.”’

LETTER 533.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Cephalonia, December 27th, 1823.*

‘ I received a letter from you some time ago. I
 ‘ have been too much employed latterly to write as I
 ‘ could wish, and even now must write in haste.

‘ I embark for Missolonghi to join Mavrocordato in
 ‘ four-and-twenty hours. The state of parties (but it
 ‘ were a long story) has kept me here till *now*; but
 ‘ now that Mavrocordato (their Washington, or their
 ‘ Kosciusko) is employed again, I can act with a *safe*
 ‘ conscience. I carry money to pay the squadron, &c.,
 ‘ and I have influence with the Suliotes, *supposed*
 ‘ sufficient to keep them in harmony with some of the
 ‘ dissentients;—for there are plenty of differences,
 ‘ but trifling.

‘ It is imagined that we shall attempt either Patras,
 ‘ or the castles on the Straits; and it seems, by most
 ‘ accounts, that the Greeks, at any rate, the Suliotes,
 ‘ who are in affinity with me of “bread and salt,”—
 ‘ expect that I should march with them, and—be it
 ‘ even so! If anything in the way of fever, fatigue,
 ‘ famine, or otherwise, should cut short the middle
 ‘ age of a brother warbler,—like Garcilasso de la
 ‘ Vega, Kleist, Korner, Joukoffsky* (a Russian nightin-
 ‘ gale—see Bowring’s Anthology), or Thersander, or,
 ‘ —or somebody else—but never mind—I pray you
 ‘ to remember me in your “smiles and wine.”

‘ I have hopes that the cause will triumph; but

* One of the most celebrated of the living poets of Russia, who fought at Borodino, and has commemorated that battle in a poem of much celebrity among his countrymen,

‘ whether it does or no, still ‘ honour must be minded
‘ as strictly as milk diet.’ I trust to observe both.

‘ Ever, &c.’

It is hardly necessary to direct the attention of the reader to the sad, and but too true anticipation expressed in this letter—the last but one I was ever to receive from my friend. Before we accompany him to the closing scene of all his toils, I shall here, as briefly as possible, give a selection from the many characteristic anecdotes told of him, while at Cephallonia, where (to use the words of Colonel Stanhope, in a letter from thence to the Greek Committee) he was ‘ beloved by Cephallonians, by English, and by Greeks;’ and where, approached as he was familiarly by persons of all classes and countries, not an action, not a word is recorded of him that does not bear honourable testimony to the benevolence and soundness of his views, his ever ready but discriminating generosity, and the clear insight, at once minute and comprehensive, which he had acquired into the character and wants of the people and the cause he came to serve. ‘ Of all those who came to help the Greeks,’ says Colonel Napier (a person himself the most qualified to judge, as well from long local knowledge, as from the acute, straightforward cast of his own mind), ‘ I never knew one, except Lord Byron and Mr. Gordon, that seemed to have justly estimated their character. All came expecting to find the Peloponnesus filled with Plutarch’s men, and all returned ‘ thinking the inhabitants of Newgate more moral. ‘ Lord Byron judged them fairly; he knew that half-civilized men are full of vices, and that great allowance must be made for emancipated slaves. He,

‘therefore, proceeded, bridle in hand, not thinking them good, but hoping to make them better*.’

In speaking of the foolish charge of avarice brought against Lord Byron by some who resented thus his not suffering them to impose on his generosity, Colonel Napier says, ‘I never knew a single instance of it while he was here. I saw only a judicious generosity in all that he did. He would not allow himself to be *robbed*, but he gave profusely where he thought he was doing good. It was, indeed, because he would not allow himself to be *fleece*d, that he was called stingy by those who are always bent upon giving money from any purses but their own. Lord Byron had no idea of this ; and would turn sharply and unexpectedly on those who thought their game sure. He gave a vast deal of money to the Greeks in various ways.’

Among the objects of his bounty in this way were many poor refugee Greeks from the Continent and the Isles. He not only relieved their present distresses, but allotted a certain sum monthly to the most destitute. ‘A list of these poor pensioners,’ says Dr. Kennedy, ‘was given me by the nephew of Professor Bambas.’

One of the instances mentioned of his humanity while at Cephalonia will show how prompt he was at the call of that feeling, and how unworthy, sometimes, were the objects of it. A party of workmen employed

* A similar tribute was paid to him by Count Delladecima, a gentleman of some literary acquirements, of whom he saw a good deal at Cephalonia, and to whom he was attracted by that sympathy which never failed to incline him towards those who laboured, like himself, under any personal defects. ‘Of all the men,’ said this gentleman, ‘whom I have had an opportunity of conversing with, on the means of establishing the independence of Greece, and regenerating the character of the natives, Lord Byron appears to entertain the most enlightened and correct views.’

upon one of those fine roads projected by Colonel Napier having imprudently excavated a high bank, the earth fell in and overwhelmed nearly a dozen persons; the news of which accident instantly reaching Metaxata, Lord Byron despatched his physician Bruno to the spot, and followed, with Count Gamba, as soon as their horses could be saddled. They found a crowd of women and children wailing round the ruins; while the workmen, who had just dug out three or four of their maimed companions, stood resting themselves unconcernedly, as if nothing more was required of them; and to Lord Byron's inquiry whether there were not still some other persons below the earth, answered coolly that 'they did not know, but believed that there were.' Enraged at this brutal indifference, he sprang from his horse, and seizing a spade himself, began to dig with all his strength; but it was not till after being threatened with the horsewhip that any of the peasants could be brought to follow his example. 'I was not present at this scene myself,' says Colonel Napier, in the Notices with which he has favoured me, 'but was told that Lord Byron's attention seemed quite absorbed in the study of the faces and gesticulations of those whose friends were missing. The sorrow of the Greeks is, in appearance, very frantic, and they shriek and howl, as in Ireland.'

It was in alluding to the above incident that the noble poet is stated to have said that he had come out to the Islands prejudiced against Sir T. Maitland's government of the Greeks: 'but,' he added, 'I have now changed my opinion. They are such barbarians, that if I had the government of them, I would pave these very roads with them.'

While residing at Metaxata, he received an account of the illness of his daughter Ada, which 'made him 'anxious and melancholy (says Count Gamba) for several days.' Her indisposition he understood to have been caused by a determination of blood to the head; and on his remarking to Dr. Kennedy, as curious, that it was a complaint to which he himself was subject, the physician replied, that he should have been inclined to infer so, not only from his habits of intense and irregular study, but from the present state of his eyes,—the right eye appearing to be inflamed. I have mentioned this latter circumstance as perhaps justifying the inference that there was in Lord Byron's state of health at this moment a predisposition to the complaint of which he afterwards died. To Doctor Kennedy he spoke frequently of his wife and daughter, expressing the strongest affection for the latter and respect towards the former, and while declaring as usual his perfect ignorance of the causes of the separation, professing himself fully disposed to welcome any prospect of reconciliation.

The anxiety with which, at all periods of his life, but particularly at the present, he sought to repel the notion that, except when under the actual inspiration of writing, he was at all influenced by poetical associations, very frequently displayed itself. 'You must 'have been highly gratified (said a gentleman to him) 'by the classical remains and recollections which you 'met with in your visit to Ithaca.' 'You quite mistake 'me,' answered Lord Byron—'I have no poetical 'humbug about me; I am too old for that. Ideas of 'that sort are confined to rhyme.'

For the two days during which he was delayed by contrary winds, he took up his abode at the house of

Mr. Hancock, his banker, and passed the greater part of the time in company with the English authorities of the Island. At length the wind becoming fair, he prepared to embark. 'I called upon him to take leave,' says Dr. Kennedy, 'and found him alone reading *Quentin Durward*. He was, as usual, in good spirits.' In a few hours after, the party set sail,—Lord Byron himself on board the *Mistico*, and Count Gamba, with the horses and heavy baggage, in the larger vessel, or *Bombarda*. After touching at Zante, for the purpose of some pecuniary arrangements with Mr. Barff, and taking on board a considerable sum of money in specie, they, on the evening of the 29th, proceeded towards Missolonghi. Their last accounts from that place having represented the Turkish fleet as still in the Gulf of Lepanto, there appeared not the slightest grounds for apprehending any interruption in their passage. Besides, knowing that the Greek squadron was now at anchorage near the entrance of the Gulf, they had little doubt of soon falling in with some friendly vessel, either in search, or waiting for them.

'We sailed together,' says Count Gamba, in a highly picturesque and affecting passage, 'till after ten at night; the wind favourable—a clear sky, the air fresh but not sharp. Our sailors sang alternately patriotic songs, monotonous indeed, but to persons in our situation extremely touching, and we took part in them. We were all, but Lord Byron particularly, in excellent spirits. The *Mistico* sailed the fastest. When the waves divided us, and our voices could no longer reach each other, we made signals by firing pistols and carabines—"To-morrow we meet at Missolonghi—to-morrow." Thus, full of

‘ confidence and spirits, we sailed along. At twelve
‘ we were out of sight of each other.’

In waiting for the other vessel, having more than once shortened sail for that purpose, the party on board the *Mistico* were upon the point of being surprised into an encounter which might, in a moment, have changed the future fortunes of Lord Byron. Two or three hours before daybreak, while steering towards Missolonghi, they found themselves close under the stern of a large vessel, which they at first took to be Greek, but which, when within pistol shot, they discovered to be a Turkish frigate. By good fortune, they were themselves, as it appears, mistaken for a Greek brûlot by the Turks, who therefore feared to fire, but with loud shouts frequently hailed them, while those on board Lord Byron’s vessel maintained the most profound silence ; and even the dogs (as I have heard his lordship’s valet mention), though they had never ceased to bark during the whole of the night, did not utter, while within reach of the Turkish frigate, a sound ;—a no less lucky than a curious accident, as, from the information the Turks had received of all the particulars of his lordship’s departure from Zante, the barking of the dogs, at that moment, would have been almost certain to betray him. Under the favour of these circumstances, and the darkness, they were enabled to bear away without further molestation, and took shelter among the *Scrofes*, a cluster of rocks but a few hours’ sail from Missolonghi. From this place the following letter, remarkable, considering his situation at the moment, for the light, careless tone that pervades it, was despatched to Colonel Stanhope.

LETTER 534.

TO THE HONOURABLE COLONEL STANHOPE.

*' Scrofer (or some such name), on board a
' Cephaloniote Mistico, Dec. 31st, 1823.*

' My dear Stanhope,

' We are just arrived here, that is, part of my
' people and I, with some things, &c., and which it
' may be as well not to specify in a letter (which has
' a risk of being intercepted, perhaps);—but Gamba,
' and my horses, negro, steward, and the press, and
' all the Committee things, also some eight thousand
' dollars of mine (but never mind, we have more left,
' do you understand?), are taken by the Turkish
' frigates, and my party and myself, in another boat,
' have had a narrow escape last night (being close
' under their stern and hailed, but we would not
' answer, and bore away), as well as this morning.
' Here we are, with the sun and clearing weather,
' within a pretty little port enough; but whether our
' Turkish friends may not send in their boats and take
' us out (for we have no arms except two carbines and
' some pistols, and, I suspect, not more than four
' fighting people on board) is another question, espe-
' cially if we remain long here, since we are blocked
' out of Missolonghi by the direct entrance.

' You had better send my friend George Drake
' (Draco), and a body of Suliotes, to escort us by land
' or by the canals, with all convenient speed. Gamba
' and our Bombard are taken into Patras, I suppose;
' and we must take a turn at the Turks to get them
' out: but where the devil is the fleet gone?—the
' Greek, I mean; leaving us to get in without the least
' intimation to take heed that the Moslems were out
' again.

‘ Make my respects to Mavrocordato, and say that
‘ I am here at his disposal. I am uneasy at being
‘ here : not so much on my own account as on that of
‘ a Greek boy with me, for you know what his fate
‘ would be ; and I would sooner cut him in pieces and
‘ myself too than have him taken out by those bar-
‘ barians. We are all very well. ‘ N. B.’

‘ The Bombard was twelve miles out when taken ;
‘ at least, so it appeared to us (if taken she actually
‘ be, for it is not certain) ; and we had to escape from
‘ another vessel that stood right between us and the
‘ port.’

Finding that his position among the rocks of the Scrofes would be untenable in the event of an attack by armed boats, he thought it right to venture out again, and making all sail, got safe to Dragomestri, a small sea-port town on the coast of Acarnania ; from whence the annexed letters to two of the most valued of his Cephalonian friends were written.

LETTER 535.

TO MR. MUIR.

‘ *Dragomestri, January 2d, 1824.*

‘ My dear Muir,

‘ I wish you many returns of the season and happi-
‘ ness therewithal. Gamba and the Bombard (there
‘ is a strong reason to believe) are carried into Patras
‘ by a Turkish frigate, which we saw chase them at
‘ dawn on the 31st ; we had been close under the stern
‘ in the night, believing her a Greek till within pistol
‘ shot, and only escaped by a miracle of all the Saints
‘ (our captain says), and truly I am of his opinion, for
‘ we should never have got away of ourselves. They
‘ were signalizing their consort with lights, and had

‘ illuminated the ship between decks, and were shout-
‘ ing like a mob ;—but then why did they not fire ?
‘ Perhaps they took us for a Greek brûlot, and were
‘ afraid of kindling us—they had no colours flying
‘ even at dawn nor after.

‘ At daybreak my boat was on the coast, but the
‘ wind unfavourable for *the port* ;—a large vessel with
‘ the wind in her favour standing between us and the
‘ Gulf, and another in chase of the Bombard about
‘ twelve miles off, or so. Soon after they stood (i. e.
‘ the Bombard and frigate) apparently towards Patras,
‘ and a Zantiote boat making signals to us from the
‘ shore to get away. Away we went before the wind,
‘ and ran into a creek called Scrofes, I believe, where
‘ I landed Luke* and another (as Luke’s life was in
‘ most danger), with some money for themselves, and
‘ a letter for Stanhope, and sent them up the country
‘ to Missolonghi, where they would be in safety, as
‘ the place where we were could be assailed by armed
‘ boats in a moment, and Gamba had all our arms ex-
‘ cept two carbines, a fowling-piece, and some pistols.

‘ In less than an hour the vessel in chase neared us,
‘ and we dashed out again, and showing our stern (our
‘ boat sails very well) got in before night to Drago-
‘ mestri, where we now are. But where is the Greek
‘ fleet ? I don’t know—do you ? I told our master
‘ of the boat that I was inclined to think the two large
‘ vessels (there were none else in sight) Greeks. But
‘ he answered “ they are too large—why don’t they
‘ show their colours ? ” and his account was confirmed,
‘ be it true or false, by several boats which we met or
‘ passed, as we could not at any rate have got in with

* A Greek youth whom he had brought with him, in his suite, from Cephalonia.

‘ that wind without beating about for a long time ; and
 ‘ as there was much property, and some lives to risk
 ‘ (the boy’s especially) without any means of defence, it
 ‘ was necessary to let our boatmen have their own way.

‘ I despatched yesterday another messenger to Mis-
 ‘ solonghi for an escort, but we have yet no answer.
 ‘ We are here (those of my boat) for the fifth day
 ‘ without taking our clothes off, and sleeping on deck
 ‘ in all weathers, but are all very well, and in good
 ‘ spirits. It is to be supposed that the Government
 ‘ will send, for their own sakes, an escort, as I have
 ‘ 16,000 dollars on board, the greater part for their ser-
 ‘ vice. I had (besides personal property to the amount
 ‘ of about 5000 more) 8000 dollars in specie of my own,
 ‘ without reckoning the Committee’s stores, so that
 ‘ the Turks will have a good thing of it, if the prize be
 ‘ good.

‘ I regret the detention of Gamba, &c., but the rest
 ‘ we can make up again, so tell Hancock to set my
 ‘ bills into cash as soon as possible, and Corgialeagno
 ‘ to prepare the remainder of my credit with Messrs.
 ‘ Webb to be turned into monies. I shall remain
 ‘ here, unless something extraordinary occurs, till
 ‘ Mavrocordato sends, and then go on, and act accord-
 ‘ ing to circumstances. My respects to the two colo-
 ‘ nels, and remembrances to all friends. Tell “ *Ultima*
 ‘ *Analise*” that his friend Raidi did not make his ap-
 ‘ pearance with the brig, though I think that he might
 ‘ as well have spoken with us *in or off* Zante, to give
 ‘ us a gentle hint of what we had to expect.

‘ Yours, ever affectionately, N. B.’

* Count Delladecima, to whom he gives this name in consequence of a habit which that gentleman had of using the phrase ‘in ultima analise’ frequently in conversation.

‘ P.S. Excuse my scrawl on account of the pen
 ‘ and the frosty morning at daybreak. I write in haste,
 ‘ a boat starting for Kalamo. I do not know whether
 ‘ the detention of the Bombard (if she be detained,
 ‘ for I cannot swear to it, and I can only judge from
 ‘ appearances, and what all these fellows say) be an
 ‘ affair of the Government, and neutrality, and &c.—
 ‘ but she *was stopped at least* twelve miles distant from
 ‘ any port, and had all her papers regular from *Zante*
 ‘ for *Kalamo*, and *we also*. I did not land at *Zante*,
 ‘ being anxious to lose as little time as possible, but
 ‘ Sir F. S. came off to invite me, &c., and every body
 ‘ was as kind as could be, even in Cephalonia.’

LETTER 536. TO MR. C. HANCOCK.

‘ *Dragomestri, January 2d, 1824.*

‘ Dear Sir “Ancock*,”

‘ Remember me to Dr. Muir and everybody else.
 ‘ I have still the 16,000 dollars with me, the rest were
 ‘ on board the Bombarda. Here we are—the Bom-
 ‘ barda taken, or at least missing, with all the Com-
 ‘ mittee stores, my friend Gamba, the horses, negro,
 ‘ bull-dog, steward, and domestics, with all our im-
 ‘ plements of peace and war, also 8000 dollars; but
 ‘ whether she will be lawful prize or no, is for the
 ‘ decision of the Governor of the Seven Islands. I
 ‘ have written to Dr. Muir, by way of Kalamo, with
 ‘ all particulars. We are in good condition; and
 ‘ what with wind and weather, and being hunted or
 ‘ so, little sleeping on deck, &c., are in tolerable sea-
 ‘ soning for the country and circumstances. But I

* This letter is, more properly, a postscript to one which Dr. Bruno had, by his orders, written to Mr. Hancock, with some particulars of their voyage; and the Doctor having begun his letter, ‘*Pregiat^{mo}. Sig^t. Ancock,*’ Lord Byron thus parodies his mode of address.

‘ foresee that we shall have occasion for all the cash I
‘ can muster at Zante and elsewhere. Mr. Barff gave
‘ us 8000 and odd dollars ; so there is still a balance
‘ in my favour. We are not quite certain that the
‘ vessels were Turkish which chased ; but there is
‘ strong presumption that they were, and no news to
‘ the contrary. At Zante, everybody, from the Resi-
‘ dent downwards, were as kind as could be, especially
‘ your worthy and courteous partner.

‘ Tell our friends to keep up their spirits, and we
‘ may yet do well. I disembarked the boy and another
‘ Greek, who were in most terrible alarm—the boy, at
‘ least, from the Morea—on shore near Anatoliko, I
‘ believe, which put them in safety ; and, as for me
‘ and mine, we must stick by our goods.

‘ I hope that Gamba’s detention will only be tem-
‘ porary. As for the effects and monies, if we have
‘ them,—well ; if otherwise, patience. I wish you a
‘ happy new year, and all our friends the same.

‘ Yours, &c.’

During these adventures of Lord Byron, Count Gamba, having been brought to by the Turkish frigate, had been carried, with his valuable charge, into Patras, where the Commander of the Turkish fleet was stationed. Here, after an interview with the Pacha, by whom he was treated, during his detention, most courteously, he had the good fortune to procure the release of his vessel and freight ; and, on the 4th of January, reached Missolonghi. To his surprise, however, he found that Lord Byron had not yet arrived ; for,—as if everything connected with this short voyage were doomed to deepen whatever ill bodings there were already in his mind,—on his lord-

ship's departure from Dragomestri, a violent gale of wind had come on; his vessel was twice driven on the rocks in the passage of the Scrofes, and, from the force of the wind, and the captain's ignorance of those shoals, the danger was by all on board considered to be most serious. 'On the second time of striking,' says Count Gamba, 'the sailors, losing all hope of saving the vessel, began to think of their own safety. But Lord Byron persuaded them to remain; and by his firmness, and no small share of nautical skill, got them out of danger, and thus saved the vessel and several lives, with 25,000 dollars, the greater part in specie.'

The wind still blowing right against their course to Missolonghi, they again anchored between two of the numerous islets by which this part of the coast is lined; and here Lord Byron, as well for refreshment as ablution, found himself tempted into an indulgence which it is not improbable may have had some share in producing the fatal illness that followed. Having put off in a boat to a small rock at some distance, he sent back a messenger for the nankeen trowsers which he usually wore in bathing, and, though the sea was rough and the night cold, it being then the 3d of January, swam back to the vessel. 'I am fully persuaded,' says his valet, in relating this imprudent freak, 'that it injured my lord's health. He certainly was not taken ill at the time, but in the course of two or three days his lordship complained of a pain in all his bones, which continued, more or less, to the time of his death.'

Setting sail again next morning with the hope of reaching Missolonghi before sunset, they were still

baffled by adverse winds, and, arriving late at night in the port, did not land till the morning of the 5th.

The solicitude, in the mean time, of all at Missolonghi, knowing that the Turkish fleet was out, and Lord Byron on his way, may without difficulty be conceived, and is most lively depicted in a letter written during the suspense of that moment, by an eye-witness. 'The Turkish fleet,' says Colonel Stanhope, 'has ventured out, and is, at this moment, blockading the port. Beyond these again are seen the Greek ships, and among the rest the one that was sent for Lord Byron. Whether he is on board or not is a question. You will allow that this is an eventful day.' Towards the end of the letter, he adds, 'Lord Byron's servants have just arrived; he himself will be here to-morrow. If he had not come, we had need have prayed for fair weather; for both fleet and army are hungry and inactive. Parry has not appeared. Should he also arrive to-morrow, all Missolonghi will go mad with pleasure.'

The reception their noble visitor experienced on his arrival was such as, from the ardent eagerness with which he had been looked for, might be expected. The whole population of the place crowded to the shore to welcome him; the ships anchored off the fortress fired a salute as he passed, and all the troops and dignitaries of the place, civil and military, with the Prince Mavrocordato at their head, met him on his landing, and accompanied him, amidst the mingled din of shouts, wild music, and discharges of artillery, to the house that had been prepared for him. 'I cannot easily describe,' says Count Gamba, 'the emotions which such a scene excited. I could scarcely refrain from tears.'

After eight days of fatigue such as Lord Byron had endured, some short interval of rest might fairly have been desired by him. But the scene on which he had now entered was one that precluded all thoughts of repose. He on whom the eyes and hopes of all others were centred, could but little dream of indulging any care for himself. There were, at this particular moment, too, collected within the precincts of that town as great an abundance of the materials of unquiet and misrule as had been ever brought together in so small a space. In every quarter, both public and private, disorganization and dissatisfaction presented themselves. Of the fourteen brigs of war which had come to the succour of Missolonghi, and which had for some time actually protected it against a Turkish fleet double its number, nine had already, hopeless of pay, returned to Hydra, while the sailors of the remaining five, from the same cause of complaint, had just quitted their ships, and were murmuring idly on shore. The inhabitants seeing themselves thus deserted or preyed upon by their defenders, with a scarcity of provisions threatening them, and the Turkish fleet before their eyes, were no less ready to break forth into riot and revolt; while, at the same moment, to complete the confusion, a General Assembly was on the point of being held in the town, for the purpose of organizing the forces of Western Greece, and to this meeting all the wild mountain chiefs of the province, ripe, of course, for dissension, were now flocking with their followers. Mavrocordato himself, the President of the intended Congress, had brought in his train no less than 5000 armed men, who were at this moment in the town. Ill provided, too, with either pay or food by the Government, this large mili-

tary mob were but little less discontented and destitute than the sailors ; and in short, in every direction, the entire population seems to have presented such a fermenting mass of insubordination and discord as was far more likely to produce warfare among themselves than with the enemy.

Such was the state of affairs when Lord Byron arrived at Missolonghi ;—such the evils he had now to encounter, with the formidable consciousness that to him, and him alone, all looked for the removal of them.

Of his proceedings during the first weeks after his arrival, the following letters to Mr. Hancock (which by the great kindness of that gentleman I am enabled to give) will, assisted by a few explanatory notes, supply a sufficiently ample account.

LETTER 537. TO MR. CHARLES HANCOCK.

‘ Missolonghi, January 13th, 1824.

‘ Dear Sir,

‘ Many thanks for yours of the fifth ; ditto to Muir
‘ for his. You will have heard that Gamba and my
‘ vessel got out of the hands of the Turks safe and
‘ intact ; nobody knows well how or why, for there’s
‘ a mystery in the story somewhat melodramatic.
‘ Captain Valsamachi has, I take it, spun a long yarn
‘ by this time in Argostoli. I attribute their release
‘ entirely to Saint Dionisio, of Zante, and the Madonna
‘ of the Rock, near Cephalonia.

‘ The adventures of my separate luck were also not
‘ finished at Dragomestri ; we were conveyed out by
‘ some Greek gun-boats, and found the Leonidas brig-
‘ of-war at sea to look after us. But blowing weather
‘ coming on, we were driven on the rocks *twice* in the

‘ passage of the *Scrofes*, and the dollars had another
‘ narrow escape. Two-thirds of the crew got ashore
‘ over the bowsprit : the rocks were rugged enough,
‘ but water very deep close in shore, so that she was,
‘ after much swearing and some exertion, got off
‘ again, and away we went with a third of our crew,
‘ leaving the rest on a desolate island, where they
‘ might have been now, had not one of the gun-boats
‘ taken them off, for we were in no condition to take
‘ them off again.

‘ Tell Muir that Dr. Bruno did not show much
‘ fight on the occasion, for besides stripping to his
‘ flannel waistcoat, and running about like a rat in an
‘ emergency, when I was talking to a Greek boy (the
‘ brother of the Greek girls in Argostoli), and telling
‘ him of the fact that there was no danger for the pas-
‘ sengers, whatever there might be for the vessel, and
‘ assuring him that I could save both him and myself
‘ without difficulty* (though he can’t swim), as the
‘ water, though deep, was not very rough,—the wind
‘ *not* blowing *right* on shore (it was a blunder of the
‘ Greeks who missed stays),—the Doctor exclaimed,
‘ “Save *him*, indeed ! by G—d ! save *me* rather—I’ll
‘ be first if I can ”—a piece of egotism which he pro-
‘ nounced with such emphatic simplicity as to set all
‘ who had leisure to hear him laughing†, and in a

* He meant to have taken the boy on his shoulders and swum with him to shore. This feat would have been but a repetition of one of his early sports at Harrow ; where it was a frequent practice of his thus to mount one of the smaller boys on his shoulders, and, much to the alarm of the urchin, dive with him into the water.

† In the Doctor’s own account this scene is described, as might be expected, somewhat differently :—‘ Ma nel di lui passaggio marittimo una fregata Turca inseguì la di lui nave, obligandola di ricoversarsi dentro le *Scrofes*, dove per l’ impeto dei venti fù gettata sopra i scogli : tutti i marinari dell’ equipaggio saltarono a terra per salvare la loro vita : Milord solo col di lui Medico Dottr. Bruno rimasero sulla nave che ognuno vedeva colare a fondo ; ma dopo qualche tempo non essen-

‘ minute after the vessel drove off again after striking
 ‘ twice. She sprung a small leak, but nothing further
 ‘ happened, except that the captain was very nervous
 ‘ afterwards.

‘ To be brief, we had bad weather almost always,
 ‘ though not contrary ; slept on deck in the wet gene-
 ‘ rally for seven or eight nights, but never was in
 ‘ better health (I speak personally)—so much so, that
 ‘ I actually bathed for a quarter of an hour on the
 ‘ evening of the fourth instant in the sea (to kill the
 ‘ fleas, and other &c.) and was all the better for it.

‘ We were received at Missolonghi with all kinds of
 ‘ kindness and honours ; and the sight of the fleet
 ‘ saluting, &c. and the crowds and different costumes,
 ‘ was really picturesque. We think of undertaking
 ‘ an expedition soon, and I expect to be ordered with
 ‘ the Suliotes to join the army.

‘ All well at present. We found Gamba already
 ‘ arrived, and everything in good condition. Remem-
 ‘ ber me to all friends. Yours ever, N. B.

‘ P.S. You will, I hope, use every exertion to
 ‘ realise the *assets*. For besides what I have already
 ‘ advanced, I have undertaken to maintain the Suliotes
 ‘ for a year (and will accompany them either as a
 ‘ Chief, or whichever is most agreeable to the Go-
 ‘ vernment), besides sundries. I do not understand
 ‘ Brown’s “*letters of credit*.” I neither gave nor
 ‘ ordered a letter of credit that I know of ; and though

‘ dosi visto che ciò avveniva, le persone fuggite a terra respinsero
 ‘ la nave nell’ acque : ma il tempestoso mare la ribastò una seconda
 ‘ volta contro i scogli, ed allora si aveva per certo che la nave coll’
 ‘ illustre personaggio, una grande quantità di denari, e molti preziosi
 ‘ effetti per i Greci anderebbero a fondo. Tuttavia Lord Byron non si
 ‘ perturbò per nulla ; anzi disse al di lui medico che voleva gettarsi al
 ‘ nuoto onde raggiungere la spiaggia : “ non abbandonate la nave finché
 ‘ abbiamo forze per dirigerla : allorché saremo coperti dall’ acque,
 ‘ allora gettatevi pure, che io vi salvo.” ’

‘ of course, if you have done it, I will be responsible,
‘ I was not aware of anything, except that I would
‘ have backed his bills, which you said was unneces-
‘ sary. As to *orders*—I ordered nothing but some *red*
‘ *cloth* and *oil cloths*, both of which I am ready to
‘ receive; but if Gamba has exceeded my commission,
‘ *the other things must be sent back, for I cannot permit*
‘ *anything of the kind, nor will.* The servants’ journey
‘ will of course be paid for, though *that* is exorbitant.
‘ As for Brown’s letter, I do not know anything more
‘ than I have said, and I really cannot defray the
‘ charges of half Greece and the Frank adventurers
‘ besides. Mr. Barff must send us some dollars soon,
‘ for the expenses fall on me for the present.

‘ *January 14th, 1824.*

‘ P.S. Will you tell Saint (Jew) Geronimo Corgia-
‘ legno that I mean to draw for the balance of my
‘ credit with Messrs. Webb and Co. I shall draw for
‘ two thousand dollars (that being about the amount,
‘ more or less); but to facilitate the business, I shall
‘ make the draft payable also at Messrs. Ransom and
‘ Co., Pall-Mall East, London. I believe I already
‘ showed you my letters (but if not, I have them to
‘ show), by which, besides the credits now realising,
‘ you will have perceived that I am not limited to any
‘ particular amount of credit with my bankers. The
‘ Honourable Douglas, my friend and trustee, is a
‘ principal partner in that house, and having the direc-
‘ tion of my affairs, is aware to what extent my present
‘ resources may go, and the letters in question were
‘ from him. I can merely say, that within the *current*
‘ year, 1824, besides the money already advanced to
‘ the Greek Government, and the credits now in your
‘ hands and your partner’s (Mr. Barff), which are all

‘ from the income of 1823, I have anticipated nothing
‘ from that of the present year hitherto. I shall or
‘ ought to have at my disposition upwards of one
‘ hundred thousand dollars (including my income, and
‘ the purchase-monies of a manor lately sold), and
‘ perhaps more, without infringing on my income for
‘ 1825, and not including the remaining balance of
‘ 1823.

‘ Yours ever, N. B.’

LETTER 538. TO MR. CHARLES HANCOCK.

‘ *Missolonghi, January 17th, 1824.*

‘ I have answered, at some length, your obliging
‘ letter, and trust that you have received my reply by
‘ means of Mr. Tindal. I will also thank you to
‘ remind Mr. Tindal that I would thank him to
‘ furnish you, on my account, with *an order of the*
‘ *Committee* for one hundred dollars, which I ad-
‘ vanced to him on their account through Signor Cor-
‘ gialeagno’s agency at Zante on his arrival in October,
‘ as it is but fair that the said Committee should pay
‘ their own expenses. An order will be sufficient, as
‘ the money might be inconvenient for Mr. T. at pre-
‘ sent to disburse.

‘ I have also advanced to Mr. Blackett the sum of
‘ fifty dollars, which I will thank Mr. Stevens to pay
‘ to you, on my account, from monies of Mr. Blackett,
‘ now in his hands. I have Mr. B.’s acknowledgment
‘ in writing.

‘ As the wants of the State here are still pressing,
‘ and there seems very little specie stirring except
‘ mine, I will stand paymaster, and must again re-
‘ quest you and Mr. Barff to forward by a *safe*
‘ channel (if possible) all the dollars you can collect

‘ upon the bills now negotiating. I have also written
‘ to Corgialegno for two thousand dollars, being about
‘ the balance of my separate letter from Messrs. Webb
‘ and Co., making the bills also payable at Ransom’s
‘ in London.

‘ Things are going on better, if not well; there is
‘ some order, and considerable preparation. I expect
‘ to accompany the troops on an expedition shortly,
‘ which makes me particularly anxious for the remain-
‘ ing remittance, as “money is the sinew of war,” and
‘ of peace, too, as far as I can see, for I am sure there
‘ would be no peace here without it. However, a
‘ little does go a good way, which is a comfort. The
‘ Government of the Morea and of Candia have writ-
‘ ten to me for a further advance from my own pecu-
‘ lium of 20 or 30,000 dollars, to which I demur for
‘ the present (having undertaken to pay the Suliotes
‘ as a free gift and other things already, besides the
‘ loan which I have already advanced), till I receive
‘ letters from England, which I have reason to expect.

‘ When the expected credits arrive, I hope that
‘ you will bear a hand, otherwise I must have re-
‘ course to Malta, which will be losing time and
‘ taking trouble; but I do not wish you to do more
‘ than is perfectly agreeable to Mr. Barff and to your-
‘ self. I am very well, and have no reason to be dis-
‘ satisfied with my personal treatment, or with the
‘ posture of public affairs—others must speak for
‘ themselves.

‘ Yours ever and truly, &c.

‘ P.S. Respects to Colonels Wright and Duffie,
‘ and the officers civil and military; also to my
‘ friends Muir and Stevens particularly, and to Della-
‘ decima.’

LETTER 539. TO MR. CHARLES HANCOCK.

Missolonghi, January 19th, 1824.

‘ Since I wrote on the 17th, I have received a letter
‘ from Mr. Stevens, enclosing an account from Corfu,
‘ which is so exaggerated in price and quantity, that
‘ I am at a loss whether most to admire Gamba’s
‘ folly, or the merchant’s knavery. All that I re-
‘ quested Gamba to order was red cloth, enough to
‘ make a *jacket*, and some oil-skin for trowsers, &c.—
‘ the latter has not been sent—the whole could not
‘ have amounted to fifty dollars. The account is six
‘ hundred and forty-five!!! I will guarantee Mr.
‘ Stevens against any loss, of course, but I am not dis-
‘ posed to take the articles (which I never ordered),
‘ nor to pay the amount. I will take one hundred dol-
‘ lars’ worth; the rest may be sent back, and I will
‘ make the merchant an allowance of so much per
‘ cent.; or if that is not to be done, you must sell the
‘ whole by auction at what price the things may fetch,
‘ for I would rather incur the dead loss of *part*, than
‘ be encumbered with a quantity of things, to me at
‘ present superfluous or useless. Why, I could have
‘ maintained three hundred men for a month for the
‘ sum in Western Greece!

‘ When the dogs, and the dollars, and the negro,
‘ and the horses, fell into the hands of the Turks, I
‘ acquiesced with patience, as you may have per-
‘ ceived, because it was the work of the elements of
‘ war, or of Providence; but this is a piece of mere
‘ human knavery or folly, or both, and I neither can
‘ nor will submit to it*. I have occasion for every

* We have here as striking an instance as could be adduced of that peculiar feature of his character which shallow or malicious observers have misrepresented as avarice, but which in reality was the result of a

‘dollar I can muster to keep the Greeks together, and
‘I do not grudge any expense for the cause; but to
‘throw away as much as would equip, or at least
‘maintain, a corps of excellent ragamuffins with arms
‘in their hands, to furnish Gamba and the doctor
‘with blank bills (see list), broad cloth, Hessian boots,
‘and horsewhips (the *latter* I own that they have
‘richly earned), is rather beyond my endurance,
‘though a pacific person, as all the world knows, or
‘at least my acquaintances. I pray you to try to help
‘me out of this damnable commercial speculation of
‘Gamba’s, for it is one of those pieces of impudence
‘or folly which I don’t forgive him in a hurry. I will
‘of course see Stevens free of expense out of the trans-
‘action;—by the way, the Greek of a Corfiote has
‘thought proper to draw a bill, and get it discounted
‘at 24 dollars; if I had been there, it should have
‘been *protested* also.

‘Mr. Blackett is here ill, and will soon set out for
‘Cephalonia. He came to me for some pills, and I
‘gave him some reserved for particular friends, and

strong sense of justice and fairness, and an indignant impatience of being stultified or overreached. Colonel Stanhope, in referring to the circumstance mentioned above, has put Lord Byron’s angry feeling respecting it in the true light.

‘He was constantly attacking Count Gamba, sometimes, indeed, playfully, but more often with the bitterest satire, for having purchased for the use of his family, while in Greece, 500 dollars’ worth of cloth. This he used to mention as an instance of the Count’s imprudence and extravagance. Lord Byron told me one day, with a tone of great gravity, that this 500 dollars would have been most serviceable in promoting the siege of Lepanto; and that he never would, to the last moment of his existence, forgive Gamba, for having squandered away his money in the purchase of cloth. No one will suppose that Lord Byron could be serious in such a denunciation; he entertained, in reality, the highest opinion of Count Gamba, who, both on account of his talents and devotedness to his friend, merited his lordship’s esteem. As to Lord Byron’s generosity, it is before the world; he promised to devote his large income to the cause of Greece, and he honestly acted up to his pledge.’

‘ which I never knew any body recover from under
‘ several months ; but he is no better, and, what is
‘ odd, no worse ; and as the doctors have had no bet-
‘ ter success with him than I, he goes to Argostoli
‘ sick of the Greeks and of a constipation.

‘ I must reiterate my request for *specie*, and that
‘ speedily, otherwise public affairs will be at a stand-
‘ still here. I have undertaken to pay the Suliotes
‘ for a year, to advance in March 3000 dollars, be-
‘ sides, to the Government for a balance due to the
‘ troops, and some other smaller matters for the Ger-
‘ mans, and the press, &c. &c. &c. ; so what with
‘ these, and the expenses of my suite, which, though
‘ not extravagant, is expensive, with Gamba’s d—d
‘ nonsense, I shall have occasion for all the monies I
‘ can muster, and I have credits wherewithal to face
‘ the undertakings, if realized, and expect to have
‘ more soon.

‘ Believe me ever and truly yours, &c.’

On the morning of the 22d of January, his birth-
day,—the last my poor friend was ever fated to see,—
he came from his bedroom into the apartment where
Colonel Stanhope and some others were assembled,
and said with a smile, ‘ You were complaining the
‘ other day that I never write any poetry now. This
‘ is my birthday, and I have just finished something
‘ which, I think, is better than what I usually write.’
He then produced to them those beautiful stanzas,
which, though already known to most readers, are far
too affectingly associated with this closing scene of his
life to be omitted among its details. Taking into con-
sideration, indeed, every thing connected with these
verses,—the last tender aspirations of a loving spirit

which they breathe, the self-devotion to a noble cause which they so nobly express, and that consciousness of a near grave glimmering sadly through the whole, —there is perhaps no production within the range of mere human composition round which the circumstances and feelings under which it was written cast so touching an interest.

‘ JANUARY 22D.

‘ ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

1.

‘ ‘Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 ‘ Since others it hath ceased to move ;
 ‘ Yet though I cannot be beloved,
 ‘ Still let me love !

2.

‘ My days are in the yellow leaf ;
 ‘ The flowers and fruits of love are gone ;
 ‘ The worm, the canker, and the grief
 ‘ Are mine alone !

3.

‘ The fire that on my bosom preys
 ‘ Is lone as some volcanic isle ;
 ‘ No torch is kindled at its blaze—
 ‘ A funeral pile !

4.

‘ The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
 ‘ The exalted portion of the pain
 ‘ And power of love, I cannot share,
 ‘ But wear the chain.

5.

‘ But ‘tis not *thus*—and ‘tis not *here*—
 ‘ Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
 ‘ Where glory decks the hero’s bier,
 ‘ Or binds his brow.

6.

‘ The sword, the banner and the field,
 ‘ Glory and Greece, around me see !
 ‘ The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
 ‘ Was not more free.

7.

‘ Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
 ‘ Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
 ‘ Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
 ‘ And then strike home!

8.

‘ Tread those reviving passions down,
 ‘ Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
 ‘ Indifferent should the smile or frown
 ‘ Of beauty be.

9.

‘ If thou regret’st thy youth, *why live?*
 ‘ The land of honourable death
 ‘ Is here:—up to the field, and give
 ‘ Away thy breath!

10.

‘ Seek out—less often sought than found—
 ‘ A soldier’s grave, for thee the best;
 ‘ Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 ‘ And take thy rest.’

‘ We perceived,’ says Count Gamba, ‘ from these
 ‘ lines, as well as from his daily conversations, that
 ‘ his ambition and his hope were irrevocably fixed
 ‘ upon the glorious objects of his expedition to Greece,
 ‘ and that he had made up his mind to “return vic-
 ‘ torious, or return no more.” Indeed, he often said
 ‘ to me, “Others may do as they please—they may
 ‘ go—but I stay here, *that is certain.*” The same de-
 ‘ termination was expressed in his letters to his friends;
 ‘ and this resolution was not unaccompanied with the
 ‘ very natural presentiment—that he should never
 ‘ leave Greece alive. He one day asked his faithful
 ‘ servant, Tita, whether he thought of returning to
 ‘ Italy? “Yes,” said Tita: “if your lordship goes,
 ‘ I go.” Lord Byron smiled, and said, “No, Tita, I
 ‘ shall never go back from Greece—either the Turks,
 ‘ or the Greeks, or the climate, will prevent that.”’

LETTER 540. TO MR. CHARLES HANCOCK.

Missolonghi, February 5th, 1824.

‘ Dr. Muir’s letter and yours of the 23d reached me
‘ some days ago. Tell Muir that I am glad of his
‘ promotion for his sake, and of his remaining near us
‘ for all our sakes; though I cannot but regret Dr.
‘ Kennedy’s departure, which accounts for the previous
‘ earthquakes and the present English weather in this
‘ climate. With all respect to my medical pastor, I
‘ have to announce to him, that amongst other fire-
‘ brands, our firemaster Parry (just landed) has dis-
‘ embarked an elect blacksmith, intrusted with three
‘ hundred and twenty-two Greek Testaments. I have
‘ given him all facilities in my power for his works
‘ spiritual and temporal, and if he can settle matters
‘ as easily with the Greek Archbishop and hierarchy,
‘ I trust that neither the heretic nor the supposed
‘ sceptic will be accused of intolerance.

‘ By the way, I met with the said Archbishop at
‘ Anatolico (where I went by invitation of the Pri-
‘ mates a few days ago, and was received with a
‘ heavier cannonade than the Turks, probably) for the
‘ second time (I had known him here before); and he
‘ and P. Mavrocordato, and the Chiefs and Primates
‘ and I, all dined together, and I thought the metro-
‘ politan the merriest of the party, and a very good
‘ Christian for all that. But Gamba (we got wet
‘ through on our way back) has been ill with a fever
‘ and cholic; and Luke has been out of sorts too, and
‘ so have some others of the people, and I have been
‘ very well,—except that I caught cold yesterday with
‘ swearing too much in the rain at the Greeks, who
‘ would not bear a hand in landing the Committee
‘ stores, and nearly spoiled our combustibles; but I

‘ turned out in person, and made such a row as set
‘ them in motion, blaspheming at them from the Go-
‘ vernment downwards, till they actually did *some*
‘ part of what they ought to have done several days
‘ before, and this is esteemed, as it deserves to be, a
‘ wonder.

‘ Tell Muir that, notwithstanding his remonstrances,
‘ which I receive thankfully, it is perhaps best that I
‘ should advance with the troops ; for if we do not do
‘ something soon, we shall only have a third year of
‘ defensive operations and another siege, and all that.
‘ We hear that the Turks are coming down in force,
‘ and sooner than usual ; and as these fellows do mind
‘ me a little, it is the opinion that I should go,—firstly,
‘ because they will sooner listen to a foreigner than
‘ one of their own people, out of native jealousies ;
‘ secondly, because the Turks will sooner treat or capi-
‘ tulate (if such occasion should happen) with a Frank
‘ than a Greek ; and, thirdly, because nobody else
‘ seems disposed to take the responsibility—Mavro-
‘ cordato being very busy here, the foreign military
‘ men too young or not of authority enough to be
‘ obeyed by the natives, and the Chiefs (as aforesaid)
‘ inclined to obey any one except, or rather than, one
‘ of their own body. As for me, I am willing to do
‘ what I am bidden, and to follow my instructions. I
‘ neither seek nor shun that nor anything else they
‘ may wish me to attempt ; as for personal safety,
‘ besides that it ought not to be a consideration, I take
‘ it that a man is on the whole as safe in one place as
‘ another ; and, after all, he had better end with a
‘ bullet than bark in his body. If we are not taken
‘ off with the sword, we are like to march off with an
‘ ague in this mud basket ; and to conclude with a

' very bad pun, to the ear rather than to the eye, better
' *martially*, than *marsh-ally*;—the situation of Misso-
' longhi is not unknown to you. The dykes of Holland
' when broken down are the Deserts of Arabia for dry-
' ness, in comparison.

' And now for the sinews of war. I thank you and
' Mr. Barff for your ready answers, which, next to
' ready money, is a pleasant thing. Besides the
' assets, and balance, and the relics of the Corgialegno
' correspondence with Leghorn and Genoa (I sold the
' dog flour, tell him, but not at *his* price), I shall re-
' quest and require, from the beginning of March
' ensuing, about five thousand dollars every two
' months, i. e. about twenty-five thousand within the
' current year, at regular intervals, independent of the
' sums now negotiating. I can show you documents
' to prove that these are considerably *within* my sup-
' plies for the year in more ways than one; but I do not
' like to tell the Greeks exactly what I *could* or would
' advance on an emergency, because, otherwise, they
' will double and triple their demands (a disposition
' that they have already sufficiently shown); and
' though I am willing to do all I can *when* necessary,
' yet I do not see why they should not help a little,
' for they are not quite so bare as they pretend to be
' by some accounts.

' February 7th, 1824

' I have been interrupted by the arrival of Parry,
' and afterwards by the return of Hesketh, who has
' not brought an answer to my epistles, which rather
' surprise me. You will write soon, I suppose. Parry
' seems a fine rough subject, but will hardly be ready
' for the field these three weeks; he and I will (I
' think) be able to draw together,—at least *I* will not

' interfere with or contradict him in his own depart-
' ment. He complains grievously of the mercantile
' and *enthusymusy* part of the Committee, but greatly
' praises Gordon and Hume. Gordon *would* have
' given three or four thousand pounds and come out
' *himself*, but Kennedy or somebody else disgusted
' him, and thus they have spoiled part of their sub-
' scription and cramped their operations. Parry says
' B * * * is a humbug, to which I say nothing. He
' sorely laments the printing and civilizing expenses,
' and wishes that there was not a Sunday-school in
' the world, or *any* school *here* at present, save and
' except always an academy for artilleryship.

' He complained also of the cold, a little to my sur-
' prise; firstly, because there being no chimneys, I
' have used myself to do without other warmth than
' the animal heat and one's cloak, in these parts; and
' secondly, because I should as soon have expected to
' hear a volcano sneeze, as a fire-master (who is to
' burn a whole fleet) exclaim against the atmosphere.
' I fully expected that his very approach would have
' scorched up the town like the burning-glasses of
' Archimedes.

' Well, it seems that I am to be Commander-in-
' Chief, and the post is by no means a sinecure, for
' we are not what Major Sturgeon calls "a set of the
' most amicable officers." Whether we shall have "a
' boxing bout between Captain Sheers and the Colo-
' nel," I cannot tell; but, between Suliote chiefs,
' German barons, English volunteers, and adven-
' turers of all nations, we are likely to form as goodly
' an allied army as ever quarrelled beneath the
' same banner.

‘ *February 8th, 1824.*

‘ Interrupted again by business yesterday, and it is
‘ time to conclude my letter. I drew sometime since
‘ on Mr. Barff for a thousand dollars, to complete some
‘ money wanted by the Government. The said Go-
‘ vernment got cash on that bill *here* and at a profit ;
‘ but the very same fellow who gave it to them, after
‘ proposing to give me money for other bills on Barff
‘ to the amount of thirteen hundred dollars, either
‘ could not, or thought better of it. I had written to
‘ Barff advising him, but had afterwards to write to
‘ tell him of the fellow’s having not come up to time.
‘ You must really send me the balance soon. I have
‘ the artillerists and my Suliotes to pay, and Heaven
‘ knows what besides, and as everything depends upon
‘ punctuality, all our operations will be at a standstill
‘ unless you use despatch. I shall send to Mr. Barff
‘ or to you further bills on England for three thou-
‘ sand pounds, to be negotiated as speedily as you can.
‘ I have already stated here and formerly the sums I
‘ can command at home within the year,—without
‘ including my credits, or the bills already negotiated
‘ or negotiating, as Corgialeagno’s balance of Mr.
‘ Webb’s letter,—and my letters from my friends
‘ (received by Mr. Parry’s vessel) confirm what I
‘ have already stated. How much I may require in
‘ the course of the year I can’t tell, but I will take
‘ care that it shall not exceed the means to supply it.

‘ Yours, ever, N. B.

‘ P.S. I have had, by desire of a Mr. *Jerostati*, to
‘ draw on Demetrius Delladecima (is it our friend in
‘ *ultima analyse*?) to pay the Committee expenses.
‘ I really do not understand what the Committee mean
‘ by some of their freedoms. Parry and I get on very

‘ well *hitherto*; how long this may last, Heaven knows, but I hope it will, for a good deal for the Greek service depends upon it, but he has already had some *miffs* with Col. S., and I do all I can to keep the peace amongst them. However, Parry is a fine fellow, extremely active, and of strong, sound, practical talents, by all accounts. Enclosed are bills for three thousand pounds, drawn in the mode directed (i. e. parcelled out in smaller bills). A good opportunity occurring for Cephalonia to send letters on, I avail myself of it. Remember me to Stevens and to all friends. Also my compliments and every thing kind to the colonels and officers.

‘ *February 9th, 1824.*

‘ P.S. 2d or 3d. I have reason to expect a person from England directed with papers (on business) for me to sign, somewhere in the Islands, by and by; if such should arrive, would you forward him to me by a safe conveyance, as the papers regard a transaction with regard to the adjustment of a lawsuit, and a sum of several thousand pounds, which I, or my bankers and trustees for me, may have to receive (in England) in consequence. The time of the probable arrival I cannot state, but the date of my letters is the 2d Nov., and I suppose that he ought to arrive soon.’

How strong were the hopes which even those who watched him most observingly conceived from the whole tenor of his conduct since his arrival at Missolonghi, will appear from the following words of Colonel Stanhope, in one of his letters to the Greek Committee.

‘ Lord Byron possesses all the means of playing a

‘ great part in the glorious revolution of Greece. He has talent; he professes liberal principles; he has money, and is inspired with fervent and chivalrous feelings. He has commenced his career by two good measures: 1st, by recommending union, and declaring himself of no party; and, 2dly, by taking five hundred Suliotes into pay, and acting as their chief. These acts cannot fail to render his lordship universally popular, and proportionally powerful. Thus advantageously circumstanced, his lordship will have an opportunity of realizing all his professions.’

That the inspirer, however, of these hopes was himself far from participating in them is a fact manifest from all he said and wrote on the subject, and but adds painfully to the interest which his position at this moment excites. Too well, indeed, did he both understand and feel the difficulties into which he was plunged to deceive himself into any such sanguine delusions. In one only of the objects to which he had looked forward with any hope,—that of endeavouring to humanize, by his example, the system of warfare on both sides,—had he yet been able to gratify himself. Not many days after his arrival an opportunity, as we have seen, had been afforded him of rescuing an unfortunate Turk out of the hands of some Greek sailors; and, towards the end of the month, having learned that there were a few Turkish prisoners in confinement at Missolonghi, he requested of the Government to place them at his disposal, that he might send them to Yussuff Pacha. In performing this act of humane policy, he transmitted with the rescued captives the following letter.

LETTER 541. TO HIS HIGHNESS YUSSUFF PACHA.

Missolonghi, 23d January, 1824.

‘ Highness !

‘ A vessel, in which a friend and some domestics of mine were embarked, was detained a few days ago, and released by order of your Highness. I have now to thank you ; not for liberating the vessel, which, as carrying a neutral flag, and being under British protection, no one had a right to detain ; but for having treated my friends with so much kindness while they were in your hands.

‘ In the hope, therefore, that it may not be altogether displeasing to your Highness, I have requested the governor of this place to release four Turkish prisoners, and he has humanely consented to do so. I lose no time, therefore, in sending them back, in order to make as early a return as I could for your courtesy on the late occasion. These prisoners are liberated without any conditions : but, should the circumstance find a place in your recollection, I venture to beg, that your Highness will treat such Greeks as may henceforth fall into your hands with humanity ; more especially since the horrors of war are sufficiently great in themselves, without being aggravated by wanton cruelties on either side.

‘ NOEL BYRON.’

Another favourite and, as it appeared for some time, practicable object, on which he had most ardently set his heart, was the intended attack upon Lepanto—a fortified town* which, from its command of the navigation of the Gulf of Corinth, is a position

* The ancient Naupactus, called Epacto by the modern Greeks, and Lepanto by the Italians.

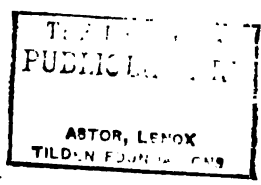


Engraved by F. Fisher

(1) 1844, G.

Water Wheel and mill, built by Charles T. & J. P. P. P. P.

Engraved by F. Fisher



of the first importance. 'Lord Byron,' says Colonel Stanhope, in a letter dated January 14, 'burns with military ardour and chivalry, and will accompany the expedition to Lepanto.' The delay of Parry, the engineer, who had been for some months anxiously expected with the supplies necessary for the formation of a brigade of artillery, had hitherto paralysed the preparations for this important enterprise; though, in the mean time, whatever little could be effected, without his aid, had been put in progress both by the appointment of a brigade of Suliotes to act under Lord Byron, and by the formation, at the joint expense of his lordship and Colonel Stanhope, of a small corps of artillery.

It was towards the latter end of January, as we have seen, that Lord Byron received his regular commission from the Government, as Commander of the expedition. In conferring upon him full powers, both civil and military, they appointed, at the same time, a Military Council to accompany him, composed of the most experienced Chieftains of the army, with Nota Bozzari, the uncle of the famous warrior, at their head.

It had been expected that, among the stores sent with Parry, there would be a supply of Congreve rockets,—an instrument of warfare of which such wonders had been related to the Greeks as filled their imaginations with the most absurd ideas of its powers. Their disappointment, therefore, on finding that the engineer had come unprovided with these missiles was excessive. Another hope, too,—that of being enabled to complete an artillery corps by the accession of those Germans who had been sent for into the Morea,—was found almost equally fallacious; that

body of men having, from the death or retirement of those who originally composed it, nearly dwindled away; and the few officers that now came to serve being, from their fantastic notions of rank and etiquette, far more troublesome than useful. In addition to these discouraging circumstances, the five Speziot ships of war which had for some time formed the sole protection of Missolonghi were now returned to their home, and had left their places to be filled by the enemy's squadron.

Perplexing as were all these difficulties in the way of the expedition, a still more formidable embarrassment presented itself in the turbulent and almost mutinous disposition of those Suliote troops on whom he mainly depended for success in his undertaking. Presuming as well upon his wealth and generosity as upon their own military importance, these unruly warriors had never ceased to rise in the extravagance of their demands upon him;—the wholly destitute and homeless state of their families at this moment affording but too well founded a pretext both for their exaction and discontent. Nor were their leaders much more amenable to management than themselves. 'There were,' says Count Gamba, 'six heads of families among them, all of whom had equal pretensions both by their birth and their exploits; and none of whom would obey any one of his comrades.'

A serious riot to which, about the middle of January, these Suliotes had given rise, and in which some lives were lost, had been a source of much irritation and anxiety to Lord Byron, as well from the ill-blood it was likely to engender between his troops and the citizens, as from the little dependence it gave him encouragement to place upon materials so unmanage-

able. Notwithstanding all this, however, neither his eagerness nor his efforts for the accomplishment of this sole personal object of his ambition ever relaxed a single instant. To whatever little glory was to be won by the attack upon Lepanto, he looked forward as his only reward for all the sacrifices he was making. In his conversations with Count Gamba on the subject, 'though he joked a good deal,' says this gentleman, 'about his post of "Archistrategos," or Commander in Chief, it was plain that the romance and 'the peril of the undertaking were great allurements 'to him.' When we combine, indeed, his determination to stand, at all hazards, by the cause, with the very faint hopes his sagacious mind would let him indulge as to his power of serving it, I have little doubt that the 'soldier's grave' which, in his own beautiful verses, he marked out for himself, was no idle dream of poetry; but that, on the contrary, his 'wish was father to the thought,' and that to an honourable death, in some such achievement as that of storming Lepanto, he looked forward, not only as the sole means of redeeming worthily the great pledge he had now given, but as the most signal and lasting service that a name like his,—echoed, as it would then be, among the watch-words of Liberty, from age to age,—could bequeath to her cause.

In the midst of these cares he was much gratified by the receipt of a letter from an old friend of his, Andrea Londo, whom he had made acquaintance with in his early travels in 1809, and who was at that period a rich proprietor, under the Turks, in the Morea*. This patriotic Greek was one of the fore-

* This brave Moriote, when Lord Byron first knew him, was particularly boyish in his aspect and manners, but still cherished, under this

most to raise the standard of the Cross, and at the present moment stood distinguished among the supporters of the Legislative Body and of the new national Government. The following is a translation of Lord Byron's answer to his letter.

LETTER 542.

TO LONDO.

' Dear Friend,

' The sight of your handwriting gave me the
' greatest pleasure. Greece has ever been for me, as
' it must be for all men of any feeling or education,
' the promised land of valour, of the arts, and of
' liberty; nor did the time I passed in my youth in
' travelling among her ruins at all chill my affection
' for the birthplace of heroes. In addition to this, I
' am bound to yourself by ties of friendship and gra-
' titude for the hospitality which I experienced from
' you during my stay in that country, of which you
' are now become one of the first defenders and orna-
' ments. To see myself serving, by your side and
' under your eyes, in the cause of Greece will be to
' me one of the happiest events of my life. In the
' mean time, with the hope of our again meeting,

' I am, as ever, &c.'

Among the less serious embarrassments of his position at this period, may be mentioned the struggle maintained against him by his colleague, Colonel Stanhope,—with a degree of conscientious perseve-

terior, a mature spirit of patriotism which occasionally broke forth; and the noble poet used to relate that, one day, while they were playing at draughts together, on the name of Riga being pronounced, Londo leaped from the table, and clapping violently his hands, began singing the famous song of that ill-fated patriot:

' Sons of the Greeks, arise!

' The glorious hour's gone forth.'

rance which even while thwarted by it, he could not but respect, on the subject of a Free Press, which it was one of the favourite objects of his fellow-agent to bring instantly into operation in all parts of Greece. On this important point their opinions differed considerably; and the following report, by Colonel Stanhope, of one of their many conversations on the subject, may be taken as a fair and concise statement of their respective views.

‘ Lord Byron said that he was an ardent friend of publicity and the press: but that he feared it was not applicable to this society in its present combustible state. I answered that I thought it applicable to all countries, and essential here, in order to put an end to the state of anarchy which at present prevailed. Lord B. feared libels and licentiousness. I said that the object of a free press was to check public licentiousness, and to expose libellers to odium. Lord B. had mentioned his conversation with Mavrocordato * to show that the Prince was not hostile to the press. I declared that I knew him to be an enemy to the press, although he dared not openly to avow it. His lordship then said that he had not made up his mind about the liberty of the press in Greece, but that he thought the experiment worth trying.’

That between two men, both eager in the service of one common cause, there should arise a difference of opinion as to the *means* of serving it is but a natural result of the varieties of human judgment, and de-

* Lord Byron had, it seems, acknowledged, on the preceding evening, his having remarked to Prince Mavrocordato, that ‘ if he were in his situation, he would have placed the press under a censor,’ to which the Prince had replied; ‘ No; the liberty of the press is guaranteed by the Constitution.’

tracts nothing from the zeal or sincerity of either. But by those who do not suffer themselves to be carried away by a theory, it will be conceded, I think, that the scruples professed by Lord Byron, with respect to the expedience or safety of introducing what is called a Free Press into a country so little advanced in civilization as Greece, were founded on just views of human nature and practical good sense. To endeavour to force upon a state of society, so unprepared for them, such full-grown institutions; to think of engrafting, at once, on an ignorant people the fruits of long knowledge and cultivation,—of importing among them, ready made, those advantages and blessings which no nation ever attained but by its own working out, nor ever was fitted to enjoy but by having first struggled for them, to harbour even a dream of the success of such an experiment, implies a sanguineness almost incredible, and such as, though, in the present instance, indulged by the political economist and soldier, was, as we have seen, beyond the poet.

The enthusiastic and, in many respects, well founded confidence with which Colonel Stanhope appealed to the authority of Mr. Bentham on most of the points at issue between himself and Lord Byron, was, from that natural antipathy which exists between political economists and poets, but little sympathized in by the latter;—such appeals being always met by him with those sallies of ridicule, which he found the best-humoured vent for his impatience under argument, and to which, notwithstanding the venerable name and services of Mr. Bentham himself, the quackery of much that is promulgated by his followers presented, it must be owned, ample scope. Romantic,

indeed, as was Lord Byron's sacrifice of himself to the cause of Greece, there was in the views he took of the means of serving her not a tinge of the unsubstantial or speculative. The grand practical task of freeing her from her tyrants was his first and main object. He knew that slavery was the great bar to knowledge, and must be broken through before her light could come; that the work of the sword must therefore precede that of the pen, and camps be the first schools of freedom.

With such sound and manly views of the true exigencies of the crisis, it is not wonderful that he should view with impatience, and something, perhaps, of contempt, all that premature apparatus of printing-presses, pedagogues, &c., with which the Philhellenes of the London Committee were, in their rage for 'utilitarianism,' encumbering him. Nor were some of the correspondents of this body much more solid in their speculations than themselves; one intelligent gentleman having suggested, as a means of conferring signal advantages on the cause, an alteration of the Greek alphabet.

Though feeling, as strongly, perhaps, as Lord Byron, the importance of the great object of their mission,—that of rousing and, what was far more difficult, combining against the common foe the energies of the country,—Colonel Stanhope was also one of those who thought that the lights of their great master, Bentham, and the operations of a press unrestrictedly free, were no less essential instruments towards the advancement of the struggle; and in this opinion, as we have seen, the poet and man of literature differed from the soldier. But it was such a difference as, between men of frank and fair minds, may arise with-

out either reproach to themselves, or danger to their cause,—a strife of opinion which, though maintained with heat, may be remembered without bitterness, and which, in the present instance, neither prevented Byron, at the close of one of their warmest altercations, from exclaiming generously to his opponent, ‘Give me that honest right hand,’ nor withheld the other from pouring forth, at the grave of his colleague, a strain of eulogy * not the less cordial for being discriminatingly shaded with censure, nor less honourable to the illustrious dead for being the tribute of one who had once manfully differed with him.

Towards the middle of February, the indefatigable activity of Mr. Parry having brought the artillery brigade into such a state of forwardness as to be almost ready for service, an inspection of the Suliote corps took place, preparatory to the expedition; and after much of the usual deception and unmanageableness on their part, every obstacle appeared to be at length surmounted. It was agreed that they should receive a month’s pay in advance;—Count Gamba, with 300 of their corps, as a vanguard, was to march next day and take up a position under Lepanto, and Lord Byron with the main body and the artillery was speedily to follow.

New difficulties, however, were soon started by these untractable mercenaries; and under the instigation, as was discovered afterwards, of the great rival of Mavrocordato, Colocotroni, who had sent emissaries into Missolonghi for the purpose of seducing them, they now put forward their exactions in a new shape, by requiring of the Government to appoint, out of their

* Sketch of Lord Byron.—See Colonel Stanhope’s ‘Greece in 1823, 1824, &c.’

number, two generals, two colonels, two captains, and inferior officers in the same proportion :—‘ in short,’ says Count Gamba, ‘ that, out of three or four hundred actual Suliotes, there should be about one hundred and fifty above the rank of common soldiers.’ The audacious dishonesty of this demand,—beyond what he could have expected even from Greeks,—roused all Lord Byron’s rage, and he at once signified to the whole body, through Count Gamba, that all negotiation between them and himself was at an end ; that he could no longer have any confidence in persons so little true to their engagements ; and that though the relief which he had afforded to their families should still be continued, all his agreements with them, as a body, must be thenceforward void.

It was on the 14th of February that this rupture with the Suliotes took place ; and though, on the following day, in consequence of the full submission of their Chiefs, they were again received into his lordship’s service on his own terms, the whole affair, combined with the various other difficulties that now beset him, agitated his mind considerably. He saw with pain that he should but place in peril both the cause of Greece and his own character, by at all relying, in such an enterprise, upon troops whom any intriguer could thus seduce from their duty ; and that, till some more regular force could be organized, the expedition against Lepanto must be suspended.

While these vexatious events were occurring, the interruption of his accustomed exercise by the rains but increased the irritability that such delays were calculated to excite ; and the whole together, no doubt, concurred with whatever predisposing tendencies were already in his constitution, to bring on that

convulsive fit,—the forerunner of his death,—which, on the evening of the 15th of February, seized him. He was sitting, at about eight o'clock, with only Mr. Parry and Mr. Hesketh, in the apartment of Colonel Stanhope,—talking jestingly upon one of his favourite topics, the differences between himself and this latter gentleman, and saying that 'he believed, after all, 'the author's brigade would be ready before the soldier's printing-press.' There was an unusual flush in his face, and from the rapid changes of his countenance it was manifest that he was suffering under some nervous agitation. He then complained of being thirsty, and, calling for some cider, drank of it; upon which, a still greater change being observable over his features, he rose from his seat, but was unable to walk, and, after staggering forward a step or two, fell into Mr. Parry's arms. In another minute, his teeth were closed, his speech and senses gone; and he was in strong convulsions. So violent, indeed, were his struggles, that it required all the strength both of Mr. Parry and his servant Tita to hold him during the fit. His face, too, was much distorted, and, as he told Count Gamba afterwards, 'so intense were his sufferings during the convulsion, that, had it lasted but a minute longer, he believed he must have died.' The fit was, however, as short as it was violent; in a few minutes his speech and senses returned; his features, though still pale and haggard, resumed their natural shape, and no effect remained from the attack but excessive weakness. 'As soon as he could speak,' says Count Gamba, 'he showed himself perfectly free from all alarm; but he very coolly asked whether his attack was likely to prove fatal. "Let me know," he said: "do not think I am afraid to die—I am not."'

This painful event had not occurred more than half an hour, when a report was brought that the Suliotes were up in arms, and about to attack the seraglio, for the purpose of seizing the magazines. Instantly Lord Byron's friends ran to the arsenal; the artillery-men were ordered under arms; the sentinels doubled, and the cannon loaded and pointed on the approaches to the gates. Though the alarm proved to be false, the very likelihood of such an attack shows sufficiently how precarious was the state of Missolonghi at this moment, and in what a scene of peril, confusion, and uncomfot, the now nearly numbered days of England's poet were to close.

On the following morning he was found to be better, but still pale and weak, and complained much of a sensation of weight in his head. The doctors, therefore, thought it right to apply leeches to his temples; but found it difficult, on their removal, to stop the blood, which continued to flow so copiously, that from exhaustion he fainted. It must have been on this day that the scene thus described by Colonel Stanhope occurred:—

‘ Soon after his dreadful paroxysm, when, faint with
‘ over-bleeding, he was lying on his sick bed, with his
‘ whole nervous system completely shaken, the muti-
‘ nous Suliotes, covered with dirt and splendid attires,
‘ broke into his apartment, brandishing their costly
‘ arms, and loudly demanding their wild rights. Lord
‘ Byron, electrified by this unexpected act, seemed to
‘ recover from his sickness; and the more the Suliotes
‘ raged, the more his calm courage triumphed. The
‘ scene was truly sublime.’

Another eye-witness, Count Gamba, bears similar testimony to the presence of mind with which he

fronted this and all other such dangers. 'It is impossible,' says this gentleman, 'to do justice to the coolness and magnanimity which he displayed upon every trying occasion. Upon trifling occasions he was certainly irritable; but the aspect of danger calmed him in an instant, and restored to him the free exercise of all the powers of his noble nature. A more undaunted man in the hour of peril never breathed.'

The letters written by him during the few following weeks form, as usual, the best record of his proceedings, and, besides the sad interest they possess as being among the latest from his hand, are also precious, as affording proof that neither illness nor disappointment, neither a worn-out frame nor even a hopeless spirit, could lead him for a moment to think of abandoning the great cause he had espoused; while to the last, too, he preserved unbroken the cheerful spring of his mind, his manly endurance of all ills that affected but himself, and his ever-wakeful consideration for the wants of others.

LETTER 543.

TO MR. BARFF.

February 21.

'I am a good deal better, though of course weakly; the leeches took too much blood from my temples the day after, and there was some difficulty in stopping it, but I have since been up daily, and out in boats or on horseback. To-day I have taken a warm bath, and live as temperately as can well be, without any liquid but water, and without animal food.

'Besides the four Turks sent to Patras, I have obtained the release of four-and-twenty women and children, and sent them at my own expense to Pre-

‘vesa, that the English Consul-General may consign
‘them to their relations. I did this by their own de-
‘sire. Matters here are a little embroiled with the
‘Suliotés and foreigners, &c., but I still hope better
‘things, and will stand by the cause as long as my
‘health and circumstances will permit me to be sup-
‘posed useful*.

‘I am obliged to support the Government here for
‘the present.’

The prisoners mentioned in this letter as having been released by him and sent to Prevesa, had been held in captivity at Missolonghi since the beginning of the Revolution. The following was the letter which he forwarded with them to the English Consul at Prevesa.

LETTER 544.

TO MR. MAYER.

‘Sir,

‘Coming to Greece, one of my principal objects
‘was to alleviate as much as possible the miseries in-
‘cident to a warfare so cruel as the present. When
‘the dictates of humanity are in question, I know no
‘difference between Turks and Greeks. It is enough
‘that those who want assistance are men, in order to
‘claim the pity and protection of the meanest pre-
‘tender to humane feelings. I have found here
‘twenty-four Turks, including women and children,
‘who have long pined in distress, far from the means
‘of support and the consolations of their home. The
‘Government has consigned them to me: I transmit
‘them to Prevesa, whither they desire to be sent. I

* In a letter to the same gentleman, dated January 27, he had already said, ‘I hope that things here will go on well some time or other. I
‘will stick by the cause as long as a cause exists—first or second.’

‘ hope you will not object to take care that they may
‘ be restored to a place of safety, and that the Go-
‘ vernor of your town may accept of my present. The
‘ best recompense I can hope for would be to find that
‘ I had inspired the Ottoman commanders with the
‘ same sentiments towards those unhappy Greeks who
‘ may hereafter fall into their hands.

‘ I beg you to believe me, &c.’

LETTER 545. TO THE HONOURABLE DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

‘ *Missolonghi, February 21st, 1824.*

‘ I have received yours of the 2d of November. It
‘ is essential that the money should be paid, as I have
‘ drawn for it all, and more too, to help the Greeks.
‘ Parry is here, and he and I agree very well; and
‘ all is going on hopefully for the present, considering
‘ circumstances.

‘ We shall have work this year, for the Turks are
‘ coming down in force; and, as for me, I must stand
‘ by the cause. I shall shortly march (according to
‘ orders) against Lepanto, with two thousand men. I
‘ have been here some time, after some narrow es-
‘ capes from the Turks, and also from being ship-
‘ wrecked. We were twice upon the rocks, but this
‘ you will have heard, truly or falsely, through other
‘ channels, and I do not wish to bore you with a long
‘ story.

‘ So far I have succeeded in supporting the Go-
‘ vernment of Western Greece, which would other-
‘ wise have been dissolved. If you have received the
‘ eleven thousand and odd pounds, these, with what I
‘ have in hand, and my income for the current year,
‘ to say nothing of contingencies, will, or might, en-
‘ able me to keep the “sinews of war” properly

‘strung. If the deputies be honest fellows, and
‘obtain the loan, they will repay the 4000*l.* as agreed
‘upon; and even then I shall save little, or indeed
‘less than little, since I am maintaining nearly the
‘whole machine—in this place, at least—at my own
‘cost. But let the Greeks only succeed, and I don’t
‘care for myself.

‘ I have been very seriously unwell, but am getting
‘ better, and can ride about again ; so pray quiet our
‘ friends on that score.

‘ It is not true that I ever *did, will, would, could, or*
‘ *should* write a satire against Gifford, or a hair of his
‘ head. I always considered him as my literary father,
‘ and myself as his “prodigal son ;” and if I have
‘ allowed his “fatted calf” to grow to an ox before he
‘ kills it on my return, it is only because I prefer beef
‘ to veal. ‘ Yours. &c.’

LETTER 546.

TO MR. BARFF.

February 23d.

‘ My health seems improving, especially from riding
‘ and the warm bath. Six Englishmen will be soon
‘ in quarantine at Zante; they are artificers*, and
‘ have had enough of Greece in fourteen days. If
‘ you could recommend them to a passage home, I
‘ would thank you; they are good men enough, but
‘ do not quite understand the little discrepancies in
‘ these countries, and are not used to see shooting
‘ and slashing in a domestic quiet way, or (as it forms
‘ here) a part of housekeeping.

'If they should want anything during their quaran-

* The workmen who came out with Parry, and who, alarmed by the scene of confusion and danger they found at Missolonghi, had resolved to return home.

‘tine, you can advance them not more than a dollar a
 ‘day (amongst them) for that period, to purchase them
 ‘some little extras as comforts (as they are quite out
 ‘of their element). I cannot afford them more at pre-
 ‘sent.’

The following letter to Mr. Murray,—which it is most gratifying to have to produce, as the last completing link of a long friendship and correspondence which had been but for a short time, and through the fault only of others interrupted,—contains such a summary of the chief events now passing round Lord Byron, as, with the assistance of a few notes, will render any more detailed narrative unnecessary.

LETTER 547.

TO MR. MURRAY.

Missolonghi, February 25th, 1824.

‘I have heard from Mr. Douglas Kinnaird that you
 ‘state “a report of a satire on Mr. Gifford having
 ‘arrived from Italy, *said* to be written by *me!* but
 ‘that *you* do not believe it.” I dare say you do not,
 ‘nor any body else, I should think. Whoever asserts
 ‘that I am the author or abettor of anything of the
 ‘kind on Gifford lies in his throat. If any such com-
 ‘position exists, it is none of mine. *You* know as
 ‘well as any body upon *whom* I have or have not
 ‘written; and *you* also know whether they do or did
 ‘not deserve that same. And so much for such mat-
 ‘ters.

‘You will perhaps be anxious to hear some news
 ‘from this part of Greece (which is the most liable to
 ‘invasion); but you will hear enough through public
 ‘and private channels. I will, however, give you the
 ‘events of a week, mingling my own private peculiar

‘ with the public, for we are here a little jumbled together at present.

‘ On Sunday (the 15th, I believe), I had a strong and sudden convulsive attack, which left me speechless, though not motionless—for some strong men could not hold me; but whether it was epilepsy, catalepsy, cachexy, or apoplexy, or what other *exy* or *epsy*, the doctors have not decided; or whether it was spasmodic or nervous, &c.; but it was very unpleasant, and nearly carried me off, and all that. On Monday, they put leeches to my temples, no difficult matter, but the blood could not be stopped till eleven at night (they had gone too near the temporal artery for my temporal safety), and neither styptic nor caustic would cauterize the orifice till after a hundred attempts.

‘ On Tuesday, a Turkish brig of war ran on shore. On Wednesday, great preparations being made to attack her, though protected by her consorts*, the Turks burned her and retired to Patras. On Thursday a quarrel ensued between the Suliotes and the Frank guard at the arsenal: a Swedish officer† was

* ‘ Early in the morning we prepared for our attack on the brig. Lord Byron, notwithstanding his weakness, and an inflammation that threatened his eyes, was most anxious to be of our party; but the physicians would not suffer him to go.’—COUNT GAMBA’S *Narrative*.

His lordship had promised a reward for every Turk taken alive in the proposed attack on this vessel.

† Captain Sasse, an officer esteemed as one of the best and bravest of the foreigners in the Greek service. ‘ This,’ says Colonel Stanhope, in a letter, February 18th, to the Committee, ‘ is a serious affair. The Suliotes have no country, no home for their families; arrears of pay are owing to them; the people of Missolonghi hate and pay them exorbitantly. Lord Byron, who was to have led them to Lepanto, is much shaken by his fit, and will probably be obliged to retire from Greece. In short, all our hopes in this quarter are damped for the present. I am not a little fearful, too, that these wild warriors will not forget the blood that has been spilt. I this morning told Prince Maymoredato and Lord Byron that they must come to some resolution about compelling the Suliotes to quit the place.’

‘ killed, and a Suliote severely wounded, and a general fight expected, and with some difficulty prevented. On Friday, the officer was buried; and Captain Parry’s English artificers mutinied, under pretence that their lives are in danger, and are for quitting the country :—they may*.

‘ On Saturday we had the smartest shock of an earthquake which I remember (and I have felt thirty, slight or smart, at different periods; they are common in the Mediterranean), and the whole army discharged their arms, upon the same principle that savages beat drums, or howl, during an eclipse of the moon :—it was a rare scene altogether—if you had but seen the English Johnnies, who had never been out of a cockney workshop before !—or will again, if they can help it—and on Sunday, we heard that the Vizier is come down to Larissa, with one hundred and odd thousand men.

‘ In coming here, I had two escapes, one from the Turks (*one* of my vessels was taken, but afterwards released), and the other from shipwreck. We drove twice on the rocks near the Scrophes (islands near the coast).

‘ I have obtained from the Greeks the release of eight-and-twenty Turkish prisoners, men, women, and children, and sent them to Patras and Prevesa at my own charges. One little girl of nine years old who prefers remaining with me, I shall (if I live) send, with her mother, probably, to Italy, or to England. Her name is Hato, or Hatagée. She is a

* This was a fresh, and, as may be conceived, serious disappointment to Lord Byron. ‘The departure of these men,’ says Count Gamba, ‘made us fear that our laboratory would come to nothing; for, if we tried to supply the place of the artificers with native Greeks, we should make but little progress.’

‘ very pretty lively child. All her brothers were
 ‘ killed by the Greeks, and she herself and her mother
 ‘ merely spared by special favour and owing to her
 ‘ extreme youth, she being then but five or six years
 ‘ old.

‘ My health is now better, and I ride about again.
 ‘ My office here is no sinecure, so many parties and
 ‘ difficulties of every kind ; but I will do what I can.
 ‘ Prince Mavrocordato is an excellent person, and
 ‘ does all in his power, but his situation is perplexing
 ‘ in the extreme. Still we have great hopes of the
 ‘ success of the contest. You will hear, however,
 ‘ more of public news from plenty of quarters, for I
 ‘ have little time to write.

‘ Believe me yours, &c. &c. N. BN.’

The fierce lawlessness of the Suliotes had now risen to such a height that it became necessary for the safety of the European population to get rid of them altogether ; and by some sacrifices on the part of Lord Byron, this object was at length effected. The advance of a month’s pay by him, and the discharge of their arrears by the Government, (the latter, too, with money lent for that purpose by the same universal paymaster,) at length induced these rude warriors to depart from the town, and with them vanished all hopes of the expedition against Lepanto.

LETTER 548.

TO MR. MOORE.

‘ *Missolonghi, Western Greece, March 4th, 1824.*

‘ My dear Moore,

‘ Your reproach is unfounded—I have received two
 ‘ letters from you, and answered both previous to
 ‘ leaving Cephalonia. I have not been “ quiet ” in an

' Ionian island, but much occupied with business,—as
' the Greek deputies (if arrived) can tell you. Neither
' have I continued "Don Juan," nor any other poem.
' You go, as usual, I presume, by some newspaper
' report or other*.

' When the proper moment to be of some use ar-
' rived, I came here; and am told that my arrival
' (with some other circumstances) *has* been of, at least,
' temporary advantage to the cause. I had a narrow
' escape from the Turks, and another from shipwreck
' on my passage. On the 15th (or 16th) of February
' I had an attack of apoplexy, or epilepsy,—the phy-
' sicians have not exactly decided which, but the alter-
' native is agreeable. My constitution, therefore, re-
' mains between the two opinions, like Mahomet's
' sarcophagus between the magnets. All that I can
' say is, that they nearly bled me to death, by placing
' the leeches too near the temporal artery, so that the

* Proceeding, as he here rightly supposes, upon newspaper authority, I had in my letter made some allusion to his imputed occupations, which, in his present sensitiveness on the subject of authorship, did not at all please him. To this circumstance Count Gamba alludes in a passage of his Narrative, where, after mentioning a remark of Byron's, that 'Poetry should only occupy the idle, and that in more serious affairs it would be ridiculous,' he adds—' * * *, at this time writing to him, said, that he had heard that "instead of pursuing heroic and warlike adventures, he was residing in a delightful villa, continuing Don Juan." This offended him for the moment, and he was sorry that such a mistaken judgment had been formed of him.'

It is amusing to observe that, while thus anxious, and from a highly noble motive, to throw his authorship into the shade while engaged in so much more serious pursuits, it was yet an author's mode of revenge that always occurred to him, when under the influence of any of these passing resentments. Thus, when a little angry with Colonel Stanhope one day, he exclaimed 'I will libel you in your own Chronicle;' and in this brief burst of humour I was myself the means of provoking in him, I have been told, on the authority of Count Gamba, that he swore to 'write a satire' upon me.

Though the above letter shows how momentary was any little spleen he may have felt, there not unfrequently, I own, comes over me a short pang of regret to think that a feeling of displeasure, however slight, should have been among the latest I awakened in him.

‘ blood could with difficulty be stopped, even with
 ‘ caustic. I am supposed to be getting better, slowly,
 ‘ however. But my homilies will, I presume, for the
 ‘ future, be like the Archbishop of Grenada’s—in
 ‘ this case, “ I order you a hundred ducats from my
 ‘ treasurer, and wish you a little more taste.”

‘ For public matters I refer you to Col. Stanhope’s
 ‘ and Capt. Parry’s reports,—and to all other reports
 ‘ whatsoever. There is plenty to do—war without,
 ‘ and tumult within—they “ kill a man a week,” like
 ‘ Bob Acres in the country. Parry’s artificers have
 ‘ gone away in alarm, on account of a dispute in which
 ‘ some of the natives and foreigners were engaged,
 ‘ and a Swede was killed, and a Suliote wounded.
 ‘ In the middle of their fright there was a strong
 ‘ shock of an earthquake; so, between that and the
 ‘ sword, they boomed off in a hurry, in despite of all
 ‘ dissuasions to the contrary. A Turkish brig ran
 ‘ ashore, &c. &c. &c.*

‘ You, I presume, are either publishing or medita-
 ‘ tating that same. Let me hear from and of you, and
 ‘ believe me, in all events,

‘ Ever and affectionately yours, ‘ N. B.

‘ P.S. Tell Mr. Murray that I wrote to him the
 ‘ other day, and hope that he has received, or will
 ‘ receive, the letter.’

LETTER 549.

TO DR. KENNEDY.

‘ *Missolonghi, March 4th, 1824.*

‘ My dear Doctor,

‘ I have to thank you for your two very kind letters,

* What I have omitted here is but a repetition of the various particulars, respecting all that had happened since his arrival, which have already been given in the letters to his other correspondents.

‘ both received at the same time, and one long after
‘ its date. I am not unaware of the precarious state
‘ of my health, nor am, nor have been, deceived on
‘ that subject. But it is proper that I should remain
‘ in Greece; and it were better to die doing some-
‘ thing than nothing. My presence here has been
‘ supposed so far useful as to have prevented confu-
‘ sion from becoming worse confounded, at least for
‘ the present. Should I become, or be deemed use-
‘ less or superfluous, I am ready to retire; but in the
‘ interim I am not to consider personal consequences;
‘ the rest is in the hands of Providence,—as indeed
‘ are all things. I shall, however, observe your in-
‘ structions, and indeed did so, as far as regards ab-
‘ stinence, for some time past.

‘ Besides the tracts, &c. which you have sent for
‘ distribution, one of the English artificers (hight
‘ Brownhill, a tinman) left to my charge a number of
‘ Greek Testaments, which I will endeavour to distri-
‘ bute properly. The Greeks complain that the trans-
‘ lation is not correct, nor in *good* Romaic: Bambas
‘ can decide on that point. I am trying to reconcile
‘ the clergy to the distribution, which (without due
‘ regard to their hierarchy) they might contrive to
‘ impede or neutralize in the effect, from their power
‘ over their people. Mr. Brownhill has gone to the
‘ Islands, having some apprehension for his life, (not
‘ from the priests, however,) and apparently preferring
‘ rather to be a saint than a martyr, although his ap-
‘ prehensions of becoming the latter were probably
‘ unfounded. All the English artificers accompanied
‘ him, thinking themselves in danger on account of
‘ some troubles here, which have apparently subsided.

‘ I have been interrupted by a visit from Prince

‘ Mavrocordato and others since I began this letter,
 ‘ and must close it hastily, for the boat is announced
 ‘ as ready to sail. Your future convert, Hato, or Ha-
 ‘ tagée, appears to me lively, and intelligent, and pro-
 ‘ mising, and possesses an interesting countenance.
 ‘ With regard to her disposition, I can say little, but
 ‘ Millingen, who has the mother (who is a middle-
 ‘ aged woman of good character) in his house as a
 ‘ domestic (although their family was in good worldly
 ‘ circumstances previous to the Revolution), speaks
 ‘ well of both, and he is to be relied on. As far as
 ‘ I know, I have only seen the child a few times with
 ‘ her mother, and what I have seen is favourable, or
 ‘ I should not take so much interest in her behalf.
 ‘ If she turns out well, my idea would be to send her
 ‘ to my daughter in England (if not to respectable
 ‘ persons in Italy), and so to provide for her as to
 ‘ enable her to live with reputation either singly or in
 ‘ marriage, if she arrive at maturity. I will make
 ‘ proper arrangements about her expenses through
 ‘ Messrs. Barff and Hancock, and the rest I leave to
 ‘ your discretion and to Mrs. K.’s, with a great sense
 ‘ of obligation for your kindness in undertaking her
 ‘ temporary superintendence.

‘ Of public matters here, I have little to add to
 ‘ what you will already have heard. We are going on
 ‘ as well as we can, and with the hope and the endea-
 ‘ vour to do better. Believe me,

‘ Ever and truly, &c.’

LETTER 550.

TO MR. BARFF.

‘ March 5th, 1824.

‘ If Sisseni * is sincere, he will be treated with, and

* This Sisseni, who was the *Capitano* of the rich district about Gas-

‘ well treated ; if he is not, the sin and the shame
 ‘ may lie at his own door. One great object is to heal
 ‘ those internal dissensions for the future, without
 ‘ exacting too rigorous an account of the past. Prince
 ‘ Mavrocordato is of the same opinion, and whoever
 ‘ is disposed to act fairly will be fairly dealt with. I
 ‘ *have* heard a *good deal* of Sisseni, but not a *deal* of
 ‘ *good* ; however, I never judge from report, particu-
 ‘ larly in a Revolution. *Personally*, I am rather
 ‘ obliged to him, for he has been very hospitable to all
 ‘ friends of mine who have passed through his dis-
 ‘ trict. You may therefore assure him that any over-
 ‘ ture for the advantage of Greece and its internal pa-
 ‘ cification will be readily and sincerely met *here*. I
 ‘ hardly think that he would have ventured a deceitful
 ‘ proposition to me through *you*, because he must be
 ‘ sure that in such a case it would eventually be ex-
 ‘ posed. At any rate, the healing of these dissensions
 ‘ is so important a point, that something must be risked
 ‘ to obtain it.’

LETTER 551.

TO MR. BARFF.

‘ *March 10th.*

‘ Enclosed is an answer to Mr. Parruca’s letter,
 ‘ and I hope that you will assure him from me, that I
 ‘ have done and am doing all I can to reunite the
 ‘ Greeks with the Greeks.

‘ I am extremely obliged by your offer of your
 ‘ country house (as for all other kindness) in case that
 ‘ my health should require my removal ; but I cannot

touni, and had for some time held out against the general Government,
 was now, as appears by the above letter, making overtures, through Mr.
 Barff, of adhesion. As a proof of his sincerity, it was required by Lord
 Byron that he should surrender into the hands of the Government the
 fortress of Chiarenza,

‘quit Greece while there is a chance of my being of any (even supposed) utility :—there is a stake worth millions such as I am, and while I can stand at all, I must stand by the cause. When I say this, I am at the same time aware of the difficulties and dissensions and defects of the Greeks themselves; but allowance must be made for them by all reasonable people.

‘My chief, indeed *nine-tenths* of my expenses here are solely in advances to or on behalf of the Greeks*, and objects connected with their independence.’

The letter of Parruca, to which the foregoing alludes, contained a pressing invitation to Lord Byron to present himself in the Peloponnesus, where, it was added, his influence would be sure to bring about the union of all parties. So general, indeed, was the confidence placed in their noble ally, that, by every Chief of every faction, he seems to have been regarded as the only rallying point round which there was the slightest chance of their now split and jarring interests being united. A far more flattering, as well as more authorized, invitation soon after reached him, through an express envoy, from the Chieftain, Colocotroni, recommending a National Council, where his lordship, it was proposed, should act as mediator, and

* ‘At this time, (February 14th),’ says Mr. Parry, who kept the accounts of his lordship’s disbursements, ‘the expenses of Lord Byron in the cause of the Greeks did not amount to less than two thousand dollars per week in rations alone.’ In another place this writer says, ‘The Greeks seemed to think he was a mine from which they could extract gold at their pleasure. One person represented that a supply of 20,000 dollars would save the island of Candia from falling into the hands of the Pacha of Egypt; and there not being that sum in hand, Lord Byron gave him authority to raise it if he could in the Islands, and he would guarantee its repayment. I believe this person did not succeed.’

pledging this Chief himself and his followers to abide by the result. To this application an answer was returned, similar to that which he sent to Parruca, and which was in terms as follows :—

LETTER 552.

TO SR. PARRUCA.

*' March 10th, 1824.**' Sir,*

*' I have the honour of answering your letter. My
' first wish has always been to bring the Greeks to
' agree amongst themselves. I came here by the
' invitation of the Greek Government, and I do not
' think that I ought to abandon Roumelia for the
' Peloponnesus until that Government shall desire it;
' and the more so, as this part is exposed in a greater
' degree to the enemy. Nevertheless, if my presence
' can really be of any assistance in uniting two or
' more parties, I am ready to go any where, either as
' a mediator, or, if necessary, as a hostage. In these
' affairs I have neither private views, nor private dis-
' like of any individual, but the sincere wish of de-
' serving the name of the friend of your country, and
' of her patriots. I have the honour, &c.'*

LETTER 553.

TO MR. CHARLES HANCOCK.

*' Missolonghi, March 10th, 1824.**' Sir,*

*' I sent by Mr. J. M. Hodges a bill drawn on
' Signor C. Jerostatti for three hundred and eighty-
' six pounds, on account of the Hon. the Greek Com-
' mittee, for carrying on the service at this place.
' But Count Delladecima sent no more than two hun-
' dred dollars until he should receive instructions from
' C. Jerostatti. Therefore I am obliged to advance*

‘ that sum to prevent a positive stop being put to the
‘ Laboratory service at this place, &c. &c.

‘ I beg you will mention this business to Count Delladecima, who has the draft and every account, and
‘ that Mr. Barff, in conjunction with yourself, will
‘ endeavour to arrange this money account, and, when
‘ received, forward the same to Missolonghi.

‘ I am, sir, yours very truly.

‘ So far is written by Captain Parry ; but I see that
‘ I must continue the letter myself. I understand
‘ little or nothing of the business, saving and except
‘ that, like most of the present affairs here, it will be
‘ at a stand-still if monies be not advanced, and there
‘ are few here so disposed ; so that I must take the
‘ chance, as usual.

‘ You will see what can be done with Delladecima
‘ and Jerostatti, and remit the sum, that we may have
‘ some quiet ; for the Committee have somehow embroiled their matters, or chosen Greek correspondents
‘ more Grecian than ever the Greeks are wont to be.

‘ Yours ever, NL. BN.

‘ P.S. A thousand thanks to Muir for his cauliflower, the finest I ever saw or tasted, and, I believe,
‘ the largest that ever grew out of Paradise, or Scotland. I have written to quiet Dr. Kennedy about
‘ the newspaper (with which I have nothing to do as
‘ a writer, please to recollect and say). I told the
‘ fools of conductors that their motto would play the
‘ devil ; but, like all mountebanks, they persisted.
‘ Gamba, who is anything but *lucky*, had something
‘ to do with it ; and, as usual, the moment he had,
‘ matters went wrong*. It will be better, perhaps, in

* He had a notion that Count Gamba was destined to be unfortunate, —that he was one of those ill-starred persons with whom everything

‘time. But I write in haste, and have only time to
‘say, before the boat sails, that I am ever

‘Yours, N. BN.

‘P.S. Mr. Findlay is here, and has received his
‘money.’

LETTER 554.

TO DR. KENNEDY.

‘*Missolonghi, March 10th, 1824.*

‘Dear Sir,

‘You could not disapprove of the motto to the Tele-
‘graph more than I did, and do; but this is the land
‘of liberty, where most people do as they please, and
‘few as they ought.

‘I have not written, nor am inclined to write, for
‘that or for any other paper, but have suggested to
‘them, over and over, a change of the motto and style.
‘However, I do not think that it will turn out either
‘an irreligious or a levelling publication, and they
‘promise due respect to both churches and things,
‘i. e. the editors do.

‘If Bambas would write for the Greek Chronicle,
‘he might have his own price for articles.

‘There is a slight demur about Hato’s voyage, her
‘mother wishing to go with her, which is quite na-
‘tural, and I have not the heart to refuse it; for even
‘Mahomet made a law, that in the division of cap-
‘tives, the child should never be separated from the
‘mother. But this may make a difference in the
‘arrangement, although the poor woman (who has
‘lost half her family in the war) is, as I said, of good
‘character, and of mature age, so as to render her re-

goes wrong. In speaking of this newspaper to Parry, he said, ‘I have
‘subscribed to it to get rid of importunity, and, it may be, keep Gamba
‘out of mischief. At any rate, he can mar nothing that is of less im-
‘portance.’

‘spectability not liable to suspicion. She has heard, it seems, from Prevesa, that her husband is no longer there. I have consigned your Bibles to Dr. Meyer; and I hope that the said Doctor may justify your confidence; nevertheless, I shall keep an eye upon him. You may depend upon my giving the society as fair play as Mr. Wilberforce himself would; and any other commission for the good of Greece will meet with the same attention on my part.

‘I am trying, with some hope of eventual success, to reunite the Greeks, especially as the Turks are expected in force, and that shortly. We must meet them as we may, and fight it out as we can.

‘I rejoice to hear that your school prospers, and I assure you that your good wishes are reciprocal. The weather is so much finer, that I get a good deal of moderate exercise in boats and on horseback, and am willing to hope that my health is not worse than when you kindly wrote to me. Dr. Bruno can tell you that I adhere to your regimen, and more, for I do not eat any meat, even fish.

‘Believe me ever, &c.

‘P.S. The mechanics (six in number) were all pretty much of the same mind. Brownbill was but *one*. Perhaps they are less to blame than is imagined, since Colonel Stanhope is said to have told them, “*that he could not positively say their lives were safe.*” I should like to know *where* our life is safe, either here or anywhere else? With regard to a place of safety, at least such hermetically-sealed safety as these persons appeared to desiderate, it is not to be found in Greece, at any rate; but Missolonghi was supposed to be the place where they would be useful, and their risk was no greater than that of others.’

LETTER 555. TO COLONEL STANHOPE.

*' Missolonghi, March 19th, 1824.**' My dear Stanhope,**' Prince Mavrocordato and myself will go to Salona
' to meet Ulysses, and you may be very sure that P.M.
' will accept any proposition for the advantage of
' Greece. Parry is to answer for himself on his own
' articles* ; if I were to interfere with him, it would
' only stop the whole progress of his exertion, and he
' is really doing all that can be done without more aid
' from the Government.**' What can be spared will be sent ; but I refer you
' to Captain Humphries's report, and to Count Gamba's
' letter for details upon all subjects.**' In the hope of seeing you soon, and deferring
' much that will be to be said till then,**' Believe me ever, &c.**' P.S. Your two letters (to me) are sent to Mr.
' Barff, as you desire. Pray remember me particu-
' larly to Trelawney, whom I shall be very much
' pleased to see again.'*

LETTER 556.

TO MR. BARFF.

*' March 19th.**' As Count Mercati is under some apprehensions of
' a direct answer to him personally on Greek affairs,
' I reply (as you authorised me) to you, who will have
' the goodness to communicate to him the enclosed.
' It is the joint answer of Prince Mavrocordato and of*

* Colonel Stanhope had, at the instance of the Chief Odysseus, written to request that some stores from the laboratory at Missolonghi might be sent to Athens. Neither Prince Mavrocordato, however, nor Lord Byron considered it prudent, at this time, to weaken their means for defending Missolonghi, and accordingly sent back by the messenger but a few barrels of powder.

‘ myself, to Signor Georgio Sissenì’s propositions.
‘ You may also add, both to him and to Parruca, that
‘ I am perfectly sincere in desiring the most amicable
‘ termination of their internal dissensions, and that I
‘ believe P. Mavrocordato to be so also ; otherwise I
‘ would not act with him, or any other, whether native
‘ or foreigner.

‘ If Lord Guilford is at Zante, or, if he is not, if
‘ Signor Tricupi is there, you would oblige me by
‘ presenting my respects to one or both, and by telling
‘ them, that from the very first I foretold to Col. Stan-
‘ hope and to P. Mavrocordato that a Greek news-
‘ paper (or indeed any other) in *the present state* of
‘ Greece might and probably *would* tend to much mis-
‘ chief and misconstruction, unless under some restric-
‘ tions, nor have I ever had anything to do with either,
‘ as a writer or otherwise, except as a pecuniary con-
‘ tributor to their support in the outset, which I could
‘ not refuse to the earnest request of the projectors.
‘ Col. Stanhope and myself had considerable differ-
‘ ences of opinion on this subject, and (what will ap-
‘ pear laughable enough) to such a degree, that he
‘ charged me with *despotic* principles, and I *him* with
‘ ultra radicalism.

‘ Dr. * *, the editor, with his unrestrained freedom
‘ of the press, and who has the freedom to exercise an
‘ unlimited discretion,—not allowing any article but
‘ his own and those like them to appear,—and in de-
‘ claiming against restrictions, cuts, carves, and re-
‘ stricts (as they tell me) at his own will and pleasure.
‘ He is the author of an article against Monarchy, of
‘ which he may have the advantage and fame—but
‘ they (the editors) will get themselves into a scrape,
‘ if they do not take care.

‘ Of all petty tyrants, he is one of the pettiest, as are
‘ most demagogues, that ever I knew. He is a Swiss
‘ by birth, and a Greek by assumption, having mar-
‘ ried a wife and changed his religion.

‘ I shall be very glad, and am extremely anxious for
‘ some favourable result to the recent pacific overtures
‘ of the contending parties in the Peloponnese.’

LETTER 557.

TO MR. BARFF.

‘ March 23d.

‘ If the Greek deputies (as seems probable) have
‘ obtained the Loan, the sums I have advanced may
‘ perhaps be repaid; but it would make no great dif-
‘ ference, as I should still spend that in the cause,
‘ and more to boot—though I should hope to better
‘ purpose than paying off arrears of fleets that sail
‘ away, and Suliotes that won’t march, which, they
‘ say, what has hitherto been advanced has been em-
‘ ployed in. But that was not my affair, but of those
‘ who had the disposal of affairs, and I could not de-
‘ cently say to them, “ You shall do so and so, be-
‘ cause, &c. &c. &c.”

‘ In a few days P. Mavrocordato and myself, with a
‘ considerable escort, intend to proceed to Salona at
‘ the request of Ulysses and the Chiefs of Eastern
‘ Greece, and take measures offensive and defensive
‘ for the ensuing campaign. Mavrocordato is *almost*
‘ recalled by the *new* Government to the Morea (to
‘ take the lead, I rather think), and they have written
‘ to propose to me to go either to the Morea with
‘ him, or to take the general direction of affairs in this
‘ quarter—with General Londo, and any other I may
‘ choose, to form a council. A. Londo is my old friend
‘ and acquaintance since we were lads in Greece toge-

‘ther. It would be difficult to give a positive answer
‘till the Salona meeting is over*, but I am willing to
‘serve them in any capacity they please, either com-
‘manding or commanded—it is much the same to me,
‘as long as I can be of any presumed use to them.

‘Excuse haste; it is late, and I have been several
‘hours on horseback in a country so miry after the
‘rains, that every hundred yards brings you to a
‘ditch, of whose depth, width, colour, and contents,
‘both my horses and their riders have brought away
‘many tokens.’

LETTER 558.

TO MR. BARFF.

‘*March 26th.*

‘Since your intelligence with regard to the Greek
‘loan, P. Mavrocordato has shown to me an extract
‘from some correspondence of his, by which it would
‘appear that three commissioners are to be named to
‘see that the amount is placed in proper hands for
‘the service of the country, and that my name is
‘amongst the number. Of this, however, we have as
‘yet only the report.

‘This commission is apparently named by the Com-
‘mittee or the contracting parties in England. I am
‘of opinion that such a commission will be necessary,
‘but the office will be both delicate and difficult. The
‘weather, which has lately been equinoctial, has
‘flooded the country, and will probably retard our
‘proceeding to Salona for some days, till the road
‘becomes more practicable.

* To this offer of the Government to appoint him Governor-General of Greece (that is, of the enfranchised part of the continent, with the exception of the Morea and the Islands), his answer was that ‘he was first going to Salona, and that afterwards he would be at their commands; that he could have no difficulty in accepting any office, provided he could persuade himself that any good would result from it.’

‘ You were already apprized that P. Mavrocordato
‘ and myself had been invited to a conference by
‘ Ulysses and the Chiefs of Eastern Greece. I hear
‘ (and am indeed consulted on the subject) that in case
‘ the remittance of the first advance of the Loan should
‘ not arrive immediately, the Greek General Govern-
‘ ment mean to try to raise some thousand dollars in the
‘ islands in the interim, to be repaid from the earliest
‘ instalments on their arrival. What prospect of suc-
‘ cess they may have, or on what conditions, you can
‘ tell better than me : I suppose, if the Loan be con-
‘ firmed, something might be done by them, but sub-
‘ ject of course to the usual terms. You can let them
‘ and me know your opinion. There is an imperious
‘ necessity for some national fund, and that speedily,
‘ otherwise what is to be done ? The auxiliary corps
‘ of about two hundred men, paid by me, are, I be-
‘ lieve, the sole regularly and properly furnished with
‘ the money, due to them weekly, and the officers
‘ monthly. It is true that the Greek Government
‘ give their rations, but we have had three mutinies,
‘ owing to the badness of the bread, which neither na-
‘ tive nor stranger could masticate (nor dogs either),
‘ and there is still great difficulty in obtaining them
‘ even provisions of any kind.

‘ There is a dissension among the Germans about
‘ the conduct of the agents of *their* Committee, and an
‘ examination amongst themselves instituted. What
‘ the result may be cannot be anticipated, except that
‘ it will end in *a row*, of course, as usual.

‘ The English are all very amicable as far as I
‘ know ; we get on too with the Greeks very tolerably,
‘ always making allowance for circumstances ; and we
‘ have no quarrels with the foreigners.’

During the month of March there occurred but little, besides what is mentioned in these letters, that requires to be dwelt upon at any length, or in detail. After the failure of his design against Lepanto, the two great objects of his daily thoughts were, the repairs of the fortifications of Missolonghi*, and the formation of a brigade;—the one, with a view to such defensive measures as were alone likely to be called for during the present campaign; and the other in preparation for those more active enterprises which he still fondly flattered himself he should undertake in the next. ‘He looked forward (says Mr. Parry) for the recovery of his health and spirits, to the return of the fine weather, and the commencement of the campaign, when he proposed to take the field at the head of his own brigade, and the troops which the Government of Greece were to place under his orders.’

With that thanklessness which too often waits on disinterested actions, it has been sometimes tauntingly remarked, and in quarters from whence a more generous judgment might be expected†, that, after all, Lord Byron effected but little for Greece:—as if much *could* be effected by a single individual, and in so short a time, for a cause which, fought as it has been almost incessantly through the six years since his death, has required nothing less than the intervention

* The generous zeal with which he applied himself to this important object will be understood from the following statement. ‘On reporting to Lord Byron what I thought might be done, he ordered me to draw up a plan for putting the fortifications in thorough repair, and to accompany it with an estimate of the expense. It was agreed that I should make the estimate only one-third of what I thought would be the actual expense; and if that third could be procured from the magistrates, Lord Byron undertook secretly to pay the remainder.’

† Articles in the Times newspaper, Foreign Quarterly Review, &c.

of all the great Powers of Europe to give it a chance of success, and, even so, has not yet succeeded. That Byron himself was under no delusion as to the importance of his own solitary aid,—that he knew, in a struggle like this, there must be the same prodigality of means towards one great end as is observable in the still grander operations of nature, where individuals are as nothing in the tide of events,—that such was his, at once, philosophic and melancholy view of his own sacrifices, I have, I trust, clearly shown. But that, during this short period of action, he did not do well and wisely all that man could achieve in the time, and under the circumstances, is an assertion which the noble facts here recorded fully and triumphantly disprove. He knew that, placed as he was, his measures, to be wise, must be prospective, and from the nature of the seeds thus sown by him, the benefits that were to be expected must be judged. To reconcile the rude chiefs to the Government and to each other;—to infuse a spirit of humanity, by his example, into their warfare;—to prepare the way for the employment of the expected Loan, in a manner most calculated to call forth the resources of the country;—to put the fortifications of Missolonghi in such a state of repair as might, and eventually *did*, render it proof against the besieger;—to prevent those infractions of neutrality, so tempting to the Greeks, which brought their Government in collision with the Ionian authorities*, and to restrain all such license of

* In a letter which he addressed to Lord Sidney Osborne, enclosing one, on the subject of these infractions, from Prince Mavrocordato to Sir T. Maitland, Lord Byron says—‘You must all be persuaded how difficult it is, under existing circumstances, for the Greeks to keep up discipline, however they may be all disposed to do so. I am doing all I can to convince them of the necessity of the strictest observance of the regulations of the Islands, and, I trust, with some effect.’

the Press as might indispose the Courts of Europe to their cause:—such were the important objects which he had proposed to himself to accomplish, and towards which, in this brief interval, and in the midst of such dissensions and hinderances, he had already made considerable and most promising progress. But it would be unjust to close even here the bright catalogue of his services. It is, after all, *not* with the span of mortal life that the good achieved by a name immortal ends. The charm acts into the future,—it is an auxiliary through all time; and the inspiring example of Byron, as a martyr of liberty, is for ever freshly embalmed in his glory as a poet.

From the period of his attack in February, he had been, from time to time, indisposed; and, more than once, had complained of vertigos, which made him feel, he said, as if intoxicated. He was also frequently affected with nervous sensations, with shiverings and tremors, which, though apparently the effects of excessive debility, he himself attributed to fulness of habit. Proceeding upon this notion, he had, ever since his arrival in Greece, abstained almost wholly from animal food, and ate of little else but dry toast, vegetables, and cheese. With the same fear of becoming fat, which had in his young days haunted him; he almost every morning measured himself round the wrist and waist, and whenever he found these parts, as he thought, enlarged, took a strong dose of medicine.

Exertions had, as we have seen, been made by his friends at Cephalonia, to induce him, without delay, to return to that island, and take measures, while there was yet time, for the re-establishment of his health. 'But these entreaties (says Count Gamba) produced 'just the contrary effect; for in proportion as Byron

‘thought his position more perilous, he the more resolved upon remaining where he was.’ In the midst of all this, too, the natural flow of his spirits in society seldom deserted him; and whenever a trick upon any of his attendants, or associates, suggested itself, he was as ready to play the mischief-loving boy as ever. His engineer, Parry, having been much alarmed by the earthquake they had experienced, and still continuing in constant apprehension of its return, Lord Byron contrived, as they were all sitting together one evening, to have some barrels full of cannon-balls trundled through the room above them, and laughed heartily, as he would have done when a Harrow boy, at the ludicrous effect which this deception produced on the poor frightened engineer.

Every day, however, brought new trials both to his health and temper. The constant rains had rendered the swamps of Missolonghi almost impassable;—an alarm of plague, which, about the middle of March, was circulated, made it prudent, for some time, to keep within doors; and he was thus, week after week, deprived of his accustomed air and exercise. The only recreation he had recourse to was that of playing with his favourite dog, Lion; and, in the evening, going through the exercise of drilling with his officers, or practising at single-stick.

At the same time, the demands upon his exertions, personal and pecuniary, poured in from all sides, while the embarrassments of his public position every day increased. The chief obstacle in the way of his plan for the reconciliation of all parties had been the rivalry so long existing between Mavrocordato and the Eastern Chiefs; and this difficulty was now not a little heightened by the part taken by Colonel Stan-

hope and Mr. Trelawney, who, having allied themselves with Odysseus, the most powerful of these Chieftains, were endeavouring actively to detach Lord Byron from Mavrocordato, and enlist him in their own views. This schism was,—to say the least of it,—ill-timed and unfortunate. For, as Prince Mavrocordato and Lord Byron were now acting in complete harmony with the Government, a co-operation of all the other English agents on the same side would have had the effect of assuring a preponderance to this party (which was that of the civil and commercial interests all through Greece), that might, by strengthening the hands of the ruling power, have afforded some hope of vigour and consistency in its movements. By this division, however, the English lost their casting weight; and not only marred whatever little chance they might have had of extinguishing the dissensions of the Greeks, but exhibited, most unseasonably, an example of dissension among themselves.

The visit to Salona, in which, though distrustful of the intended Military Congress, Mavrocordato had consented to accompany Lord Byron, was, as the foregoing letters have mentioned, delayed by the floods,—the river Fidari having become so swollen as not to be fordable. In the mean time, dangers, both from within and without, threatened Missolonghi. The Turkish fleet had again come forth from the Gulf, while, in concert, it was apprehended, with this resumption of the blockade, insurrectionary movements, instigated, as was afterwards known, by the malcontents of the Morea, manifested themselves formidably both in the town and its neighbourhood. The first cause for alarm was the landing, in canoes, from Anatolico, of a party of armed men, the followers of Cariascachi of that

place, who came to demand retribution from the people of Missolonghi for some injury that, in a late affray, had been inflicted on one of their clan. It was also rumoured that 300 Suliotes were marching upon the town; and the following morning, news came that a party of these wild warriors had actually seized upon Basiladi, a fortress that commands the port of Missolonghi, while some of the soldiers of Cariascachi had, in the course of the night, arrested two of the Primates, and carried them to Anatolico. The tumult and indignation that this intelligence produced was universal. All the shops were shut, and the bazaars deserted. 'Lord Byron,' says Count Gamba, 'ordered his troops to continue under arms; but to preserve the strictest neutrality, without mixing in any quarrel, either by actions or words.'

During this crisis, the weather had become sufficiently favourable to admit of his paying the visit to Salona, which he had purposed. But, as his departure at such a juncture might have the appearance of abandoning Missolonghi, he resolved to wait the danger out. At this time the following letters were written.

LETTER 559.

TO MR. BARFF.

April 3d.

'There is a quarrel, not yet settled, between the citizens and some of Cariascachi's people, which has already produced some blows. I keep my people quite neutral; but have ordered them to be on their guard.

'Some days ago we had an Italian private soldier drummed out for thieving. The German officers wanted to flog him; but I flatly refused to permit

‘ the use of the stick or whip, and delivered him over
 ‘ to the police*. Since then a Prussian officer rioted
 ‘ in his lodgings; and I put him under arrest, ac-
 ‘ cording to the order. This, it appears, did not
 ‘ please his German confederation: but I stuck by my
 ‘ text; and have given them plainly to understand,
 ‘ that those who do not choose to be amenable to the
 ‘ laws of the country and service, may retire; but
 ‘ that in all that I have to do, I will see them obeyed
 ‘ by foreigner or native.

‘ I wish something was heard of the arrival of part
 ‘ of the Loan, for there is a plentiful dearth of every-
 ‘ thing at present.’

LETTER 560.

TO MR. BARFF.

‘ April 6th.

‘ Since I wrote, we have had some tumult here with
 ‘ the citizens and Cariaschachi’s people, and all are
 ‘ under arms, our boys and all. They nearly fired on
 ‘ me and fifty of my lads†, by mistake, as we were

* ‘ Lord Byron declared that, as far as he was concerned, no barbarous
 ‘ usages, however adopted even by some civilised people, should be in-
 ‘ troduced into Greece; especially as such a mode of punishment would
 ‘ disgust rather than reform. We hit upon an expedient which favoured
 ‘ our military discipline: but it required not only all Lord Byron’s elo-
 ‘ quence, but his authority, to prevail upon our Germans to accede to it.
 ‘ The culprit had his uniform stripped off his back, in presence of his
 ‘ comrades, and was afterwards marched through the town with a label
 ‘ on his back, describing, both in Greek and Italian, the nature of his
 ‘ offence; after which he was given up to the regular police. This ex-
 ‘ ample of severity, tempered by a humane spirit, produced the best
 ‘ effect upon our soldiers, as well as upon the citizens of the town. But
 ‘ it was very near causing a most disagreeable circumstance; for, in the
 ‘ course of the evening, some very high words passed on the subject be-
 ‘ tween three Englishmen, two of them officers of our brigade, in conse-
 ‘ quence of which cards were exchanged, and two duels were to have
 ‘ been fought the next morning. Lord Byron did not hear of this till
 ‘ late at night: but he immediately ordered me to arrest both parties,
 ‘ which I accordingly did; and, after some difficulty, prevailed on them
 ‘ to shake hands.’—COUNT GAMBA’S *Narrative*.

† A corps of fifty Suliotes which he had, almost ever since his arrival
 at Missolonghi, kept about him as a body-guard. A large outer room

‘ taking our usual excursion into the country. To-day
 ‘ matters are settled or subsiding ; but, about an hour
 ‘ ago, the father-in-law of the landlord of the house
 ‘ where I am lodged (one of the Primates the said
 ‘ landlord is) was arrested for high treason.

‘ They are in conclave still with Mavrocordato ;
 ‘ and we have a number of new faces from the hills,
 ‘ come to assist, they say. Gun-boats and batteries
 ‘ all ready, &c.

‘ The row has had one good effect—it has put them
 ‘ on the alert. What is to become of the father-in-
 ‘ law, I do not know ; nor what he has done, exactly* :
 ‘ but

‘ ‘Tis a very fine thing to be father-in-law
 ‘ To a very magnificent three-tail’d bashaw,

‘ as the man in Bluebeard says and sings. I wrote to
 ‘ you upon matters at length, some days ago ; the
 ‘ letter, or letters, you will receive with this. We are
 ‘ desirous to hear more of the Loan ; and it is some
 ‘ time since I have had any letters (at least of an in-
 ‘ teresting description) from England, excepting one
 ‘ of 4th February, from Bowring (of no great import-

of his house was appropriated to these troops ; and their carbines were suspended along the walls. ‘ In this room (says Mr. Parry), and among these rude soldiers, Lord Byron was accustomed to walk a great deal, particularly in wet weather, accompanied by his favourite dog, Lion.’

When he rode out, these fifty Suliotes attended him on foot ; and though they carried their carbines, ‘ they were always,’ says the same authority, ‘ able to keep up with the horses at full speed. The captain, and a certain number, preceded his lordship, who rode accompanied on one side by Count Gamba, and on the other by the Greek interpreter. Behind him, also on horseback, came two of his servants,—generally his black groom, and Tita,—both dressed like the chasseurs usually seen behind the carriages of ambassadors, and another division of his guard closed the cavalcade.’—PARRY’S *Last Days of Lord Byron*.

* This man had, it seems, on his way from Ioannina, passed by Anatolico, and held several conferences with Cariaschachi. He had long been suspected of being a spy ; and the letters found upon him confirmed the suspicion.

‘ance). My latest dates are of 9bre., or of the 6th
‘10bre., four months exactly. I hope you get on well
‘in the islands : here most of us are, or have been,
‘more or less indisposed, natives as well as foreigners.’

LETTER 561.

TO MR. BARFF.

‘April 7th.

‘The Greeks here of the Government have been
‘boring me for more money*. As I have the brigade
‘to maintain, and the campaign is apparently now to
‘open, and as I have already spent 30,000 dollars in
‘three months upon them in one way or another, and
‘more especially as their public loan has succeeded,
‘so that they ought not to draw from individuals at
‘that rate, I have given them a refusal, and—as they
‘would not take *that*,—*another* refusal in terms of
‘considerable sincerity.

‘They wish now to try in the Islands for a few
‘thousand dollars on the ensuing loan. If you can
‘serve them, perhaps, you will (in the way of infor-
‘mation, at any rate), and I will see that you have
‘fair play, but still I do not *advise* you, except to act
‘as you please. Almost every thing depends upon
‘the arrival, and the speedy arrival, of a portion of
‘the Loan to keep peace among themselves. If they
‘can but have sense to do this, I think that they will
‘be a match and better for any force that can be
‘brought against them for the present. We are all
‘doing as well as we can.’

* In consequence of the mutinous proceedings of Cariascachi's people, most of the neighbouring chieftains hastened to the assistance of the Government, and had already with this view marched to Anatolico near 2000 men. But, however opportune the arrival of such a force, they were a cause of fresh embarrassment, as there was a total want of provisions for their daily maintenance. It was in this emergency that the Governor, Primates, and Chieftains had recourse, as here stated, to their usual source of supply.

It will be perceived from these letters, that besides the great and general interests of the cause, which were in themselves sufficient to absorb all his thoughts, he was also met on every side, in the details of his duty, by every possible variety of obstruction and distraction that rapacity, turbulence, and treachery could throw in his way. Such vexations, too, as would have been trying to the most robust health, here fell upon a frame already marked out for death; nor can we help feeling, while we contemplate this last scene of his life, that, much as there is in it to admire, to wonder at, and glory in, there is also much that awakens sad and most distressful thoughts. In a situation more than any other calling for sympathy and care, we see him cast among strangers and mercenaries, without either nurse or friend;—the self-collectedness of woman being, as we shall find, wanting for the former office, and the youth and inexperience of Count Gamba unfitting him wholly for the other. The very firmness with which a position so lone and disheartening was sustained, serves, by interesting us more deeply in the man, to increase our sympathy, till we almost forget admiration in pity, and half regret that he should have been great at such a cost.

The only circumstances that had for some time occurred to give him pleasure were, as regarded public affairs, the news of the successful progress of the Loan, and, in his personal relations, some favourable intelligence which he had received, after a long interruption of communication, respecting his sister and daughter. The former, he learned, had been seriously indisposed at the very time of his own fit, but had now entirely recovered. While delighted at this news, he could

not help, at the same time, remarking, with his usual tendency to such superstitious feelings, how strange and striking was the coincidence.

To those who have, from his childhood, traced him through these pages, it must be manifest, I think, that Lord Byron was not formed to be long-lived. Whether from any hereditary defect in his organization,—as he himself, from the circumstance of both his parents having died young, concluded,—or from those violent means he so early took to counteract the natural tendency of his habit, and reduce himself to thinness, he was, almost every year, as we have seen, subject to attacks of indisposition, by more than one of which his life was seriously endangered. The capricious course which he at all times pursued respecting diet,—his long fastings, his expedients for the allayment of hunger, his occasional excesses in the most unwholesome food, and, during the latter part of his residence in Italy, his indulgence in the use of spirituous beverages,—all this could not be otherwise than hurtful and undermining to his health; while his constant recourse to medicine—daily, as it appears, and in large quantities—both evinced and, no doubt, increased the derangement of his digestion. When to all this we add the wasteful wear of spirits and strength from the slow corrosion of sensibility, the warfare of the passions, and the workings of a mind that allowed itself no sabbath, it is not to be wondered at that the vital principle in him should so soon have burnt out, or that, at the age of thirty-three, he should have had—as he himself drearily expresses it—‘an old feel.’ To feed the flame, the all-absorbing flame, of his genius, the whole powers of his nature, physical as well as moral,

were sacrificed ;—to present that grand and costly conflagration to the world's eyes, in which,

‘ Glittering, like a palace set on fire,
His glory, while it shone, but ruin'd him* !’

It was on the very day when, as I have mentioned, the intelligence of his sister's recovery reached him, that, having been for the last three or four days prevented from taking exercise by the rains, he resolved, though the weather still looked threatening, to venture out on horseback. Three miles from Missolonghi Count Gamba and himself were overtaken by a heavy shower, and returned to the town walls wet through and in a state of violent perspiration. It had been their usual practice to dismount at the walls and return to their house in a boat, but, on this day, Count Gamba, representing to Lord Byron how dangerous it would be, warm as he then was, to sit exposed so long to the rain in a boat, entreated of him to go back the whole way on horseback. To this, however, Lord Byron would not consent ; but said, laughingly, ‘ I should make a pretty soldier indeed, if I were to care for such a trifle.’ They accordingly dismounted and got into the boat as usual.

About two hours after his return home he was seized with a shuddering, and complained of fever and rheumatic pains. ‘ At eight that evening,’ says Count Gamba, ‘ I entered his room. He was lying on a sofa restless and melancholy. He said to me, “ I suffer a great deal of pain. I do not care for death, but these agonies I cannot bear.” ’

The following day he rose at his accustomed hour, —transacted business, and was even able to take his

* Beaumont and Fletcher.

ride in the olive woods, accompanied, as usual, by his long train of Suliotes. He complained, however, of perpetual shudderings, and had no appetite. On his return home, he remarked to Fletcher that his saddle, he thought, had not been perfectly dried since yesterday's wetting, and that he felt himself the worse for it. This was the last time he ever crossed the threshold alive. In the evening Mr. Finlay and Mr. Milligen called upon him. 'He was at first (says the latter gentleman) gayer than usual; but on a sudden became pensive.'

On the evening of the 11th his fever, which was pronounced to be rheumatic, increased; and on the 12th he kept his bed all day, complaining that he could not sleep, and taking no nourishment whatever. The two following days, though the fever had apparently diminished, he became still more weak, and suffered much from pains in the head.

It was not till the 14th that his physician, Doctor Bruno, finding the sudorifics which he had hitherto employed to be unavailing, began to urge upon his patient the necessity of being bled: Of this, however, Lord Byron would not hear. He had evidently but little reliance on his medical attendant, and from the specimens this young man has since given of his intellect to the world, it is, indeed, lamentable,—supposing skill to have been, at this moment, of any avail,—that a life so precious should have been intrusted to such ordinary hands. 'It was on this day, I think,' says Count Gamba, 'that, as I was sitting near him on his sofa, he said to me, "I was afraid I was losing my memory, and, in order to try, I attempted to repeat some Latin verses with the English translation, which I have not endeavoured to recollect

‘ since I was at school. I remembered them all except ‘ the last word of one of the hexameters.’ ’

To the faithful Fletcher, the idea of his master’s life being in danger seems to have occurred some days before it struck either Count Gamba or the physician. So little, according to his friend’s narrative, had such a suspicion crossed Lord Byron’s own mind, that he even expressed himself ‘ rather glad of his fever, as it ‘ might cure him of his tendency to epilepsy.’ To Fletcher, however, it appears, he had professed, more than once, strong doubts as to the nature of his complaint being so slight as the physician seemed to suppose it, and on his servant renewing his entreaties that he would send for Doctor Thomas to Zante, made no further opposition ; though still, out of consideration for those gentlemen, he referred him on the subject to Doctor Bruno and Mr. Millingen. Whatever might have been the advantage or satisfaction of this step, it was now rendered wholly impossible by the weather, —such a hurricane blowing into the port that not a ship could get out. The rain, too, descended in torrents, and between the floods on the land-side and the sirocco from the sea, Missolonghi was, for the moment, a pestilential prison.

It was at this juncture that Mr. Millingen was, for the first time, according to his own account, invited to attend Lord Byron in his medical capacity,—his visit on the 10th being so little, as he states, professional, that he did not even, on that occasion, feel his lordship’s pulse. The great object for which he was now called in, and rather, it would seem, by Fletcher than Doctor Bruno, was for the purpose of joining his representations and remonstrances to theirs, and prevailing upon the patient to suffer himself to be bled,

—an operation now become absolutely necessary from the increase of the fever, and which Doctor Bruno had, for the last two days, urged in vain.

Holding gentleness to be, with a disposition like that of Byron, the most effectual means of success, Mr. Millingen tried, as he himself tells us, all that reasoning and persuasion could suggest towards attaining his object. But his efforts were fruitless :— Lord Byron, who had now become morbidly irritable, replied angrily, but still with all his accustomed acuteness and spirit, to the physician's observations. Of all his prejudices, he declared, the strongest was that against bleeding. His mother had obtained from him a promise never to consent to being bled ; and whatever argument might be produced, his aversion, he said, was stronger than reason. ' Besides, is it ' not,' he asked, ' asserted by Doctor Reid, in his ' Essays, that less slaughter is effected by the lance ' than the lancet—that minute instrument of mighty ' mischief ! ' On Mr. Millingen observing that this remark related to the treatment of nervous, but not of inflammatory complaints, he rejoined, in an angry tone, ' Who is nervous, if I am not ? And do not ' those other words of his, too, apply to my case, ' where he says that drawing blood from a nervous ' patient is like loosening the chords of a musical ' instrument, whose tones already fail for want of sufficient tension ? Even before this illness, you yourself know how weak and irritable I had become ;— ' and bleeding, by increasing this state, will inevitably ' kill me. Do with me whatever else you like, but ' bleed me you shall not. I have had several inflammatory fevers in my life, and at an age when more robust and plethoric ; yet I got through them with-

‘out bleeding. This time, also, will I take my chance*.’

After much reasoning and repeated entreaties, Mr. Millingen at length succeeded in obtaining from him a promise, that should he feel his fever increase at night, he would allow Dr. Bruno to bleed him.

During this day he had transacted business and received several letters ; particularly one that much pleased him from the Turkish Governor, to whom he had sent the rescued prisoners, and who, in this communication, thanked him for his humane interference, and requested a repetition of it.

In the evening he conversed a good deal with Parry, who remained some hours by his bedside. ‘He sat up in his bed (says this officer), and was then calm and collected. He talked with me on a variety of subjects connected with himself and his family ; he spoke of his intentions as to Greece, his plans for the campaign, and what he should ultimately do for that country. He spoke to me about my own adventures. He spoke of death also with great composure, and though he did not believe his end was so very near, there was something about him so serious and so firm, so resigned and composed, so different from anything I had ever before seen in him, that my mind misgave me, and at times foreboded his speedy dissolution.’

On revisiting his patient early next morning, Mr. Millingen learned from him, that having passed, as he thought, on the whole, a better night, he had not considered it necessary to ask Dr. Bruno to bleed him.

* It was during the same, or some similar conversation, that Dr. Bruno also reports him to have said, ‘If my hour is come, I shall die, whether I lose my blood or keep it.’

What followed, I shall, in justice to Mr. Millingen, give in his own words*. 'I thought it my duty now to put aside all consideration of his feelings, and to declare solemnly to him, how deeply I lamented to see him trifle thus with his life, and show so little resolution. His pertinacious refusal had already, I said, caused most precious time to be lost ;—but few hours of hope now remained, and, unless he submitted immediately to be bled, we could not answer for the consequences. It was true, he cared not for life ; but who could assure him that, unless he changed his resolution, the uncontrolled disease might not operate such disorganization in his system as utterly and for ever to deprive him of reason ?—I had now hit at last on the sensible chord ; and, partly annoyed by our importunities, partly persuaded, he cast at us both the fiercest glance of vexation, and throwing out his arm, said, in the angriest tone, "There—you are, I see, a d—d set of butchers—take away as much blood as you like, but have done with it."

'We seized the moment (adds Mr. Millingen) and drew about twenty ounces. On coagulating, the blood presented a strong buffy coat ; yet the relief obtained did not correspond to the hopes we had formed, and during the night the fever became stronger than it had been hitherto. The restlessness and agitation increased, and the patient spoke several times in an incoherent manner.'

On the following morning, the 17th, the bleeding was repeated ; for, although the rheumatic symptoms had been completely removed, the appearances of

* MS.—This gentleman is, I understand, about to publish the Narrative from which the above extract is taken.

inflammation on the brain were now hourly increasing. Count Gamba, who had not for the last two days seen him, being confined to his own apartment by a sprained ankle, now contrived to reach his room. 'His countenance,' says this gentleman, 'at once 'awakened in me the most dreadful suspicions. He 'was very calm; he talked to me in the kindest 'manner about my accident, but in a hollow, sepulchral tone. "Take care of your foot," said he, "I 'know by experience how painful it must be." I 'could not stay near his bed: a flood of tears rushed 'into my eyes, and I was obliged to withdraw.' Neither Count Gamba, indeed, nor Fletcher, appear to have been sufficiently masters of themselves to do much else than weep during the remainder of this afflicting scene.

In addition to the bleeding, which was repeated twice on the 17th, it was thought right also to apply blisters to the soles of his feet. 'When on the point 'of putting them on,' says Mr. Millingen, 'Lord 'Byron asked me whether it would answer the purpose to apply both on the same leg. Guessing 'immediately the motive that led him to ask this 'question, I told him that I would place them above 'the knees. "Do so," he replied.'

It is painful to dwell on such details,—but we are now approaching the close. In addition to most of those sad varieties of wretchedness which surround alike the grandest and humblest deathbeds, there was also in the scene now passing around the dying Byron such a degree of confusion and uncomfot as renders it doubly dreary to contemplate. There having been no person invested, since his illness, with authority over the household, neither order nor quiet

was maintained in his apartment. Most of the comforts necessary in such an illness were wanting; and those around him, either unprepared for the danger, were, like Bruno, when it came, bewildered by it; or, like the kind-hearted Fletcher and Count Gamba, were by their feelings rendered no less helpless.

‘In all the attendants,’ says Parry, ‘there was the officiousness of zeal; but owing to their ignorance of each other’s language, their zeal only added to the confusion. This circumstance, and the want of common necessities, made Lord Byron’s apartment such a picture of distress and even anguish during the two or three last days of his life, as I never before beheld, and wish never again to witness.’

The 18th being Easter day,—a holiday which the Greeks celebrate by firing off muskets and artillery,—it was apprehended that this noise might be injurious to Lord Byron; and, as a means of attracting away the crowd from the neighbourhood, the artillery brigade were marched out by Parry, to exercise their guns at some distance from the town; while, at the same time, the town-guard patrolled the streets, and informing the people of the danger of their benefactor, entreated them to preserve all possible quiet.

About three o’clock in the afternoon, Lord Byron rose and went into the adjoining room. He was able to walk across the chamber, leaning on his servant Tita; and, when seated, asked for a book, which the servant brought him. After reading, however, for a few minutes, he found himself faint; and, again taking Tita’s arm, tottered into the next room and returned to bed.

At this time the physicians, becoming still more alarmed, expressed a wish for a consultation; and

proposed calling in, without delay, Dr. Freiberg, the medical assistant of Mr. Millingen, and Luca Vaya, a Greek, the physician of Mavrocordato. On hearing this, Lord Byron at first refused to see them; but being informed that Mavrocordato advised it, he said, —‘Very well, let them come; but let them look at me and say nothing.’ This they promised, and were admitted; but when one of them, on feeling his pulse, showed a wish to speak—‘Recollect,’ he said, ‘your promise, and go away.’

It was after this consultation of the physicians* that, as it appeared to Count Gamba, Lord Byron was, for the first time, aware of his approaching end. Mr. Millingen, Fletcher, and Tita had been standing round his bed; but the two first, unable to restrain their tears, left the room. Tita also wept; but, as Byron held his hand, could not retire. He, however, turned away his face; while Byron, looking at him steadily, said, half smiling, ‘*Oh questa è una bella scena.*’ He then seemed to reflect a moment, and exclaimed, ‘Call Parry.’ Almost immediately afterwards, a fit of delirium ensued; and he began to talk wildly, as if he were mounting a breach in an assault, —calling out, half in English, half in Italian, ‘Forwards—forwards—courage—follow my example,’ &c. &c.

On coming again to himself, he asked Fletcher, who had then returned into the room, ‘whether he had sent for Doctor Thomas, as he desired?’ and the servant answering in the affirmative, he replied, ‘You have done right, for I should like to know what is the matter with me.’ He had, a short time before,

* For Mr. Millingen’s account of this consultation, see Appendix.

with that kind consideration for those about him which was one of the great sources of their lasting attachment to him, said to Fletcher, 'I am afraid you and 'Tita will be ill with sitting up night and day.' It was now evident that he knew he was dying; and between his anxiety to make his servant understand his last wishes, and the rapid failure of his powers of utterance, a most painful scene ensued. On Fletcher asking whether he should bring pen and paper to take down his words—'Oh no,' he replied—'there is no time—it is now nearly over. Go to my sister—tell her—go to Lady Byron—you will see her, and say '——' Here his voice faltered, and became gradually indistinct; notwithstanding which he continued still to mutter to himself, for nearly twenty minutes, with much earnestness of manner, but in such a tone that only a few words could be distinguished. These, too, were only names,—'Augusta,'—'Ada'—'Hobhouse,'—'Kinnaird.' He then said, 'Now, I have told you 'all.' 'My lord,' replied Fletcher, 'I have not understood a word your lordship has been saying.' 'Not understand me?' exclaimed Lord Byron, with a look of the utmost distress, 'what a pity!—then it 'is too late, all is over.' 'I hope not,' answered Fletcher; 'but the Lord's will be done.' 'Yes, not mine,' said Byron. He then tried to utter a few words, of which none were intelligible, except 'my sister—my child.'

The decision adopted at the consultation had been, contrary to the opinion of Mr. Millingen and Dr. Freiber, to administer to the patient a strong antispasmodic potion, which, while it produced sleep, but hastened, perhaps, death. In order to persuade him

into taking this draught, Mr. Parry was sent for*, and, without any difficulty, induced him to swallow a few mouthfuls. ‘When he took my hand (says Parry) I found his hands were deadly cold. With the assistance of Tita I endeavoured gently to create a little warmth in them; and also loosened the bandage which was tied round his head. Till this was done he seemed in great pain, clenched his hands at times, gnashed his teeth, and uttered the Italian exclamation of “Ah Christi!” He bore the loosening of the band passively, and, after it was loosened, shed tears; then taking my hand again, uttered a faint good night, and sunk into a slumber.’

In about half an hour he again awoke, when a second dose of the strong infusion was administered to him. ‘From those about him (says Count Gamba, who was not able to bear this scene himself) I collected that, either at this time, or in his former interval of reason, he could be understood to say—“Poor Greece!—poor town!—my poor servants!” Also, “Why was I not aware of this sooner?” and “My hour is come!—I do not care for death—but why did I not go home before I came here?” At another time he said, “There are things which make the world dear to me [*Io lascio qualche cosa di caro nel mondo*]: for the rest, I am content to die.” He spoke also of Greece, saying, “I have given her my time, my means, my health—and now I give her my life!—what could I do more†?”’

* From this circumstance, as well as from the terms in which he is mentioned by Lord Byron, it is plain that this person had, by his blunt, practical good sense, acquired far more influence over his lordship’s mind than was possessed by any of the other persons about him.

† It is but right to remind the reader, that for the sayings here attri-

It was about six o'clock on the evening of this day when he said, 'Now I shall go to sleep;' and then turning round fell into that slumber from which he never awoke. For the next twenty-four hours he lay incapable of either sense or motion,—with the exception of, now and then, slight symptoms of suffocation, during which his servant raised his head,—and at a quarter past six o'clock on the following day, the 19th, he was seen to open his eyes and immediately shut them again. The physicians felt his pulse—he was no more!

To attempt to describe how the intelligence of this sad event struck upon all hearts would be as difficult as it is superfluous. He, whom the whole world was to mourn, had on the tears of Greece peculiar claim,—as it was at her feet he now laid down the harvest of such a life of fame. To the people of Missolonghi, who first felt the shock that was soon to spread through all Europe, the event seemed almost incredible. It was but the other day that he had come among them, radiant with renown,—inspiring faith, by his very name, in those miracles of success that were about to spring forth at the touch of his ever-powerful genius. All this had now vanished, like a short dream:—nor can we wonder that the poor Greeks, to whom his coming had been such a glory, and who, on the last evening of his life, thronged the streets, inquiring as to his state, should regard the thunder-storm which, at the moment he died, broke over the town, as a signal of his doom, and in their superstitious grief, cry to each other, 'The great man 'is gone*!'

buted to Lord Byron, however natural and probable they may appear, there is not exactly the same authority of credible witnesses by which all the other details I have given of his last hours are supported.

* Parry's 'Last Days of Lord Byron,' p. 128.

Prince Mavrocordato, who of all best knew and felt the extent of his country's loss, and who had to mourn doubly the friend of Greece and of himself, on the evening of the 19th issued this melancholy Proclamation.

‘ PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF WESTERN GREECE.

‘ ART. 1185.

‘ The present day of festivity and rejoicing has become one of sorrow and of mourning. The Lord Noel Byron departed this life at six o'clock in the afternoon, after an illness of ten days ; his death being caused by an inflammatory fever. Such was the effect of his lordship's illness on the public mind, that all classes had forgotten their usual recreations of Easter, even before the afflicting event was apprehended.

‘ The loss of this illustrious individual is undoubtedly to be deplored by all Greece ; but it must be more especially a subject of lamentation at Missolonghi, where his generosity has been so conspicuously displayed, and of which he had even become a citizen, with the further determination of participating in all the dangers of the war.

‘ Every body is acquainted with the beneficent acts of his lordship, and none can cease to hail his name as that of a real benefactor.

‘ Until, therefore, the final determination of the National Government be known, and by virtue of the powers with which it has been pleased to invest me, I hereby decree,—

‘ 1st. To-morrow morning, at daylight, thirty-seven minute guns will be fired from the Grand Battery, being the number which corresponds with the age of the illustrious deceased.

‘ 2d. All the public offices, even the tribunals, are
‘ to remain closed for three successive days.

‘ 3d. All the shops, except those in which pro-
‘ visions or medicines are sold, will also be shut ; and
‘ it is strictly enjoined that every species of public
‘ amusement, and other demonstrations of festivity at
‘ Easter, shall be suspended.

‘ 4th. A general mourning will be observed for
‘ twenty-one days.

‘ 5th. Prayers and a funeral service are to be offered
‘ up in all the churches.

(Signed) ‘ A. MAVROCORDATO.

‘ GEORGE PRAIDIS, Secretary.

‘ *Given at Missolonghi,*
‘ *this 19th day of April, 1824.*

Similar honours were paid to his memory at many other places through Greece. At Salona, where the Congress had assembled, his soul was prayed for in the Church ; after which the whole garrison and the citizens went out into the plain, where another religious ceremony took place, under the shade of the olive trees. This being concluded, the troops fired ; and an oration, full of the warmest praise and gratitude, was pronounced by the High Priest.

When such was the veneration shown towards him by strangers, what must have been the feelings of his near associates and attendants ? Let one speak for all :—‘ He died (says Count Gamba) in a strange
‘ land, and amongst strangers ; but more loved, more
‘ sincerely wept he never could have been, wherever
‘ he had breathed his last. Such was the attachment,
‘ mingled with a sort of reverence and enthusiasm,
‘ with which he inspired those around him, that there

‘ was not one of us who would not, for his sake, have
‘ willingly encountered any danger in the world.’

Colonel Stanhope, whom the sad intelligence reached at Salona, thus writes to the Committee :—‘ A courier
‘ has just arrived from the Chief Scalza. Alas! all
‘ our fears are realized. The soul of Byron has taken
‘ its last flight. England has lost her brightest genius,
‘ Greece her noblest friend. To console them for the
‘ loss, he has left behind the emanations of his splendid
‘ mind. If Byron had faults, he had redeeming vir-
‘ tues too—he sacrificed his comfort, fortune, health,
‘ and life, to the cause of an oppressed nation. Ho-
‘ noured be his memory!’

Mr. Trelawney, who was on his way to Missolonghi at the time, describes as follows the manner in which he first heard of his friend’s death :—‘ With all my
‘ anxiety I could not get here before the third day. It
‘ was the second, after having crossed the first great
‘ torrent, that I met some soldiers from Missolonghi.
‘ I had let them all pass me, ere I had resolution
‘ enough to inquire the news from Missolonghi. I then
‘ rode back, and demanded of a straggler the news.
‘ I heard nothing more than—Lord Byron is dead,—
‘ and I proceeded on in gloomy silence.’ The writer adds, after detailing the particulars of the poet’s illness and death, ‘ Your pardon, Stanhope, that I have
‘ thus turned aside from the great cause in which I
‘ am embarked. But this is no private grief. The
‘ world has lost its greatest man; I my best friend.’

Among his servants the same feeling of sincere grief prevailed :—‘ I have in my possession (says Mr. Hoppner, in the Notices with which he has favoured
‘ me) a letter written by his gondolier Tita, who had
‘ accompanied him from Venice, giving an account to
‘ his parents of his master’s decease. Of this event

‘ the poor fellow speaks in the most affecting manner, telling them that in Lord Byron he had lost a father rather than a master ; and expatiating upon the indulgence with which he had always treated his domestics, and the care he expressed for their comfort and welfare.’

His valet Fletcher, too, in a letter to Mr. Murray, announcing the event, says, ‘ Please to excuse all defects, for I scarcely know what I either say or do ; for, after twenty years service with my lord, he was more to me than a father, and I am too much distressed to give now a correct account of every particular.’

In speaking of the effect produced on the friends of Greece by this event, Mr. Trelawney says,—‘ I think Byron’s name was the great means of getting the Loan. A Mr. Marshall, with 8000*l.* per annum, was as far as Corfu, and turned back on hearing of Lord Byron’s death. Thousands of people were flocking here : some had arrived as far as Corfu, and hearing of his death, confessed they came out to devote their fortunes not to the Greeks, or from interest in the cause, but to the noble poet ; and the “ Pilgrim of Eternity*” having departed, they turned back†.’

* The title given by Shelley to Lord Byron in his *Elegy on the death of Keats*.

‘ The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
‘ Over his living head like Heaven is bent
‘ An early but enduring monument,
‘ Came veiling all the lightnings of his song
‘ In sorrow.’

† Parry, too, mentions an instance to the same effect:—‘ While I was on the quarantine-house at Zante, a gentleman called on me, and made numerous inquiries as to Lord Byron. He said he was only one of fourteen English gentlemen, then at Ancona, who had sent him on to obtain intelligence, and only waited his return to come and join Lord Byron. They were to form a mounted guard for him, and meant to devote their personal services and their incomes to the Greek cause. On hearing of Lord Byron’s death, however, they turned back.’

The funeral ceremony, which, on account of the rains, had been postponed for a day, took place in the church of St. Nicholas, at Missolonghi, on the 22d of April, and is thus feelingly described by an eye-witness.

‘ In the midst of his own brigade, of the troops of
‘ the Government, and of the whole population, on
‘ the shoulders of the officers of his corps, relieved
‘ occasionally by other Greeks, the most precious por-
‘ tion of his honoured remains were carried to the
‘ church, where lie the bodies of Marco Bozzari and
‘ of General Normann. There we laid them down :
‘ the coffin was a rude, ill-constructed chest of wood ;
‘ a black mantle served for a pall ; and over it we
‘ placed a helmet and a sword, and a crown of laurel.
‘ But no funeral pomp could have left the impression,
‘ nor spoken the feelings, of this simple ceremony.
‘ The wretchedness and desolation of the place itself ;
‘ the wild and half-civilised warriors around us ; their
‘ deep-felt, unaffected grief ; the fond recollections ;
‘ the disappointed hopes ; the anxieties and sad pre-
‘ sentiments which might be read on every counte-
‘ nance—all contributed to form a scene more moving,
‘ more truly affecting, than perhaps was ever before
‘ witnessed round the grave of a great man.

‘ When the funeral service was over, we left the
‘ bier in the middle of the church, where it remained
‘ until the evening of the next day, and was guarded
‘ by a detachment of his own brigade. The church
‘ was crowded without cessation by those who came
‘ to honour and to regret the benefactor of Greece.
‘ In the evening of the 23d, the bier was privately
‘ carried back by his officers to his own house. The
‘ coffin was not closed till the 29th of the month.

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Engraved by J. H. Sturt

THE BATTLE OF BUNOBLIVIE, 1793.

Engraved by J. H. Sturt, from a drawing by J. H. Sturt.

‘Immediately after his death, his countenance had an air of calmness, mingled with a severity, that seemed gradually to soften; for when I took a last look of him, the expression, at least to my eyes, was truly sublime.’

We have seen how decidedly, while in Italy, Lord Byron expressed his repugnance to the idea of his remains resting upon English ground; and the injunctions he so frequently gave to Mr. Hoppner on this point show his wishes to have been,—at least, during that period,—sincere. With one so changing, however, in his impulses, it was not too much to take for granted that the far more cordial feeling entertained by him towards his countrymen at Cephalonia, would have been followed by a correspondent change in this antipathy to England as a last resting-place. It is, at all events, fortunate that by no such spleen of the moment has his native country been deprived of her natural right to enshrine within her own bosom one of the noblest of her dead, and to atone for any wrong she may have inflicted upon him, while living, by making his tomb a place of pilgrimage for her sons through all ages.

By Colonel Stanhope and others it was suggested that, as a tribute to the land he celebrated and died for, his remains should be deposited at Athens, in the Temple of Theseus; and the Chief Odysseus despatched an express to Missolonghi to enforce this wish. On the part of the town, too, in which he breathed his last, a similar request had been made by the citizens, and it was thought advisable so far to accede to their desires as to leave with them, for interment, one of the vessels, in which his remains, after embalmment, were enclosed.

The first step taken, before any decision as to its ultimate disposal, was to have the body conveyed to Zante; and every facility having been afforded by the Resident, Sir Frederick Stoven, in providing and sending transports to Missolonghi for that purpose, on the morning of the second of May the remains were embarked, under a mournful salute from the guns of the fortress :—‘ How different,’ says Count Gamba, ‘ from that which had welcomed the arrival of Byron ‘ only four months ago !’

At Zante, the determination was taken to send the body to England; and the brig *Florida*, which had just arrived there with the first instalment of the Loan, was engaged for the purpose. Mr. Blaquiere, under whose care this first portion of the Loan had come, was also the bearer of a Commission for the due management of its disposal in Greece, in which Lord Byron was named as the principal Commissioner. The same ship, however, that brought this honourable mark of confidence was to return with him a corpse. To Colonel Stanhope, who was then at Zante, on his way homeward, was intrusted the charge of his illustrious colleague’s remains; and on the 25th of May he embarked with them on board the *Florida* for England.

In the letter which, on his arrival in the Downs, June 29th, this gentleman addressed to Lord Byron’s executors, there is the following passage :—‘ With ‘ respect to the funeral ceremony, I am of opinion that ‘ his lordship’s family should be immediately consulted, and that sanction should be obtained for the ‘ public burial of his body either in the great Abbey ‘ or Cathedral of London.’ It has been asserted, and I fear too truly, that on some intimation of the wish

suggested in this last sentence being conveyed to one of those Reverend persons who have the honours of the Abbey at their disposal, such an answer was returned as left but little doubt that a refusal would be the result of any more regular application*.

There is an anecdote told of the poet Hafez, in Sir William Jones's *Life*, which, in reporting this instance of illiberality, recurs naturally to the memory. After the death of the great Persian bard, some of the religious among his countrymen protested strongly against allowing to him the right of sepulture, alleging, as their objection, the licentiousness of his poetry. After much controversy, it was agreed to leave the decision of the question to a mode of divination, not uncommon among the Persians, which consisted in opening the poet's book at random and taking the first verses that occurred. They happened to be these :—

- ' Oh turn not coldly from the poet's bier,
- ' Nor check the sacred drops by Pity given ;
- ' For though in sin his body slumbereth here,
- ' His soul, absolved, already wings to heaven.'

These lines, says the legend, were looked upon as a divine decree ; the religionists no longer enforced their objections, and the remains of the bard were left to take their quiet sleep by that ' sweet bower of Mossellay' which he had so often celebrated in his verses. Were our Byron's right of sepulture to be decided in the same manner, how few are there of his pages, thus taken at hazard, that would not, by some genial touch of sympathy with virtue, some glowing tribute

* A former Dean of Westminster went so far, we know, in his scruples as to exclude an epitaph from the Abbey, because it contained the name of Milton :—' a name, in his opinion,' says Johnson, ' too detestable to be read on the wall of a building dedicated to devotion.'—*Life of MILTON*.

to the bright works of God, or some gush of natural devotion more affecting than any homily, give him a title to admission into the purest temple of which Christian Charity ever held the guardianship.

Let the decision, however, of these Reverend authorities have been, finally, what it might, it was the wish, as is understood, of Lord Byron's dearest relative to have his remains laid in the family vault at Hucknall, near Newstead. On being landed from the Florida, the body had, under the direction of his lordship's executors, Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Hanson, been removed to the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull in Great George-street, Westminster, where it lay in state during Friday and Saturday, the 9th and 10th of July, and on the following Monday the funeral procession took place. Leaving Westminster at eleven o'clock in the morning, attended by most of his lordship's personal friends and by the carriages of several persons of rank, it proceeded through various streets of the metropolis towards the North Road. At Pancras Church the ceremonial of the procession being at an end, the carriages returned; and the hearse continued its way, by slow stages, to Nottingham.

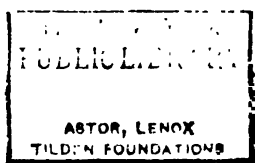
It was on Friday the 16th of July that, in the small village church of Hucknall, the last duties were paid to the remains of Byron, by depositing them, close to those of his mother, in the family vault. Exactly on the same day of the same month in the preceding year, he had said, it will be recollected, despondingly, to Count Gamba, 'Where shall we be in another year?' The gentleman to whom this foreboding speech was addressed paid a visit, some months after the interment, to Hucknall, and was much struck, as I have heard, on approaching the village, by the strong



HUCKNALL CHURCH.
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

"So ends Childe Harold his last Pilgrimage"

Printed by J. H. Stoddart, Nottingham, 1841.



likeness it seemed to him to bear to his lost friend's melancholy deathplace, Missolonghi.

On a tablet of white marble in the chancel of the Church of Hucknall is the following inscription :—

IN THE VAULT BENEATH,
WHERE MANY OF HIS ANCESTORS AND HIS MOTHER ARE
BURIED,

LIE THE REMAINS OF
GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,

LORD BYRON, OF ROCHDALE,
IN THE COUNTY OF LANCASTER,
THE AUTHOR OF 'CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.'
HE WAS BORN IN LONDON ON THE
22D OF JANUARY, 1788.

HE DIED AT MISSOLONGHI, IN WESTERN GREECE, ON THE
19TH OF APRIL, 1824,

ENGAGED IN THE GLORIOUS ATTEMPT TO RESTORE THAT
COUNTRY TO HER ANCIENT FREEDOM AND RENOWN.

HIS SISTER, THE HONOURABLE
AUGUSTA MARIA LEIGH,
PLACED THIS TABLET TO HIS MEMORY.

From among the tributes that have been offered, in prose and verse, and in almost every language of Europe, to his memory, I shall select two which appear to me worthy of peculiar notice, as being, one of them,—so far as my limited scholarship will allow me to judge,—a simple and happy imitation of those laudatory inscriptions with which the Greece of other times honoured the tombs of her heroes; and the other as being the production of a pen, once engaged controversially against Byron, but not the less ready, as these affecting verses prove, to offer the homage of a manly sorrow and admiration at his grave.

Εἰς

Τὸν ἐν τῇ Ἑλλάδι καλυπτόμενον

Ποιητήν.

Οὐ τὸ ζῆν ταυτὸν βίον ἐκελίξῃς, οὐδ' ἱερὸν θρῶν
 Ἀρχαίας προγόνων ἐγγύγιον ἀριστὰς.
 Τὸν δ' ὑδαμονίας μοῖρ' ἀμφίστι, ἵστωρ ἀπάντων
 Ἄλλοι ἀριστῶν γίγνεται ἀθάνατος.—
 Εὐδὺς οὖν σὺ, τίκων, χαρίτων ἱερ; οὐκ ἴσι θάλλει
 Ἀκμαῖος μιλίων ἡδυπνίων στίφανος;—
 Ἀλλὰ τίον, σπεύδοντι, μέρον αὐθούσιν Ἀθήναι,
 Μοῦσαι, πατρὶς, Ἀγῆς, Ἑλλάς, ἰλευσέριον*.

CHILDE HAROLD'S LAST PILGRIMAGE.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

- ' SO ENDS CHILDE HAROLD HIS LAST PILGRIMAGE!—
 ' Upon the shores of Greece he stood, and cried
 ' "LIBERTY!" and those shores, from age to age
 ' Renown'd, and Sparta's woods and rocks replied
 ' "Liberty!" But a Spectre, at his side,
 ' Stood mocking;—and its dart, uplifting high,
 ' Smote him;—he sank to earth in life's fair pride:
 ' SPARTA! thy rocks then heard another cry,
 ' And old Ilissus sigh'd—"Die, generous exile, die!"
 ' I will not ask sad Pity to deplore
 ' His wayward errors, who thus early died;
 ' Still less, CHILDE HAROLD, now thou art no more,
 ' Will I say aught of genius misapplied;
 ' Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride:—
 ' But I will bid th' Arcadian cypress wave,
 ' Pluck the green laurel from Peneus' side,
 ' And pray thy spirit may such quiet have,
 ' That not one thought unkind be murmur'd o'er thy grave.

* By John Williams, Esq.—The following translation of this inscription will not be unacceptable to my readers:—

' Not length of life—not an illustrious birth,
 Rich with the noblest blood of all the earth;—
 Nought can avail, save deeds of high emprise,
 Our mortal being to immortalize.
 Sweet child of song, thou sleepest!—ne'er again
 Shall swell the notes of thy melodious strain:
 Yet, with thy country wailing o'er thy urn,
 Pallas, the Muse, Mars, Greece, and Freedom mourn.'

H. H. JOY.

- ' SO HAROLD ENDS, IN GREECE, HIS PILGRIMAGE !—
 ' There fitly ending,—in that land renown'd,
 ' Whose mighty genius lives in Glory's page,—
 ' He, on the Muses' consecrated ground,
 ' Sinking to rest, while his young brows are bound
 ' With their unfading wreath !—To bands of mirth,
 ' No more in TEMPE let the pipe resound !
 ' HAROLD, I follow to thy place of birth
 ' The slow hearse—and thy LAST sad PILGRIMAGE on earth.

 ' Slow moves the plumed hearse, the mourning train,—
 ' I mark the sad procession with a sigh,
 ' Silently passing to that village fane,
 ' Where, HAROLD, thy forefathers mouldering lie ;—
 ' There sleeps THAT MOTHER, who with tearful eye
 ' Pondering the fortunes of thy early road,
 ' Hung o'er the slumbers of thine infancy ;
 ' Her son, released from mortal labour's load,
 ' Now comes to rest, with her, in the same still abode.

 ' Bursting Death's silence—could that mother speak—
 ' (Speak when the earth was heap'd upon his head)—
 ' In thrilling, but with hollow accent weak,
 ' She thus might give the welcome of the dead :—
 ' " Here rest, my son, with me ;—the dream is fled ;—
 ' The motley mask and the great stir is o'er :
 ' Welcome to me, and to this silent bed,
 ' Where deep forgetfulness succeeds the roar
 ' Of Life, and fretting passions waste the heart no more." '

By his Lordship's Will, a copy of which will be found in the Appendix, he bequeathed to his executors, in trust for the benefit of his sister, Mrs. Leigh, the monies arising from the sale of all his real estates at Rochdale and elsewhere, together with such part of his other property as was not settled upon Lady Byron and his daughter Ada, to be by Mrs. Leigh enjoyed, free from her husband's control, during her life, and, after her decease, to be inherited by her children.

We have now followed to its close a life which, brief as was its span, may be said, perhaps, to have com-

prised within itself a greater variety of those excitements and interests which spring out of the deep workings of passion and of intellect than any that the pen of biography has ever before commemorated. As there still remain among the papers of my friend some curious gleanings which, though in the abundance of our materials I have not hitherto found a place for them, are too valuable towards the illustration of his character to be lost, I shall here, in selecting them for the reader, avail myself of the opportunity of trespassing, for the last time, on his patience with a few general remarks.

It must have been observed, throughout these pages, and by some, perhaps, with disappointment, that into the character of Lord Byron, as a poet, there has been little, if any, critical examination; but that, content with expressing generally the delight which, in common with all, I derive from his poetry, I have left the task of analysing the sources from which this delight springs to others*. In thus evading, if it must be so considered, one of my duties as a biographer, I have been influenced no less by a sense of my own inaptitude for the office of critic than by recol-

* It may be making too light of criticism to say with Gray that 'even a bad verse is as good a thing or better than the best observation that ever was made upon it;' but there are surely few tasks that appear more thankless and superfluous than that of following, as Criticism sometimes does, in the rear of victorious genius (like the commentators on a field of Blenheim or of Waterloo), and either labouring to point out to us *why* it has triumphed, or still more unprofitably contending that it *ought* to have failed. The well-known passage of La Bruyère, which even Voltaire's adulatory application of it to some work of the King of Prussia has not spoiled for use, puts perhaps in its true point of view the very subordinate rank which Criticism must be content to occupy in the train of successful Genius:—'Quand une lecture vous élève l'esprit et qu'elle vous inspire des sentimens nobles, ne cherchez pas une autre règle pour juger de l'ouvrage; il est bon et fait de main de l'ouvrier: La Critique, après ça, peut s'exercer sur les petites choses, relever quelques expressions, corriger des phrases, parler de syntaxe,' &c. &c.

lecting with what assiduity, throughout the whole of the poet's career, every new rising of his genius was watched from the great observatories of Criticism, and the ever-changing varieties of its course and splendour tracked out and recorded with a degree of skill and minuteness which has left but little for succeeding observers to discover. It is, moreover, into the character and conduct of Lord Byron, as a man, not distinct from, but forming, on the contrary, the best illustration of his character, as a writer, that it has been the more immediate purpose of these volumes to inquire; and if, in the course of them, any satisfactory clue has been afforded to those anomalies, moral and intellectual, which his life exhibited,—still more, should it have been the effect of my humble labours to clear away some of those mists that hang round my friend, and show him, in most respects, as worthy of love as he was, in all, of admiration, then will the chief and sole aim of this work have been accomplished.

Having devoted to this object so large a portion of my own share of these pages, and, yet more fairly, enabled the world to form a judgment for itself, by placing the man, in his own person, and without disguise, before all eyes, there would seem to remain now but an easy duty in summing up the various points of his character, and, out of the features, already separately described, combining one complete portrait. The task, however, is by no means so easy as it may appear. There are few characters in which a near acquaintance does not enable us to discover some one leading principle or passion consistent enough in its operations to be taken confidently into account in any estimate of the disposition in which they are found. Like those points in the human face,

or figure, to which all its other proportions are referrible, there is in most minds some one governing influence, from which chiefly,—though, of course, biassed on some occasions by others,—all its various impulses and tendencies will be found to radiate. In Lord Byron, however, this sort of pivot of character was almost wholly wanting. Governed as he was at different moments by totally different passions, and impelled sometimes, as during his short access of parsimony in Italy, by springs of action never before developed in his nature, in him this simple mode of tracing character to its sources must be often wholly at fault; and if, as is not impossible, in trying to solve the strange variances of his mind, I should myself be found to have fallen into contradictions and inconsistencies, the extreme difficulty of analysing, without dazzle or bewilderment, such an unexampled complication of qualities must be admitted as my excuse.

So various, indeed, and contradictory were his attributes, both moral and intellectual, that he may be pronounced to have been not one, but many; nor would it be any great exaggeration of the truth to say, that out of the mere partition of the properties of his single mind a plurality of characters, all different and all vigorous, might have been furnished. It was this multiform aspect exhibited by him that led the world, during his short wondrous career, to compare him with that medley host of personages, almost all differing from each other, which he thus playfully enumerates in one of his Journals:—

‘ I have been thinking over, the other day, on the
‘ various comparisons, good or evil, which I have seen
‘ published of myself in different journals, English
‘ and foreign. This was suggested to me by acci-

' dentally turning over a foreign one lately,—for I
' have made it a rule latterly never to *search* for any-
' thing of the kind, but not to avoid the perusal, if pre-
' sented by chance.

' To begin, then : I have seen myself compared,
' personally or poetically, in English, French, *German*
' (*as interpreted to me*), Italian, and Portuguese,
' within these nine years, to Rousseau, Goethe, Young,
' Aretine, Timon of Athens, Dante, Petrarch, " an ala-
' baster vase, lighted up within," Satan, Shakspeare,
' Buonaparte, Tiberius, *Æschylus*, Sophocles, Euri-
' pides, Harlequin, the Clown, Sternhold and Hopkins,
' to the phantasmagoria, to Henry the Eighth, to Che-
' nier, to Mirabeau, to young R. Dallas (the school-
' boy), to Michael Angelo, to Raphael, to a petit-
' maitre, to Diogenes, to Childe Harold, to Lara, to
' the Count in Beppo, to Milton, to Pope, to Dryden,
' to Burns, to Savage, to Chatterton, to " oft have I
' heard of thee, my Lord Biron," in Shakspeare, to
' Churchill the poet, to Kean the actor, to Alfieri, &c.
' &c. &c.

' The likeness to Alfieri was asserted very seriously
' by an Italian who had known him in his younger
' days. It of course related merely to our apparent
' personal dispositions. He did not assert it to *me*
' (for we were not then good friends), but in society.

' The object of so many contradictory comparisons
' must probably be like something different from them
' all ; but what *that* is, is more than *I* know, or any-
' body else.'

It would not be uninteresting, were there either
space or time for such a task, to take a review of the
names of note in the preceding list, and show in how
many points, though differing so materially among

themselves, it might be found that each presented a striking resemblance to Lord Byron. We have seen, for instance, that wrongs and sufferings were, through life, the main sources of Byron's inspiration. Where the hoof of the critic struck, the fountain was first disclosed; and all the trappings of the world afterwards but forced out the stream stronger and brighter. The same obligations to misfortune, the same debt to the 'oppressor's wrong,' for having wrung out from bitter thoughts the pure essence of his genius, was due no less deeply by Dante:—'*quum illam sub amarâ co-
gitatione excitatam, occulti divinique ingenii vim
exacuerit et inflammavit**.'

In that contempt for the world's opinion, which led Dante to exclaim, '*Lascia dir le genti*,' Lord Byron also bore a strong resemblance to that poet,—though far more, it must be confessed, in profession than reality. For, while scorn for the public voice was on his lips, the keenest sensitiveness to its every breath was in his heart; and, as if every feeling of his nature was to have some painful mixture in it, together with the pride of Dante which led him to disdain public opinion, he combined the susceptibility of Petrarch, which placed him shrinkingly at its mercy.

His agreement, in some other features of character, with Petrarch, I have already had occasion to remark†; and if it be true, as is often surmised, that

* Paulus Jovius.—Bayle, too, says of him, '*il fit entrer plus de feu et plus de force dans ses livres qu'il n'y en eût mis s'il avoit joui d'une condition plus tranquille*.'

† Some passages in Foscolo's Essay on Petrarch may be applied, with equal truth, to Lord Byron.—For instance, 'It is hardly possible with Petrarch to write a sentence without portraying himself'—'Petrarch, allured by the idea that his celebrity would magnify into importance all the ordinary occurrences of his life, satisfied the curiosity of the world,' &c. &c.—and again, with still more striking applicability,—'In Petrarch's letters, as well as in his Poems and Treatises, we always

Byron's want of a due reverence for Shakspeare arose from some latent and hardly conscious jealousy of that poet's fame, a similar feeling is known to have existed in Petrarch towards Dante; and the same reason assigned for it,—that from the living he had nothing to fear, while before the shade of Dante he might have reason to feel humbled,—is also not a little applicable* in the case of Lord Byron.

Between the dispositions and habits of Alfieri and those of the noble poet of England, no less remarkable coincidences might be traced; and the sonnet in which the Italian dramatist professes to paint his own character contains, in one comprehensive line, a portrait of the versatile author of *Don Juan*,—

* Or stimandome Achille ed or Tersite.*

By the extract just given from his *Journal*, it will be perceived that, in Byron's own opinion, a character which, like his, admitted of so many contradictory comparisons, could not be otherwise than wholly undefinable itself. It will be found, however, on reflection, that this very versatility, which renders it so difficult to fix, 'ere it change,' the fairy fabric of his character is, in itself, the true clue through all that fabric's mazes,—is in itself the solution of whatever was most dazzling in his might or startling in his levity, of all that most attracted and repelled, whether in his life or

' identify the author with the man, who felt himself irresistibly impelled
' to develop his own intense feelings. Being endowed with almost all
' the noble, and with some of the paltry passions of our nature, and
' having never attempted to conceal them, he awakens us to reflection
' upon ourselves while we contemplate in him a being of our own species,
' yet different from any other, and whose originality excites even
' more sympathy than admiration.'

* ' Il Petrarca poteva credere candidamente ch'ei non pativa d'invidia
' solamente, perché fra tutti i viventi non v'era chi non s'arretrasse per
' cederli il passo alla prima gloria, ch'ei non poteva sentirsi umiliato,
' fuorché dall' ombra di Dante.'

his genius. A variety of powers almost boundless, and a pride no less vast in displaying them,—a susceptibility of new impressions and impulses, even beyond the usual allotment of genius, and an uncontrolled impetuosity, as well from habit as temperament, in yielding to them,—such were the two great and leading sources of all that varied spectacle which his life exhibited; of that succession of victories achieved by his genius, in almost every field of mind that genius ever trod, and of those sallies of character in every shape and direction that unchecked feeling and dominant self-will could dictate.

It must be perceived by all endowed with quick powers of association how constantly, when any particular thought or sentiment presents itself to their minds, its very opposite, at the same moment, springs up there also:—if anything sublime occurs, its neighbour, the ridiculous, is by its side;—across a bright view of the present or the future, a dark one throws its shadow;—and, even in questions respecting morals and conduct, all the reasonings and consequences that may suggest themselves on the side of one of two opposite courses will, in such minds, be instantly confronted by an array just as cogent on the other. A mind of this structure,—and such, more or less, are all those in which the reasoning is made subservient to the imaginative faculty,—though enabled, by such rapid powers of association to multiply its resources without end, has need of the constant exercise of a controlling judgment to keep its perceptions pure and undisturbed between the contrasts it thus simultaneously calls up; the obvious danger being that, where matters of taste are concerned, the habit of forming such incongruous juxtapositions—as that,

for example, between the burlesque and sublime—should at last vitiate the mind's relish for the nobler and higher quality; and that, on the yet more important subject of morals, a facility in finding reasons for every side of a question may end, if not in the choice of the worst, at least in a sceptical indifference to all.

In picturing to oneself so awful an event as a shipwreck, its many horrors and perils are what alone offer themselves to ordinary fancies. But the keen, versatile imagination of Byron could detect in it far other details, and, at the same moment with all that is fearful and appalling in such a scene, could bring together all that is most ludicrous and low. That in this painful mixture he was but too true to human nature, the testimony of De Retz (himself an eye-witness of such an event) attests:—'Vous ne pouvez vous imaginer' (says the Cardinal) *l'horreur d'un grande tempête*;—'vous en pouvez imaginer aussi peu le ridicule.' But, assuredly, a poet less wantoning in the variety of his power, and less proud of displaying it, would have paused ere he mixed up, thus mockingly, the degradation of humanity with its sufferings, and, content to probe us to the core with the miseries of our fellow-men, would have forborne to wring from us, the next moment, a bitter smile at their baseness.

To the moral sense so dangerous are the effects of this quality, that it would hardly, perhaps, be generalizing too widely to assert that wheresoever great versatility of power exists, there will also be found a tendency to versatility of principle. The poet, Chatterton, in whose soul the seeds of all that is good and bad in genius so prematurely ripened, said, in the consciousness of this multiple faculty, that he 'held that

‘man in contempt who could not write on both sides of a question;’ and it was by acting in accordance with this principle himself that he brought one of the few stains upon his name which a life so short afforded time to incur. Mirabeau, too, when, in the legal warfare between his father and mother, he helped to draw up for each the pleadings against the other, was influenced less, no doubt, by the pleasure of mischief than by this pride of talent, and lost sight of the unnatural perfidy of the task in the adroitness with which he executed it.

The quality which I have here denominated versatility, as applied to *power*, Lord Byron has himself designated by the French word ‘mobility,’ as applied to *feeling* and *conduct*; and, in one of the Cantos of Don Juan, has described happily some of its lighter features. After telling us that his hero had begun to doubt, from the great predominance of this quality in her, ‘how much of Adeline was *real*,’ he says,—

- ‘So well she acted, all and every part,
- ‘By turns,—with that vivacious versatility,
- ‘Which many people take for want of heart.
- ‘They err—’tis merely what is call’d mobility,
- ‘A thing of temperament and not of art,
- ‘Though seeming so, from its supposed facility;
- ‘And false—though true; for surely they’re sincerest,
- ‘Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.’

That he was fully aware not only of the abundance of this quality in his own nature; but of the danger in which it placed consistency and singleness of character, did not require the note on this passage, where he calls it ‘an unhappy attribute,’ to assure us. The consciousness, indeed, of his own natural tendency to yield thus to every chance impression, and change with every passing impulse, was not only for ever

present in his mind, but,—aware as he was of the suspicion of weakness attached by the world to any retraction or abandonment of long-professed opinions,—had the effect of keeping him in that general line of consistency, on certain great subjects, which, notwithstanding occasional fluctuations and contradictions as to the details of these very subjects, he continued to preserve through life. A passage from one of his manuscripts will show how sagaciously he saw the necessity of guarding himself against his own instability in this respect. ‘The world visits change of politics or change of religion with a more severe censure than a mere difference of opinion would appear to me to deserve. But there must be some reason for this feeling ;—and I think it is, that these departures from the earliest instilled ideas of our childhood, and from the line of conduct chosen by us when we first enter into public life, have been seen to have more mischievous results for society, and to prove more weakness of mind than other actions, in themselves, more immoral.’

The same distrust in his own steadiness, thus keeping alive in him a conscientious self-watchfulness, concurred not a little, I have no doubt, with the innate kindness of his nature, to preserve so constant and unbroken the greater number of his attachments through life ;—some of them, as in the instance of his mother, owing evidently more to a sense of duty than to real affection the consistency with which, so creditably to the strength of his character, they were maintained.

But while in these respects, as well as in the sort of task-like perseverance with which the habits and amusements of his youth were held fast by him, he

succeeded in conquering the variableness and love of novelty so natural to him, in all else that could engage his mind, in all the excursions, whether of his reason or his fancy, he gave way to this versatile humour without scruple or check,—taking every shape in which genius could manifest its power, and transferring himself to every region of thought where new conquests were to be achieved.

It was impossible but that such a range of will and power should be abused. It was impossible that, among the spirits he invoked from all quarters, those of darkness should not appear, at his bidding, with those of light. And here the dangers of an energy so multifold, and thus luxuriating in its own transformations, show themselves. To this one great object of displaying power,—various, splendid, and all-adorning power,—every other consideration and duty were but too likely to be sacrificed. Let the advocate but display his eloquence and art, no matter what the cause;—let the stamp of energy be but left behind, no matter with what seal. *Could* it have been expected that from such a career no mischief would ensue, or that among these cross-lights of imagination the moral vision could remain undisturbed? *Is* it to be at all wondered at, that in the works of one thus gifted and carried away, we should find, wholly, too, without any prepense design of corrupting on his side,—a false splendour given to Vice to make it look like Virtue, and Evil too often invested with a grandeur which belongs intrinsically but to Good?

Among the less serious ills flowing from this abuse of his great versatile powers,—more especially as exhibited in his most characteristic work, *Don Juan*,—it will be found that even the strength and impressive-

ness of his poetry is sometimes not a little injured by the capricious and desultory flights into which this pliancy of wing allures him. It must be felt indeed, by all readers of that work, and particularly by those who, being gifted with but a small portion of such ductility themselves, are unable to keep pace with his changes, that the suddenness with which he passes from one strain of sentiment to another,—from the frolic to the sad, from the cynical to the tender,—begets a distrust in the sincerity of one or both moods of mind, which interferes with, if not chills, the sympathy that a more natural transition would inspire. In general such a suspicion would do him injustice; as, among the singular combinations which his mind presented, that of uniting at once versatility and depth of feeling was not the least remarkable. But, on the whole, favourable as was all this quickness and variety of association to the extension of the range and resources of his poetry, it may be questioned whether a more select concentration of his powers would not have afforded a still more grand and precious result. Had the minds of Milton and Tasso been thus thrown open to the incursions of light, ludicrous fancies, who can doubt that those solemn sanctuaries of genius would have been as much injured as profaned by the intrusion?—and it is at least a question whether, if Lord Byron had not been so actively versatile, so totally under the dominion of

‘ A fancy, like the air, most free,
‘ And full of mutability,’

he would not have been less wonderful, perhaps, but more great.

Nor was it only in his poetical creations that this love and power of variety showed itself;—one of the

most pervading weaknesses of his life may be traced to the same fertile source. The pride of personating every description of character, evil as well as good, influenced but too much, as we have seen, his ambition, and, not a little, his conduct; and as, in poetry, his own experience of the ill effects of passion was made to minister materials to the workings of his imagination, so, in return, his imagination supplied that dark colouring under which he so often disguised his true aspect from the world. To such a perverse length, indeed, did he carry this fancy for self-defamation, that if (as sometimes, in his moments of gloom, he persuaded himself) there was any tendency to derangement in his mental conformation*, on this point alone could it be pronounced to have manifested itself†. In the early part of my acquaintance with him, when he most gave way to this humour,—for it was observable afterwards, when the world joined in

* We have seen how often, in his Journals and Letters, this suspicion of his own mental soundness is intimated. A similar notion, with respect to himself, seems to have taken hold also of the strong mind of Johnson, who, like Byron, too, was disposed to attribute to an hereditary tinge that melancholy which, as he said, 'made him mad all his life, at least not sober.' This peculiar feature of Johnson's mind has, in the forth-coming edition of Boswell's Life of him, given rise to some remarks, pregnant with all the editor's well-known acuteness, which, as bearing on a point so important in the history of the human intellect, will be found worthy of all attention.

In one of the many letters of Lord Byron to myself, which I have thought right to omit, I find him tracing this supposed disturbance of his own faculties to the marriage of Miss Chaworth—'a marriage,' he says, 'for which she sacrificed the prospects of two very ancient families, and a heart which was hers from ten years old, and a head which has never been quite right since.'

† In his Diary of 1813 there is a passage (vol. i., page 552) which I had preserved solely for the purpose of illustrating this obliquity of his mind, intending, at the same time, to accompany it with an explanatory note. From some inadvertence, however, the note was omitted; and, thus left to itself, this piece of mystification has, with the French readers of the work, I see, succeeded most perfectly; there being no imaginable variety of murder which the votaries of the new romantic school have not been busily extracting out of the mystery of that passage.

his own opinion of himself, he rather shrunk from the echo,—I have known him more than once, as we have sat together after dinner, and he was, at the time, perhaps, a little under the influence of wine, to fall seriously into this sort of dark and self-accusing mood, and throw out hints of his past life with an air of gloom and mystery designed evidently to awaken curiosity and interest. He was, however, too promptly alive to the least approaches of ridicule not to perceive, on these occasions, that the gravity of his hearer was only prevented from being disturbed by an effort of politeness, and he accordingly never again tried this romantic mystification upon me. From what I have known, however, of his experiments upon more impressible listeners, I have little doubt that, to produce effect at the moment, there is hardly any crime so dark or desperate of which, in the excitement of thus acting upon the imaginations of others, he would not have hinted that he had been guilty; and it has sometimes occurred to me that the occult cause of his lady's separation from him, round which herself and her legal adviser have thrown such formidable mystery, may have been nothing more, after all, than some imposture of this kind, some dimly hinted confession of undefined horrors, which, though intended by the relater but to mystify and surprise, the hearer so little understood him as to take in sober seriousness.

This strange propensity with which the man was, as it were, inoculated by the poet, reacted back again upon his poetry, so as to produce, in some of his delineations of character, that inconsistency which has not unfrequently been noticed by his critics,—namely, the junction of one or two lofty and shining virtues with 'a thousand crimes' altogether incompatible

with them ; this anomaly being, in fact, accounted for by the two different sorts of ambition that actuated him,—the natural one, of infusing into his personages those high and kindly qualities he felt conscious of within himself, and the artificial one, of investing them with those crimes which he so boyishly wished imputed to him by the world.

Independently, however, of any such efforts towards blackening his own name, and even after he had learned from bitter experience the rash folly of such a system, there was still, in the openness and overfrankness of his nature, and that indulgence of impulse with which he gave utterance to, if not acted upon, every chance impression of the moment, more than sufficient to bring his character, in all its least favourable lights, before the world. Who is there, indeed, that could bear to be judged by even the best of those unnumbered thoughts that course each other, like waves of the sea, through our minds, passing away unuttered and, for the most part, even unowned by ourselves?—Yet to such a test was Byron's character throughout his whole life exposed. As well from the precipitance with which he gave way to every impulse as from the passion he had for recording his own impressions, all those heterogeneous thoughts, fantasies, and desires that, in other men's minds, 'come like shadows, so depart,' were by him fixed and embodied as they presented themselves, and at once taking a shape cognizable by public opinion, either in his actions or his words, either in the hasty letter of the moment, or the poem for all time, laid open such a range of vulnerable points before his judges as no one individual perhaps ever before, of himself, presented.

With such abundance and variety of materials for

portraiture, it may easily be conceived how two professed delineators of his character, the one over partial and the other malicious, might,—the former, by selecting only the fairer, and the latter only the darker features,—produce two portraits of Lord Byron, as much differing from each other as they would both be, on the whole, unlike the original.

Of the utter powerlessness of retention with which he promulgated his every thought and feeling,—more especially if at all connected with the subject of self,—without allowing even a pause for the almost instinctive consideration whether by such disclosures he might not be conveying a calumnious impression of himself, a stronger instance could hardly be given than is to be found in a conversation held by him with Mr. Trelawney, as reported by this latter gentleman, when they were on their way together to Greece. After some remarks on the state of his own health*, mental and bodily, he said, ‘“ I don’t know how it is, but I am so cowardly at times, that if, this morning, you had come down and horsewhipped me, I should have submitted without opposition. Why is this? If one of these fits come over me when we are in Greece, what shall I do?” I told him (continues Mr. Trelawney) that it was the excessive debility of his nerves. He said, “ Yes, and of my head, too. I was very heroic when I left Genoa, but, like Acres, I feel my courage oozing out at my palms.” ’

* ‘ He often mentioned (says Mr. Trelawney) that he thought he should not live many years, and said that he would die in Greece. This he told me at Cephalonia. He always seemed unmoved on these occasions, perfectly indifferent as to when he died, only saying that he could not bear pain. On our voyage we had been reading with great attention the life and letters of Swift, edited by Scott, and we almost daily, or rather nightly, talked them over, and he more than once expressed his horror of existing in that state, and expressed some fears that it would be his fate.’

It will hardly, by those who know anything of human nature, be denied that such misgivings and heart-sinkings as are here described may, under a similar depression of spirits, have found their way into the thoughts of some of the gallantest hearts that ever breathed;—but then, untold and unremembered, even by the sufferer, they passed off with the passing infirmity that produced them, leaving neither to truth to record them as proofs of want of health, nor to calumny to fasten upon them a suspicion of want of bravery. The assertion of some one, that all men are by nature cowardly, would seem to be countenanced by the readiness with which most men believe others so. ‘I have lived,’ says the Prince de Ligne, ‘to hear Voltaire called a fool, and the great Frederick a coward.’ The Duke of Marlborough in his own times, and Napoleon in ours, have found persons not only to assert but believe the same charge against them. After such glaring instances of the tendency of some minds to view greatness only through an inverting medium, it need little surprise us that Lord Byron’s conduct in Greece should, on the same principle, have engendered a similar insinuation against him; nor should I have at all noticed the weak slander, but for the opportunity which it affords me of endeavouring to point out what appears to me the peculiar nature of the courage by which, on all occasions that called for it, he so strikingly distinguished himself.

Whatever virtue may be allowed to belong to personal courage, it is, most assuredly, they who are endowed by nature with the liveliest imaginations, and who have therefore most vividly and simultaneously before their eyes all the remote and possible consequences of danger, that are most deserving of what-

ever praise attends the exercise of that virtue. A bravery of this kind, which springs more out of mind than temperament,—or rather, perhaps, out of the conquest of the former over the latter,—will naturally proportion its exertion to the importance of the occasion; and the same person who is seen to shrink with an almost feminine fear from ignoble and every-day perils may be found foremost in the very jaws of danger where honour is to be either maintained or won. Nor does this remark apply only to the imaginative class, of whom I am chiefly treating. By the same calculating principle, it will be found that most men whose bravery is the result not of temperament but reflection, are regulated in their daring. The wise De Wit, though negligent of his life on great occasions, was not ashamed, we are told, of dreading and avoiding whatever endangered it on others.

Of the apprehensiveness that attends quick imaginations, Lord Byron had, of course, a considerable share, and in all situations of ordinary peril gave way to it without reserve. I have seldom seen any person, male or female, more timid in a carriage; and, in riding, his preparation against accidents showed the same nervous and imaginative fearfulness. ‘His ‘bridle,’ says the late Lord B**, who rode frequently with him at Genoa, ‘had, besides cavesson and martingale, various reins; and whenever he came near a place where his horse was likely to shy, he gathered up these said reins and fixed himself as if he was going at a five-barred gate.’ None surely but the most superficial or most prejudiced observers could ever seriously found upon such indications of nervousness any conclusion against the real courage of him who was subject to them. The poet Ariosto, who was,

it seems, a victim to the same fair-weather alarms,—who, when on horseback, would alight at the least appearance of danger, and on the water was particularly timorous—could yet, in the action between the Pope's vessels and the Duke of Ferrara's, fight like a lion; and in the same manner the courage of Lord Byron, as all his companions in peril testify, was of that noblest kind which rises with the greatness of the occasion, and becomes but the more self-collected and resisting, the more imminent the danger.

In proposing to show that the distinctive properties of Lord Byron's character, as well moral as literary, arose mainly from those two great sources, the unexampled versatility of his powers and feelings, and the facility with which he gave way to the impulses of both, it had been my intention to pursue the subject still further in detail, and to endeavour to trace throughout the various excellencies and defects, both of his poetry and his life, the operation of these two dominant attributes of his nature. 'No men,' says Cowper, in speaking of persons of a versatile turn of mind, 'are better qualified for companions in such a world as this than men of such temperament. Every scene of life has two sides, a dark and a bright one; and the mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either.' It would not be difficult to show that to this readiness in reflecting all hues, whether of the shadows or the lights of our variegated existence, Lord Byron owed not only the great range of his influence as a poet, but those powers of fascination which he possessed as a man. This susceptibility, indeed, of immediate impressions, which in him was so active, lent a charm, of all others the most attractive,

to his social intercourse, by giving to those who were, at the moment, present, such ascendant influence, that they alone for the time occupied all his thoughts and feelings, and brought whatever was most agreeable in his nature into play*.

So much did this extreme mobility,—this readiness to be ‘strongly acted on by what was nearest,’—abound in his disposition, that, even with the casual acquaintances of the hour, his heart was upon his lips†, and it depended wholly upon themselves whether they might not become at once the depositories of every secret, if it might be so called, of his whole life. That in this convergence of all the powers of pleasing towards present objects, those absent should be sometimes forgotten, or, what is worse, sacrificed to the reigning desire of the moment, is unluckily one of the alloys attendant upon persons of this temperament, which renders their fidelity, either as lovers or confidants, not a little precarious. But of the charm which such a disposition diffuses through the manner there can be but little doubt,—and least of all among

* In reference to his power of adapting himself to all sorts of society, and taking upon himself all varieties of character, I find a passage in one of my early letters to him (from Ireland) which, though it might be expressed, perhaps, in better taste, is worth citing for its truth:—
‘Though I have not written, I have seldom ceased to think of you; for you are that sort of being whom everything, high or low, brings into one’s mind. Whether I am with the wise or the waggish, among poets or among pugilists, over the book or over the bottle, you are sure to connect yourself transcendently with all, and come “armed for every field” into my memory.’

† It is curious to observe how, in all times, and all countries, what is called the poetical temperament has, in the great possessors, and victims, of that gift, produced similar effects. In the following passage, the biographer of Tasso has, in painting that poet, described Byron also:—‘There are some persons of a sensibility so powerful, that who ever happens to be with them is, at that moment, to them the world: their hearts involuntarily open; they are prompted by a strong desire to please; and they thus make confidants of their sentiments people whom they in reality regard with indifference.’

those who have ever felt its influence in Lord Byron. Neither are the instances in which he has been known to make imprudent disclosures of what had been said or written by others of the persons with whom he was conversing to be all set down to this rash overflow of the social hour. In his own frankness of spirit and hatred of all disguise, this practice, pregnant as it was with inconvenience, and sometimes danger, in a great degree originated. To confront the accused with the accuser was, in such cases, his delight,—not only as a revenge for having been made the medium of what men durst not say openly to each other, but as a gratification of that love of small mischief which he had retained from boyhood, and which the confusion that followed such exposures was always sure to amuse. This habit, too, being, as I have before remarked, well known to his friends, their sense of prudence, if not their fairness, was put fully on its guard, and he himself was spared the pain of hearing what he could not, without inflicting still worse, repeat.

A most apt illustration of this point of his character is to be found in an anecdote told of him by Parry, who, though himself the victim, had the sense and good temper to perceive the source to which Byron's conduct was to be traced. While the Turkish fleet was blockading Missolonghi, his lordship, one day, attended by Parry, proceeded in a small punt, rowed by a boy, to the mouth of the harbour, while in a large boat accompanying them were Prince Mavrocordato and his attendants. In this situation, an indignant feeling of contempt and impatience at the supineness of their Greek friends seized the engineer, and he proceeded to vent this feeling to Lord Byron in no very measured terms, pronouncing Prince Mavrocordato to

be 'an old gentlewoman,' and concluding, according to his own statement, with the following words:—'If I were in their place, I should be in a fever at the thought of my own incapacity and ignorance, and should burn with impatience to attempt the destruction of those rascal Turks. But the Greeks and the Turks are opponents worthy, by their imbecility, of each other.'

'I had scarcely explained myself fully,' adds Mr. Parry, 'when his lordship ordered our boat to be placed alongside the other, and actually related our whole conversation to the Prince. In doing it, however, he took on himself the task of pacifying both the Prince and me, and though I was at first very angry, and the Prince, I believe, very much annoyed, he succeeded. Mavrocordato afterwards showed no dissatisfaction with me, and I prized Lord Byron's regard too much, to remain long displeased with a proceeding which was only an unpleasant manner of reproving us both.'

Into these and other such branches from the main course of his character, it might have been a task of some interest to investigate,—certain as we should be that, even in the remotest and narrowest of these windings, some of the brightness and strength of the original current would be perceptible. Enough however has been, perhaps, said to set other minds upon supplying what remains:—if the track of analysis here opened be the true one, to follow it in its further bearings will not be difficult. Already, indeed, I may be thought by some readers to have occupied too large a portion of these pages, not only in tracing out such 'nice dependencies' and gradations of my friend's character, but still more uselessly, as may be con-

ceived, in recording all the various habitudes and whims by which the course of his every-day life was distinguished from that of other people. That the critics of the day should think it due to their own importance to object to trifles is naturally to be expected; but that, in other times, such minute records of a Byron will be read with interest, even such critics cannot doubt. To know that Catiline walked with an agitated and uncertain gait is, by no mean judge of human nature, deemed important as an indication of character. But far less significant details will satisfy the idolators of genius. To be told that Tasso loved malmsey and thought it favourable to poetic inspiration is a piece of intelligence, even at the end of three centuries, not unwelcome; while a still more amusing proof of the disposition of the world to remember little things of the great is, that the poet Petrarch's excessive fondness for turnips is one of the few traditions still preserved of him at Arqua.

The personal appearance of Lord Byron has been so frequently described, both by pen and pencil, that were it not the bounden duty of the biographer to attempt some such sketch, the task would seem superfluous. Of his face, the beauty may be pronounced to have been of the highest order, as combining at once regularity of features with the most varied and interesting expression. The same facility, indeed, of change observable in the movements of his mind was seen also in the free play of his features, as the passing thoughts within darkened or shone through them.

His eyes, though of a light gray, were capable of all extremes of expression, from the most joyous hilarity to the deepest sadness, from the very sunshine of

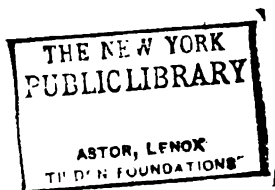


Engraved by W. Fendler

THE YOUNG MAN OF THE YEAR

1847

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benevolence to the most concentrated scorn or rage. Of this latter passion, I had once an opportunity of seeing what fiery interpreters they could be, on my telling him, thoughtlessly enough, that a friend of mine had said to me—‘Beware of Lord Byron; he will, some day or other, do something very wicked.’—‘Was it man or woman said so?’ he exclaimed, suddenly turning round upon me with a look of such intense anger as, though it lasted not an instant, could not easily be forgot, and of which no better idea can be given than in the words of one who, speaking of Chatterton’s eyes, says that ‘fire rolled at the bottom of them.’

But it was in the mouth and chin that the great beauty as well as expression of his fine countenance lay. ‘Many pictures have been painted of him (says a fair critic of his features) with various success; but the excessive beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor. In their ceaseless play they represented every emotion, whether pale with anger, curled in disdain, smiling in triumph, or dimpled with archness and love.’ It would be injustice to the reader not to borrow from the same pencil a few more touches of portraiture. ‘This extreme facility of expression was sometimes painful, for I have seen him look absolutely ugly—I have seen him look so hard and cold, that you must hate him, and then, in a moment, brighter than the sun, with such playful softness in his look, such affectionate eagerness kindling in his eyes, and dimpling his lips into something more sweet than a smile, that you forgot the man, the Lord Byron, in the picture of beauty presented to you, and gazed with intense curiosity—I had almost said—as if to satisfy yourself, that thus

‘looked the god of poetry, the god of the Vatican,
‘when he conversed with the sons and daughters of
‘man.’

His head was remarkably small*,—so much so as to be rather out of proportion with his face. The forehead, though a little too narrow, was high, and appeared more so from his having his hair (to preserve it, as he said) shaved over the temples; while the glossy, dark-brown curls, clustering over his head, gave the finish to its beauty. When to this is added, that his nose, though handsomely, was rather thickly shaped, that his teeth were white and regular, and his complexion colourless, as good an idea perhaps as it is in the power of mere words to convey may be conceived of his features.

In height he was, as he himself has informed us, five feet eight inches and a half, and to the length of his limbs he attributed his being such a good swimmer. His hands were very white, and—according to his own notion of the size of hands as indicating birth—aristocratically small. The lameness of his right foot †, though an obstacle to grace, but little impeded

* ‘Several of us, one day,’ says Colonel Napier, ‘tried on his hat, and in a party of twelve or fourteen, who were at dinner, *not one* could put it on, so exceedingly small was his head. My servant, Thomas Wells, who had the smallest head in the 90th regiment, (so small that he could hardly get a cap to fit him,) was the only person who could put on Lord Byron’s hat, and him it fitted exactly.’

† In speaking of this lameness at the commencement of my work, I forbore, both from my own doubts on the subject and the great variance I found in the recollections of others, from stating in *which* of his feet this lameness existed. It will, indeed, with difficulty be believed what uncertainty I found upon this point, even among those most intimate with him. Mr. Hunt, in his book, states it to have been the left foot that was deformed, and this, though contrary to my own impression, and, as it appears also, to the fact, was the opinion I found also of others who had been much in the habit of living with him. On applying to his early friends at Southwell and to the shoemaker of that town who worked for him, so little prepared were they to answer with any certainty on the

the activity of his movements ; and from this circumstance, as well as from the skill with which the foot was disguised by means of long trowsers, it would be difficult to conceive a defect of this kind less obtruding itself as a deformity ; while the diffidence which a constant consciousness of the infirmity gave to his first approach and address made, in him, even lameness a source of interest.

In looking again into the Journal from which it was my intention to give extracts, the following unconnected opinions, or rather reveries, most of them on points connected with his religious opinions, are all that I feel tempted to select. To an assertion in the early part of this work, that ‘ at no time of his life was Lord Byron a confirmed unbeliever,’ it has been objected, that many passages of his writings prove the direct contrary. This assumption, however, as well as the interpretation of most of the passages referred to in its support, proceed, as it appears to me, upon the mistake, not uncommon in conversation, of confounding together the meanings of the words unbeliever and sceptic,—the former implying decision of opinion, and the latter only doubt. I have myself, I find, not always kept the significations of the two words distinct, and in one instance have so far fallen into the notion of these objectors as to speak of Byron in his youth as ‘ an unbelieving school-boy,’ when the word ‘ doubting’ would have more truly expressed my meaning. With this necessary explanation, I shall

subject, that it was only by recollecting that the lame foot ‘ was the off one in going up the street’ they at last came to the conclusion that his right limb was the one affected ; and Mr. Jackson, his preceptor in pugilism, was, in like manner, obliged to call to mind whether his noble pupil was a right or left hand hitter before he could arrive at the same decision.

here repeat my assertion ; or rather—to clothe its substance in a different form—shall say that Lord Byron was, to the last, a sceptic, which, in itself, implies that he was, at no time, a confirmed unbeliever.

‘ If I were to live over again, I do not know what I
 ‘ would change in my life, unless it were *for—not to*
 ‘ *have lived at all* *. All history, and experience, and
 ‘ the rest, teaches us that the good and evil are pretty
 ‘ equally balanced in this existence, and that what is
 ‘ most to be desired is an easy passage out of it. What
 ‘ can it give us but years ? and those have little of
 ‘ good but their ending.

‘ Of the immortality of the soul, it appears to me
 ‘ that there can be little doubt, if we attend for a
 ‘ moment to the action of mind : it is in perpetual
 ‘ activity. I used to doubt of it, but reflection has
 ‘ taught me better. It acts also so very independent
 ‘ of body—in dreams, for instance ;—incoherently and
 ‘ *madly*, I grant you, but still it is mind, and much
 ‘ more mind than when we are awake. Now that this
 ‘ should not act *separately*, as well as jointly, who can
 ‘ pronounce ? The stoics, Epictetus and Marcus Au-
 ‘ relius, call the present state “ a soul which drags a
 ‘ carcass,”—a heavy chain, to be sure, but all chains
 ‘ being material may be shaken off. How far our fu-
 ‘ ture life will be *individual*, or, rather, how far it will
 ‘ at all resemble our *present* existence, is another ques-
 ‘ tion ; but that the mind is eternal seems as probable

* Swift ‘ early adopted (says Sir Walter Scott) the custom of observ-
 ‘ ing his birth-day, as a term, not of joy, but of sorrow, and of reading.
 ‘ when it annually recurred, the striking passage of Scripture, in which
 ‘ Job laments and execrates the day upon which it was said in his fa-
 ‘ ther’s house “ that a man-child was born.”’—*Life of Swift*.

‘ as that the body is not so. Of course, I here venture upon the question without recurring to revelation, which, however, is at least as rational a solution of it as any other. A *material* resurrection seems strange and even absurd, except for purposes of punishment; and all punishment which is to *revenge* rather than *correct* must be *morally wrong*; and *when the world is at an end*, what moral or warning purpose can eternal tortures answer? Human passions have probably disfigured the divine doctrines here;—but the whole thing is inscrutable.

‘ It is useless to tell me *not to reason*, but to *believe*.
‘ You might as well tell a man not to wake, but *sleep*.
‘ And then to *bully* with torments, and all that! I cannot help thinking that the *menace* of hell makes as many devils as the severe penal codes of inhuman humanity make villains.

‘ Man is born *passionate* of body, but with an innate though secret tendency to the love of good in his main-spring of mind. But, God help us all! it is at present a sad jar of atoms.

‘ Matter is eternal, always changing, but reproduced, and, as far as we can comprehend eternity, eternal; and why not *mind*? Why should not the mind act with and upon the universe, as portions of it act upon, and with, the congregated dust called mankind? See how one man acts upon himself and others; or upon multitudes! The same agency, in a higher and purer degree, may act upon the stars, &c. ad infinitum.

‘ I have often been inclined to materialism in philosophy, but could never bear its introduction into *Christianity*, which appears to me essentially founded upon the *soul*. For this reason, Priestley’s Christian Materialism always struck me as deadly. Believe the resurrection of the *body*, if you will, but *not without a soul*. The deuce is in it, if after having had a soul (as surely the *mind*, or whatever you call it, *is*), in this world, we must part with it in the *next*, even for an immortal materiality! I own my partiality for *spirit*.

‘ I am always most religious upon a sunshiny day, as if there was some association between an internal approach to greater light and purity and the kindler of this dark lantern of our external existence.

‘ The night is also a religious concern, and even more so when I viewed the moon and stars through Herschell’s telescope, and saw that they were worlds.

‘ If, according to some speculations, you could prove the world many thousand years older than the Mosaic chronology, or if you could get rid of Adam and Eve, and the apple, and serpent, still, what is to be put up in their stead? or how is the difficulty removed? Things must have had a beginning, and what matters it *when* or *how*?

‘ I sometimes think that *man* may be the relic of some higher material being wrecked in a former world, and degenerated in the hardship and struggle through chaos into conformity, or something like it,—as we see Laplanders, Esquimaux, &c. inferior in the

‘ present state, as the elements become more inexorable. But even then this higher pre-Adamite supposititious creation must have had an origin and a *Creator*—for a *creation* is a more natural imagination than a fortuitous concourse of atoms: all things remount to a fountain, though they may flow to an ocean.

‘ Plutarch says, in his Life of Lysander, that Aristotele observes “that in general great geniuses are of a melancholy turn, and instances Socrates, Plato, and Hercules (or Heraclitus), as examples, and Lysander, though not while young, yet as inclined to it when approaching towards age.” Whether I am a genius or not, I have been called such by my friends as well as enemies, and in more countries and languages than one, and also within a no very long period of existence. Of my genius, I can say nothing, but of my melancholy, that it is “increasing and ought to be diminished.” But how?

‘ I take it that most men are so at bottom, but that it is only remarked in the remarkable. The Duchesse de Broglie, in reply to a remark of mine on the errors of clever people, said that “they were not worse than others, only, being more in view, more noted, especially in all that could reduce them to the rest, or raise the rest to them.” In 1816, this was.

‘ In fact (I suppose that) if the follies of fools were all set down like those of the wise, the wise (who seem at present only a better sort of fools) would appear almost intelligent.

‘ It is singular how soon we lose the impression of what ceases to be *constantly* before us: a year im-

' pairs ; a lustre obliterates. There is little distinct
 ' left without an effort of memory. *Then*, indeed, the
 ' lights are rekindled for a moment ; but who can be
 ' sure that imagination is not the torch-bearer? Let
 ' any man try at the end of *ten* years to bring before
 ' him the features, or the mind, or the sayings, or the
 ' habits of his best friend, or his *greatest* man (I mean
 ' his favourite, his Buonaparte, his this, that, or
 ' t'other), and he will be surprised at the extreme
 ' confusion of his ideas. I speak confidently on this
 ' point, having always passed for one who had a good,
 ' ay, an excellent memory. I except, indeed, our
 ' recollection of womankind ; there is no forgetting
 ' *them* (and be d—d to them) any more than any other
 ' remarkable era, such as " the revolution," or " the
 ' plague," or " the invasion," or " the comet," or
 ' " the war" of such and such an epoch,—being the
 ' favourite dates of mankind who have so many *bless-*
 ' *ings* in their lot that they never make their calendars
 ' from them, being too common. For instance, you
 ' see " the great drought," " the Thames frozen over,"
 ' " the seven years' war broke out," " the English, or
 ' French, or Spanish revolution commenced," " the
 ' Lisbon earthquake," " the Lima earthquake," " the
 ' earthquake of Calabria," " the plague of London,"
 ' ditto " of Constantinople," " the sweating sickness,"
 ' " the yellow fever of Philadelphia," &c. &c. &c. ;
 ' but you don't see " the abundant harvest," " the
 ' fine summer," " the long peace," " the wealthy specu-
 ' lation," " the wreckless voyage," recorded so empha-
 ' tically ! By the way, there has been a *thirty years'*
 ' *war* and a *seventy years' war* ; was there ever a
 ' *seventy* or a *thirty years' peace* ? or was there even
 ' a *DAY's universal* peace ? except perhaps in China,

‘ where they have found out the miserable happiness
‘ of a stationary and unwarlike mediocrity. And is
‘ all this because nature is niggard or savage? or
‘ mankind ungrateful? Let philosophers decide. I
‘ am none.

‘ In general, I do not draw well with literary men;
‘ not that I dislike them, but I never know what to
‘ say to them after I have praised their last publica-
‘ tion. There are several exceptions, to be sure, but
‘ then they have either been men of the world, such as
‘ Scott and Moore, &c., or visionaries out of it, such
‘ as Shelley, &c.: but your literary every-day man
‘ and I never went well in company, especially your
‘ foreigner, whom I never could abide; except Gior-
‘ dani, and—and—and—(I really can’t name any
‘ other)—I don’t remember a man amongst them
‘ whom I ever wished to see twice, except perhaps
‘ Mezzophanti, who is a monster of languages, the
‘ Briareus of parts of speech, a walking Polyglott and
‘ more, who ought to have existed at the time of the
‘ Tower of Babel as universal intrepeter. He is in-
‘ deed a marvel—unassuming, also. I tried him in all
‘ the tongues of which I knew a single oath (or adjura-
‘ tion to the gods against post-boys, savages, Tartars,
‘ boatmen, sailors, pilots, gondoliers, muleteers, camel-
‘ drivers, vetturini, post-masters, post-horses, post-
‘ houses, post-everything), and egad! he astounded
‘ me—even to my English.

‘ “No man would live his life over again,” is an old
‘ and true saying which all can resolve for themselves.
‘ At the same time, there are probably *moments* in most
‘ men’s lives which they would live over the rest of

‘ life to *regain*. Else why do we live at all ? because
‘ Hope recurs to Memory, both false—but—but—but
‘ —but—and this *but* drags on till—what ? I do not
‘ know ; and who does ? “ He that died o’ Wed-
‘ nesday.” ’

In laying before the reader these last extracts from the papers in my possession, it may be expected, perhaps, that I should say something,—in addition to what has been already stated on this subject,—respecting those Memoranda, or Memoirs, which, in the exercise of the discretionary power given to me by my noble friend, I placed, shortly after his death, at the disposal of his sister and executor, and which they, from a sense of what they thought due to his memory, consigned to the flames. As the circumstances, however, connected with the surrender of that manuscript, besides requiring much more detail than my present limits allow, do not, in any respect, concern the character of Lord Byron, but affect solely my own, it is not here, at least, that I feel myself called upon to enter into an explanation of them. The world will, of course, continue to think of that step as it pleases ; but it is, after all, on a man’s *own* opinion of his actions that his happiness chiefly depends, and I can only say that, were I again placed in the same circumstances, I would—even at ten times the pecuniary sacrifice which my conduct then cost me—again act precisely in the same manner.

For the satisfaction of those whose regret at the loss of that manuscript arises from some better motive than the mere disappointment of a prurient curiosity, I shall here add, that on the mysterious cause of the separation, it afforded no light whatever ;—that, while

some of its details could never have been published at all*, and little, if any, of what it contained personal towards others could have appeared till long after the individuals concerned had left the scene, all that materially related to Lord Byron himself was (as I well knew when I made that sacrifice) to be found repeated in the various Journals and Memorandum-books, which, though not all to be made use of, were, as the reader has seen from the preceding pages, all preserved.

As far as suppression, indeed, is blamable, I have had, in the course of this task, abundantly to answer for it; having, as the reader must have perceived, withheld a large portion of my materials, to which Lord Byron, no doubt, in his fearlessness of consequences, would have wished to give publicity, but which, it is now more than probable, will never meet the light.

There remains little more to add. It has been remarked by Lord Orford†, as ‘strange, that the writing ‘a man’s life should in general make the biographer ‘become enamoured of his subject, whereas one should ‘think that the nicer disquisition one makes into the ‘life of any man, the less reason one should find to ‘love or admire him.’ On the contrary, may we not rather say that, as knowledge is ever the parent of tolerance, the more insight we gain into the springs and motives of a man’s actions, the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, and the influences and temptations under which he acted, the more

* This description applies only to the Second Part of the Memoranda; there having been but little unfit for publication in the First Part, which was, indeed, read, as is well known, by many of the noble author’s friends.

† In speaking of Lord Herbert of Cherbury’s Life of Henry VIII.

allowance we may be inclined to make for his errors, and the more approbation his virtues may extort from us?

The arduous task of being the biographer of Byron is one, at least, on which I have not obtruded myself: the wish of my friend that I should undertake that office having been more than once expressed, at a time when none but a boding imagination like his could have foreseen much chance of the sad honour devolving to me. If in some instances I have consulted rather the spirit than the exact letter of his injunctions, it was with the view solely of doing him more justice than he would have done himself; there being no hands in which his character could have been less safe than his own, nor any greater wrong offered to his memory than the substitution of what he affected to be for what he was. Of any partiality, however, beyond what our mutual friendship accounts for and justifies, I am by no means conscious; nor would it be in the power, indeed, of even the most partial friend to allege anything more convincingly favourable of his character than is contained in the few simple facts with which I shall here conclude,—that, through life, with all his faults, he never lost a friend;—that those about him in his youth, whether as companions, teachers, or servants, remained attached to him to the last;—that the woman, to whom he gave the love of his maturer years, idolizes his name; and that, with a single unhappy exception, scarce an instance is to be found of any one, once brought, however briefly, into relations of amity with him, that did not feel towards him a kind regard in life, and retain a fondness for his memory.

I have now done with the subject, nor shall be

easily tempted to recur to it. Any mistakes or mis-statements I may be proved to have made shall be corrected ;—any new facts which it is in the power of others to produce will speak for themselves. To mere opinions I am not called upon to pay attention—and still less to insinuations or mysteries. I have here told what I myself know and think concerning my friend ; and now leave his character, moral as well as literary, to the judgment of the world.

APPENDIX.

TWO EPISTLES FROM THE ARMENIAN VERSION.

THE EPISTLE OF THE CORINTHIANS TO ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE*.

1 STEPHEN†, and the elders with him, Dabnus, Eubulus, Theophilus, and Xinon, to Paul, our father and evangelist, and faithful master in Jesus Christ, health‡.

2 Two men have come to Corinth, Simon by name, and Cleobus§, who vehemently disturb the faith of some with deceitful and corrupt words;

3 Of which words thou shouldst inform thyself:

4 For neither have we heard such words from thee, nor from the other apostles:

5 But we know only that what we have heard from thee and from them, that we have kept firmly.

6 But in this chiefly has our Lord had compassion, that, whilst thou art yet with us in the flesh, we are again about to hear from thee.

7 Therefore do thou write to us, or come thyself amongst us quickly.

8 We believe in the Lord, that, as it was revealed to Theonas, he hath delivered thee from the hands of the unrighteous||.

9 But these are the sinful words of these impure men, for thus do they say and teach:

10 That it behoves not to admit the Prophets¶.

11 Neither do they affirm the omnipotence of God:

12 Neither do they affirm the resurrection of the flesh:

13 Neither do they affirm that man was altogether created by God:

* Some MSS. have the title thus: *Epistle of Stephen the Elder to Paul the Apostle, from the Corinthians.*

† In the MSS., the marginal verses published by the Whistons are wanting.

‡ In some MSS. we find, *The elders Numenus, Eubulus, Theophilus, and Nomeson, to Paul their brother, health!*

§ Others read, *There came certain men, . . . and Cleobus, who vehemently shake.*

|| Some MSS. have, *We believe in the Lord, that his presence was made manifest; and by this hath the Lord delivered us from the hands of the unrighteous,*

¶ Others read, *To read the Prophets.*

14 Neither do they affirm that Jesus Christ was born in the flesh from the Virgin Mary:

15 Neither do they affirm that the world was the work of God, but of some one of the angels.

16 Therefore do thou make haste* to come amongst us.

17 That this city of the Corinthians may remain without scandal.

18 And that the folly of these men may be made manifest by an open refutation. Fare thee well†.

The deacons Thereptus and Tichus‡ received and conveyed this Epistle to the city of the Philippians§.

When Paul received the Epistle, although he was then in chains on account of Stratonice||, the wife of Apofolanus¶, yet, as it were forgetting his bonds, he mourned over these words, and said, weeping: 'It were better for me to be dead, and with the Lord. For while I am in this body, and hear the wretched words of such false doctrine, behold, grief arises upon grief, and my trouble adds a weight to my chains; when I behold this calamity, and progress of the machinations of Satan, who searcheth to do wrong.'

And thus, with deep affliction, Paul composed his reply to the Epistle**.

EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE CORINTHIANS††.

1 Paul, in bonds for Jesus Christ, disturbed by so many errors‡‡, to his Corinthian brethren, health.

2 I nothing marvel that the preachers of evil have made this progress.

3 For because the Lord Jesus is about to fulfil his coming, verily on this account do certain men pervert and despise his words.

4 But I, verily, from the beginning, have taught you that only which I myself received from the former apostles, who always remained with the Lord Jesus Christ.

* Some MSS. have, *Therefore, brother, do thou make haste.*

† Others read, *Fare thee well in the Lord.*

‡ Some MSS. have, *The deacons Thereptus and Tichus.*

§ The Whistons have, *To the city of Phœnicia*: but in all the MSS. we find, *To the city of the Philippians.*

|| Others read, *On account of Onotice.*

¶ The Whistons have, *Of Apollophanus*: but in all the MSS. we read, *Apofolanus.*

** In the text of this Epistle there are some other variations in the words, but the sense is the same.

†† Some MSS. have, *Paul's Epistle from prison, for the instruction of the Corinthians.*

‡‡ Others read, *Disturbed by various compunctions.*

6 And I now say unto you, that the Lord Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, who was of the seed of David,

6 According to the annunciation of the Holy Ghost, sent to her by our Father from heaven ;

7 That Jesus might be introduced into the world*, and deliver our flesh by his flesh, and that he might raise us up from the dead ;

8 As in this also he himself became the example :

9 That it might be made manifest that man was created by the Father,

10 He has not remained in perdition unsought† ;

11 But he is sought for, that he might be revived by adoption.

12 For God, who is the Lord of all, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who made heaven and earth, sent, firstly, the Prophets to the Jews :

13 That he would absolve them from their sins, and bring them to his judgment.

14 Because he wished to save, firstly, the house of Israel, he bestowed and poured forth his Spirit upon the Prophets ;

15 That they should, for a long time, preach the worship of God, and the nativity of Christ.

16 But he who was the prince of evil, when he wished to make himself God, laid his hand upon them,

17 And bound all men in sin‡.

18 Because the judgment of the world was approaching.

19 But Almighty God, when he willed to justify, was unwilling to abandon his creature ;

20 But when he saw his affliction, he had compassion upon him :

21 And at the end of a time he sent the Holy Ghost into the Virgin foretold by the Prophets.

22 Who, believing readily§, was made worthy to conceive, and bring forth our Lord Jesus Christ.

23 That from this perishable body, in which the evil spirit was glorified, he should be cast out, and it should be made manifest

24 That he was not God : For Jesus Christ, in his flesh, had recalled and saved this perishable flesh, and drawn it into eternal life by faith.

25 Because in his body he would prepare a pure temple of justice for all ages ;

26 In whom we also, when we believe, are saved.

27 Therefore know ye that these men are not the children of justice, but the children of wrath ;

28 Who turn away from themselves the compassion of God ;

* Some MSS. have, *That Jesus might comfort the world.*

† Others read, *He has not remained indifferent.*

‡ Some MSS. have, *Laid his hand, and them and all body bound in sin.*

§ Others read, *Believing with a pure heart.*

29 Who say that neither the heavens nor the earth were altogether works made by the hand of the Father of all things*.

30 But these cursed men† have the doctrine of the serpent.

31 But do ye, by the power of God, withdraw yourselves far from these, and expel from amongst you the doctrine of the wicked.

32 Because you are not the children of rebellion‡, but the sons of the beloved church.

33 And on this account the time of the resurrection is preached to all men.

34 Therefore they who affirm that there is no resurrection of the flesh, they indeed shall not be raised up to eternal life ;

35 But to judgment and condemnation shall the unbeliever arise in the flesh :

36 For to that body which denies the resurrection of the body, shall be denied the resurrection : because such are found to refuse the resurrection.

37 But you also, Corinthians ! have known, from the seeds of wheat, and from other seeds,

38 That one grain falls § dry into the earth, and within it first dies,

39 And afterwards rises again, by the will of the Lord, endued with the same body :

40 Neither indeed does it arise with the same simple body, but manifold, and filled with blessing.

41 But we produce the example not only from seeds, but from the honourable bodies of men ¶.

42 Ye have also known Jonas, the son of Amittai ¶.

43 Because he delayed to preach to the Ninevites, he was swallowed up in the belly of a fish for three day and three nights :

44 And after three days God heard his supplication, and brought him out of the deep abyss ;

45 Neither was any part of his body corrupted ; neither was his eye-brow bent down*.

46 And how much more for you, oh men of little faith ;

47 If you believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, will he raise you up, even as he himself hath arisen.

48 If the bones of Elisha the prophet, falling upon the dead, revived the dead,

49 By how much more shall ye, who are supported by the flesh and

* Some manuscripts have, *Of God the Father of all things.*

† Others read, *They curse themselves in this thing.*

‡ Others read, *Children of the disobedient.*

§ Some MSS. have, *That one grain falls not dry into the earth.*

Others read, *But we have not only produced from seeds, but from the honourable body of man.*

¶ Others read, *The son of Ematthius.*

** Others add, *Nor did a hair of his body fall therefrom.*

the blood and the Spirit of Christ, arise again on that day with a perfect body?

50 Elias the prophet, embracing the widow's son, raised him from the dead:

51 By how much more shall Jesus Christ revive you, on that day, with a perfect body, even as he himself hath arisen?

52 But if ye receive other things vainly*,

53 Henceforth no one shall cause me to travail; for I bear on my body these fetters†,

54 To obtain Christ; and I suffer with patience these afflictions to become worthy of the resurrection of the dead.

55 And do each of you, having received the law from the hands of the blessed Prophets and the holy gospel‡, firmly maintain it;

56 To the end that you may be rewarded in the resurrection of the dead, and the possession of the life eternal.

57 But if any of ye, not believing, shall trespass, he shall be judged with the misdoers, and punished with those who have false belief.

58 Because such are the generation of vipers, and the children of dragons and basilisks.

59 Drive far from amongst ye, and fly from such, with the aid of our Lord Jesus Christ.

60 And the peace and grace of the beloved Son be upon you§. Amen.

Done into English by me, January-February, 1817, at the Convent of San Lazaro, with the aid and exposition of the Armenian text by the Father Paschal Aucher, Armenian Friar.

BYRON.

Venice, April 10, 1817.

I had also the Latin text, but it is in many places very corrupt, and with great omissions.

* Some MSS. have, *Ye shall not receive other things in vain.*

† Others finished here thus, *Henceforth no one can trouble me further, for I bear in my body the sufferings of Christ. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit, my brethren. Amen.*

‡ Some MSS. have, *Of the holy evangelist.*

§ Others add, *Our Lord be with ye all. Amen.*

REMARKS ON MR. MOORE'S LIFE OF LORD BYRON,
BY LADY BYRON.

' I HAVE disregarded various publications in which facts within my own knowledge have been grossly misrepresented; but I am called upon to notice some of the erroneous statements proceeding from one who claims to be considered as Lord Byron's confidential and authorized friend. Domestic details ought not to be intruded on the public attention: if, however, they *are* so intruded, the persons affected by them have a right to refute injurious charges. Mr. Moore has promulgated his own impressions of private events in which I was most nearly concerned, as if he possessed a competent knowledge of the subject. Having survived Lord Byron, I feel increased reluctance to advert to any circumstances connected with the period of my marriage; nor is it now my intention to disclose them, further than may be indispensably requisite for the end I have in view. Self-vindication is not the motive which actuates me to make this appeal, and the spirit of accusation is unmingled with it; but when the conduct of my parents is brought forward in a disgraceful light, by the passages selected from Lord Byron's letters, and by the remarks of his biographer, I feel bound to justify their characters from imputations which I *know* to be false. The passages from Lord Byron's letters, to which I refer, are the aspersion on my mother's character (vol. ii. p. 182, l. 29):—" My child is very well, and flourishing, I hear; but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to the *contagion of its grandmother's society*." The assertion of her dishonourable conduct in employing a spy (vol. ii., p. 178, l. 29, &c.) " A Mrs. C. (now a kind of housekeeper and *spy of Lady N.'s*), who, in her better days, was a washerwoman, is supposed to be—by the learned—very much the occult cause of our domestic discrepancies." The seeming exculpation of myself, in the extract (vol. ii., p. 181), with the words immediately following it,—“ Her nearest relatives are a ———;” where the blank clearly implies something too offensive for publication. These passages tend to throw suspicion on my parents, and give reason to ascribe the separation either to their direct agency, or to that of “ officious spies ” employed by them*. From the following part of the narrative (vol. ii., p. 175) it must also be inferred that an undue influence was exercised by them for the accomplishment of this purpose. “ It was in a few weeks after the latter communication between us (Lord Byron and Mr. Moore), that Lady Byron adopted the determination of parting from him. She had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father's house, in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was in a short time to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness,—she wrote him a letter full of playfulness and affection, on the road; and immediately on her

* ‘ The officious spies of his privacy,’ vol. ii., p. 186.

' arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron
 ' that she would return to him no more." In my observations upon this
 ' statement, I shall, as far as possible, avoid touching on any matters
 ' relating personally to Lord Byron and myself. The facts are :—I left
 ' London for Kirkby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on
 ' the 15th of January, 1816. Lord Byron had signified to me in writing
 ' (Jan. 6th) his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest
 ' day that I could conveniently fix. It was not safe for me to undertake
 ' the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my depart-
 ' ure, it had been strongly impressed on my mind, that Lord Byron was
 ' under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived in a great
 ' measure from the communications made to me by his nearest relatives
 ' and personal attendant, who had more opportunities than myself of ob-
 ' serving him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even
 ' represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself. *With*
 ' *the concurrence of his family*, I had consulted Dr. Baillie, as a friend
 ' (Jan. 8th), respecting this supposed malady. On acquainting him with
 ' the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave
 ' London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an
 ' experiment, *assuming* the fact of mental derangement; for Dr. Baillie,
 ' not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive
 ' opinion on that point. He enjoined, that in correspondence with Lord
 ' Byron, I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these
 ' impressions, I left London, determined to follow the advice given by
 ' Dr. Baillie. Whatever might have been the nature of Lord Byron's
 ' conduct towards me from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him
 ' to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for *me*, nor for any per-
 ' son of common humanity, to manifest, at that moment, a sense of
 ' injury. On the day of my departure, and again on my arrival at
 ' Kirkby, Jan. 16th, I wrote to Lord Byron in a kind and cheerful tone,
 ' according to those medical directions. The last letter was circulated,
 ' and employed as a pretext for the charge of my having been subse-
 ' quently *influenced* to 'desert'* my husband. It has been argued, that
 ' I parted from Lord Byron in perfect harmony; that feelings, incom-
 ' patible with any deep sense of injury, had dictated the letter which I
 ' addressed to him; and that my sentiments must have been changed by
 ' persuasion and interference, when I was under the roof of my parents.
 ' These assertions and inferences are wholly destitute of foundation.
 ' When I arrived at Kirkby Mallory, my parents were unacquainted with
 ' the existence of any causes likely to destroy my prospects of happi-
 ' ness; and when I communicated to them the opinion which had been
 ' formed concerning Lord Byron's state of mind, they were most anxious
 ' to promote his restoration by every means in their power. They
 ' assured those relations who were with him in London, that "they
 ' would devote their whole care and attention to the alleviation of his

* 'The deserted husband,' vol. ii., p. 187.

‘malady,’ and hoped to make the best arrangements for his comfort, if he could be induced to visit them. With these intentions, my mother wrote on the 17th to Lord Byron, inviting him to Kirkby Mallory. She had always treated him with an affectionate consideration and indulgence, which extended to every little peculiarity of his feelings. Never did an irritating word escape her lips in her whole intercourse with him. The accounts given me after I left Lord Byron by the persons in constant intercourse with him, added to those doubts which had before transiently occurred to my mind, as to the reality of the alleged disease, and the reports of his medical attendant, were far from establishing the existence of anything like lunacy. Under this uncertainty, I deemed it right to communicate to my parents, that if I were to consider Lord Byron’s past conduct as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce me to return to him. It therefore appeared expedient, both to them and myself, to consult the ablest advisers. For that object, and also to obtain still further information respecting the appearances which seemed to indicate mental derangement, my mother determined to go to London. She was empowered by me to take legal opinions on a written statement of mine, though I had then reasons for reserving a part of the case from the knowledge even of my father and mother. Being convinced by the result of these inquiries, and by the tenor of Lord Byron’s proceedings, that the notion of insanity was an illusion, I no longer hesitated to authorise such measures as were necessary, in order to secure me from being ever again placed in his power. Conformably with this resolution, my father wrote to him on the 2d of February, to propose an amicable separation. Lord Byron at first rejected this proposal; but when it was distinctly notified to him, that if he persisted in his refusal, recourse must be had to legal measures, he agreed to sign a deed of separation. Upon applying to Dr. Lushington, who was intimately acquainted with all the circumstances, to state in writing what he recollected upon this subject, I received from him the following letter, by which it will be manifest that my mother cannot have been actuated by any hostile or ungenerous motives towards Lord Byron.

“ My dear Lady Byron,

“ I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement. I was originally consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf, whilst you were in the country; the circumstances detailed by her were such as justified a separation, but they were not of that aggravated description as to render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel’s representation, I deemed a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt most sincerely a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not on Lady Noel’s part any exaggeration of the facts; nor, so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron: certainly none was expressed when I spoke of a reconciliation. When you came

‘ to town in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview
 ‘ with Lady Noel, I was, for the first time, informed by you of facts
 ‘ utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel.
 ‘ On receiving this additional information, my opinion was entirely
 ‘ changed: I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my
 ‘ opinion, and added, that if such an idea should be entertained, I could
 ‘ not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting
 ‘ it. Believe me, very faithfully yours,

‘ “ STEPH. LUSHINGTON.

‘ “ *Great George-street, Jan. 31, 1830.*”

‘ I have only to observe, that if the statements on which my legal ad-
 ‘ visers (the late Sir Samuel Romilly and Dr. Lushington) formed their
 ‘ opinions, were false, the responsibility and the odium should rest with
 ‘ *me only*. I trust that the facts which I have here briefly recapitulated
 ‘ will absolve my father and mother from all accusations with regard to
 ‘ the part they took in the separation between Lord Byron and myself.
 ‘ They neither originated, instigated, nor advised, that separation; and
 ‘ they cannot be condemned for having afforded to their daughter the
 ‘ assistance and protection which she claimed. There is no other near
 ‘ relative to vindicate their memory from insult. I am therefore com-
 ‘ pelled to break the silence which I had hoped always to observe, and
 ‘ to solicit from the readers of Lord Byron’s life an impartial considera-
 ‘ tion of the testimony extorted from me.

‘ A. I. NOEL BYRON.’

‘ *Hanger Hill, Feb. 19, 1830.*’

LETTER OF MR. TURNER,

Referred to in vol. iii., p. 154.

‘ EIGHT months after the publication of my “Tour in the Levant,” there
 ‘ appeared in the London Magazine, and subsequently in most of the
 ‘ newspapers, a letter from the late Lord Byron to Mr. Murray.

‘ I naturally felt anxious at the time to meet a charge of error brought
 ‘ against me in so direct a manner: but I thought, and friends whom I
 ‘ consulted at the time thought with me, that I had better wait for a
 ‘ more favourable opportunity than that afforded by the newspapers of
 ‘ vindicating my opinion, which even so distinguished an authority as
 ‘ the letter of Lord Byron left unshaken, and which, I will venture to
 ‘ add, remains unshaken still.

‘ I must ever deplore that I resisted my first impulse to reply imme-
 ‘ diately. The hand of Death has snatched Lord Byron from his king-
 ‘ dom of literature and poetry, and I can only guard myself from the
 ‘ illiberal imputation of attacking the mighty dead, whose living talent
 ‘ I should have trembled to encounter, by scrupulously confining myself

‘to such facts and illustrations as are strictly necessary to save me from the charges of error, misrepresentation, and presumptuousness, of which every writer must wish to prove himself undeserving.

‘Lord Byron began by stating, “The tide was not in our favour,” and added, “neither I nor any person on board the frigate had any notion of a difference of the current on the Asiatic side; I never heard of it till this moment.” His lordship had probably forgotten that Strabo distinctly describes the difference in the following words.

“Δὲ καὶ ὑπερτίσσουσιν ἐκ τῆς Σηστοῦ διάβρουσι παραλλαξάμενοι μακρὸν ἰπὶ τὸν τῆς Ἡρώς πύργον, ἀκούοντες ἑφίεντες τὰ πλοῖα σαρπηδόεντες τοῦ ροῦ πρὸς τὴν περαιοῦσιν. Τοῖς δ’ ἐξ Ἀβύδου πικνουμένοις παραλλακτικῶς ἰστέον εἰς τὰναντία, ἀπὸ τοῦ σταδίου ἰπὶ πύργου εἰς ἀπὸ ἀντικρὺ τῆς Σηστοῦ, ἵπταται διάβριον πλάγιον, καὶ μὴ τελλίως ἔχουσα ἱκαντίον τὸν ροῦν.”—“Ideoque *facilius a Sesto trajiciunt paululum deflexâ navigatione ad Herus turrim, atque inde navigia dimittentes adjuvante etiam fluxu trajectum. Qui ab Abydo trajiciunt, in contrarium flectunt partem ad octo stadia ad turrim quandam e regione Sesti: hinc oblique trajiciunt, non prorsus contrario fluxu*.*”

‘Here it is clearly asserted, that the current assists the crossing from Sestos, and the words “*εφίεντες τὰ πλοῖα*,”—“*navigia dimittentes*,”—“*letting the vessels go of themselves*,” prove how considerable the assistance of the current was; while the words “*πλάγιον*,”—“*oblique*,” and “*τελλίως*,”—“*prorsus*,” show distinctly that those who crossed from Abydos were obliged to do so in an *oblique* direction, or they would have the current *entirely* against them.

‘From this ancient authority, which, I own, appears to me unanswerable, let us turn to the moderns. Baron de Tott, who, having been for some time resident on the spot, employed as an engineer in the construction of batteries, must be supposed well cognisant of the subject, has expressed himself as follows:—

“La surabondance des eaux que la Mer Noire reçoit, et qu’elle ne peut évaporer, versée dans la Méditerranée par le Bosphore de Thrace et La Propontide, forme aux Dardanelles des courans si violens, que souvent les batimens, toutes voiles dehors, ont peine à les vaincre. Les pilotes doivent encore observer, lorsque le vent suffit, de diriger leur route de manière à présenter le moins de résistance possible à l’effort des eaux. On sent que cette étude a pour base la direction des courans, qui, *renvoyés d’une pointe à l’autre*, forment des obstacles à la navigation, et feroient courir les plus grands risques si l’on négligeoit ces connoissances hydrographiques.”—*Mémoires de Torr, 3^{me} Partie.*

‘To the above citations, I will add the opinion of Tournefort, who, in his description of the strait, expresses with ridicule his disbelief of the truth of Leander’s exploit; and to show that the latest travellers agree with the earlier, I will conclude my quotation with a statement of

* ‘Strabo, Book XIII. Oxford Edition.’

“ Mr. Madden, who is just returned from the spot. “ It was from the European side Lord Byron swam *with* the current, which runs about four miles an hour. But I believe he would have found it totally impracticable to have crossed from Abydos to Europe.”—MADDEN'S *Travels, Vol. I.*

“ There are two other observations in Lord Byron's letter on which I feel it necessary to remark.

“ “ Mr. Turner says, ‘ whatever is thrown into the stream on this part of the European bank *must* arrive at the Asiatic shore.’ This is so far from being the case, that it *must* arrive in the Archipelago, if left to the current, although a strong wind from the Asiatic* side might have such an effect occasionally.”

“ Here Lord Byron is right, and I have no hesitation in confessing that I was wrong. But I was wrong only in the letter of my remark, not in the spirit of it. *Anything* thrown into the stream on the European bank would be swept into the Archipelago, because, after arriving so near the Asiatic shore as to be almost, if not quite, within a man's depth, it would be again floated off from the coast by the current that is dashed from the Asiatic promontory. But this would not affect a swimmer, who, being so near the land, would of course, if he could not actually walk to it, reach it by a slight effort.

“ Lord Byron adds, in his P.S., “ The strait is, however, not extraordinarily wide, even where it broadens above and below the forts.” From this statement I must venture to express my dissent, with diffidence indeed, but with diffidence diminished by the ease with which the fact may be established. The strait is widened so considerably above the forts by the Bay of Maytos, and the bay opposite to it on the Asiatic coast, that the distance to be passed by a swimmer in crossing higher up would be, in my poor judgment, too great for any one to accomplish from Asia to Europe, having such a current to stem.

“ I conclude by expressing it as my humble opinion that no one is bound to believe in the possibility of Leander's exploit, till the passage has been performed by a swimmer, at least from Asia to Europe. The sceptic is even entitled to exact, as the condition of his belief, that the strait be crossed, as Leander crossed it, both ways within at most fourteen hours.

“ W. TURNER.”

* “ This is evidently a mistake of the writer or printer. His lordship must here have meant a strong wind from the European side, as no wind from the Asiatic side could have the effect of driving an object to the Asiatic shore.”

I think it right to remark that it is Mr. Turner himself who has here originated the inaccuracy of which he accuses others; the words used by Lord Byron being, *not*, as Mr. Turner says, ‘ from the Asiatic side,’ but ‘ in the Asiatic direction.’—T. M.

MR. MILLINGEN'S ACCOUNT OF THE CONSULTATION,

Referred to in vol. iii., p. 560.

As the account given by Mr. Millingen of this consultation differs totally from that of Dr. Bruno, it is fit that the reader should have it in Mr. Millingen's own words:—

' In the morning (18th) a consultation was proposed, to which Dr. Lucca Vega and Dr. Freiber, my assistants, were invited. Dr. Bruno and Lucca proposed having recourse to antispasmodics and other remedies employed in the last stage of typhus. Freiber and I maintained that they could only hasten the fatal termination, that nothing could be more empirical than flying from one extreme to the other; that if, as we all thought, the complaint was owing to the metastasis of rheumatic inflammation, the existing symptoms only depended on the rapid and extensive progress it had made in an organ previously so weakened and irritable. Antiphlogistic means could never prove hurtful in this case; they would become useless only if disorganization were already operated; but then, since all hopes were gone, what means would not prove superfluous? We recommended the application of numerous leeches to the temples, behind the ears, and along the course of the jugular vein; a large blister between the shoulders, and sinapisms to the feet, as affording, though feeble, yet the last hopes of success. Dr. B., being the patient's physician, had the casting vote, and prepared the antispasmodic potion which Dr. Lucca and he had agreed upon; it was a strong infusion of valerian and ether, &c. After its administration, the convulsive movement, the delirium increased; but, notwithstanding my representations, a second dose was given half an hour after. After articulating confusedly a few broken phrases, the patient sunk shortly after into a comatose sleep, which the next day terminated in death. He expired on the 19th of April, at six o'clock in the afternoon."

THE WILL OF LORD BYRON.

Extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

THIS is the last will and testament of me, George Gordon, Lord Byron, Baron Byron, of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, as follows:— I give and devise all that my manor or lordship of Rochdale, in the said county of Lancaster, with all its rights, royalties, members, and appurtenances, and all my lands, tenements, hereditaments, and premises situate, lying, and being within the parish, manor, or lordship of Rochdale aforesaid, and all other my estates, lands, hereditaments, and premises whatsoever and wheresoever, unto my friends John Cam Hobhouse, late of Trinity College, Cambridge, Esquire, and John Hanson, of Chancery-lane, London, Esquire, to the use and behoof of them, their heirs and assigns, upon trust that they the said John Cam Hobhouse

and John Hanson, and the survivor of them, and the heirs and assigns of such survivor, do and shall, as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, sell and dispose of all my said manor and estates for the most money that can or may be had or gotten for the same, either by private contract or public sale by auction, and either together or in lots, as my said trustees shall think proper; and for the facilitating such sale and sales, I do direct that the receipt and receipts of my said trustees, and the survivor of them, and the heirs and assigns of such survivor, shall be a good and sufficient discharge, and good and sufficient discharges, to the purchaser or purchasers of my said estates, or any part or parts thereof, for so much money as in such receipt or receipts shall be expressed or acknowledged to be received; and that such purchaser or purchasers, his, her, or their heirs and assigns, shall not afterwards be in any manner answerable or accountable for such purchase-monies, or be obliged to see to the application thereof: And I do will and direct that my said trustees shall stand possessed of the monies to arise by the sale of my said estates upon such trusts and for such intents and purposes as I have hereinafter directed of and concerning the same: And whereas I have by certain deeds of conveyance made on my marriage with my present wife conveyed all my manor and estate of Newstead, in the parishes of Newstead and Limby, in the county of Nottingham, unto trustees, upon trust to sell the same, and apply the sum of sixty thousand pounds, part of the money to arise by such sale, upon the trusts of my marriage settlement: Now I do hereby give and bequeath all the remainder of the purchase-money to arise by sale of my said estate at Newstead, and all the whole of the said sixty thousand pounds, or such part thereof as shall not become vested and payable under the trusts of my said marriage settlement, unto the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson, their executors, administrators, and assigns, upon such trusts and for such ends, intents, and purposes as hereinafter directed of and concerning the residue of my personal estate. I give and bequeath unto the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson, the sum of one thousand pounds each. I give and bequeath all the rest, residue, and remainder of my personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever unto the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson, their executors, administrators, and assigns, upon trust that they, my said trustees and the survivor of them, and the executors and administrators of such survivor, do and shall stand possessed of all such rest and residue of my said personal estate and the money to arise by sale of my real estates hereinbefore devised to them for sale, and such of the monies to arise by sale of my said estate at Newstead as I have power to dispose of, after payment of my debts and legacies hereby given, upon the trusts and for the ends, intents, and purposes hereinafter mentioned and directed of and concerning the same, that is to say, upon trust, that they my said trustees and the survivor of them, and the executors and administrators of such sur-

vivor, do and shall lay out and invest the same in the public stocks or funds, or upon government or real security at interest, with power from time to time to change, vary, and transpose such securities, and from time to time during the life of my sister Augusta Mary Leigh, the wife of George Leigh, Esquire, pay, receive, apply, and dispose of the interest, dividends, and annual produce thereof, when and as the same shall become due and payable into the proper hands of the said Augusta Mary Leigh, to and for her sole and separate use and benefit, free from the control, debts, or engagements of her present or any future husband, or unto such person or persons as she my said sister shall from time to time, by any writing under her hand, notwithstanding her present or any future coverture, and whether covert or sole, direct or appoint; and from and immediately after the decease of my said sister, then upon trust that they my said trustees and the survivor of them, his executors or administrators, do and shall assign and transfer all my said personal estate and other the trust property hereinbefore mentioned, or the stocks, funds, or securities wherein or upon which the same shall or may be placed out or invested, unto and among all and every the child and children of my said sister, if more than one, in such parts, shares, and proportions, and to become a vested interest, and to be paid and transferred at such time and times, and in such manner, and with, under, and subject to such provisions, conditions, and restrictions, as my said sister, at any time during her life, whether covert or sole, by any deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, in writing, with or without power of revocation, to be sealed and delivered in the presence of two or more credible witnesses, or by her last will and testament in writing, or any writing of appointment in the nature of a will, shall direct or appoint, and in default of any such appointment, or in case of the death of my said sister in my lifetime, then upon trust that they my said trustees and the survivor of them, his executors, administrators, and assigns, do and shall assign and transfer all the trust, property, and funds unto and among the children of my said sister, if more than one, equally to be divided between them, share and share alike, and if only one such child, then to such only child the share and shares of such of them as shall be a son or sons, to be paid and transferred unto him and them when and as he or they shall respectively attain his or their age or ages of twenty-one years; and the share and shares of such of them as shall be a daughter or daughters, to be paid and transferred unto her or them when and as she or they shall respectively attain her or their age or ages of twenty-one years, or be married, which shall first happen, and in case any of such children shall happen to die, being a son or sons, before he or they shall attain the age of twenty-one years, or being a daughter or daughters, before she or they shall attain the said age of twenty-one, or be married; then it is my will and I do direct that the share and shares of such of the said children as shall so die shall go to the survivor or survivors of such children, with the benefit of further accruer in case

of the death of any such surviving children before their shares shall become vested. And I do direct that my said trustees shall pay and apply the interest and dividends of each of the said children's shares in the said trust funds for his, her, or their maintenance and education during their minorities, notwithstanding their shares may not become vested interests, but that such interest and dividends as shall not have been so applied shall accumulate, and follow, and go over with the principal. And I do nominate, constitute, and appoint the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson executors of this my will. And I do will and direct that my said trustees shall not be answerable the one of them for the other of them, or for the acts, deeds, receipts, or defaults of the other of them, but each of them for his own acts, deeds, receipts, and wilful defaults only, and that they my said trustees shall be entitled to retain and deduct out of the monies which shall come to their hands under the trusts aforesaid all such costs, charges, damages, and expenses which they or any of them shall bear, pay, sustain, or be put unto, in the execution and performance of the trusts herein reposed in them. I make the above provision for my sister and her children, in consequence of my dear wife Lady Byron, and any children I may have, being otherwise amply provided for; and, lastly, I do revoke all former wills by me at any time heretofore made, and do declare this only to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof, I have to this my last will, contained in three sheets of paper, set my hand to the first two sheets thereof, and to this third and last sheet my hand and seal this 29th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1815.

BYRON (L.S.)

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Lord Byron, the testator, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, at his request, in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereto subscribed our names as witnesses.

THOMAS JONES MAWSE,

EDMUND GRIFFIN,

FREDERICK JERVIS,

Clerks to Mr. Hanson, Chancery-lane.

CODICIL.—This is a Codicil to the last will and testament of me, the Right Honourable George Gordon, Lord Byron. I give and bequeath unto Allegra Biron, an infant of about twenty months old, by me brought up, and now residing at Venice, the sum of five thousand pounds, which I direct the executors of my said will to pay to her on her attaining the age of twenty-one years, or on the day of her marriage, on condition that she does not marry with a native of Great Britain, which shall first happen. And I direct my said executors, as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, to invest the said sum of five thousand pounds upon government or real security, and to pay and

apply the annual income thereof in or towards the maintenance and education of the said Allegra Biron, until she attains her said age of twenty-one years, or shall be married as aforesaid ; but in case she shall die before attaining the said age and without having been married, then I direct the said sum of five thousand pounds to become part of the residue of my personal estate, and in all other respects I do confirm my said will, and declare this to be a codicil thereto. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, at Venice, this 17th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1818.

BYRON (L.S.)

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Lord Byron, as and for a codicil to his will, in the presence of us, who, in his presence, at his request, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses.

NEWTON HANSON,
WILLIAM FLETCHER.

Proved at London (with a codicil), 6th of July, 1824, before the Worshipful Stephen Lushington, Doctor of Laws and Surrogate, by the oaths of John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson, Esquires, the executors, to whom administration was granted, having been first sworn duly to administer.

NATHANIEL GRISKINS,
GEORGE JENNER,
CHARLES DYNELEY,
Deputy Registrars.

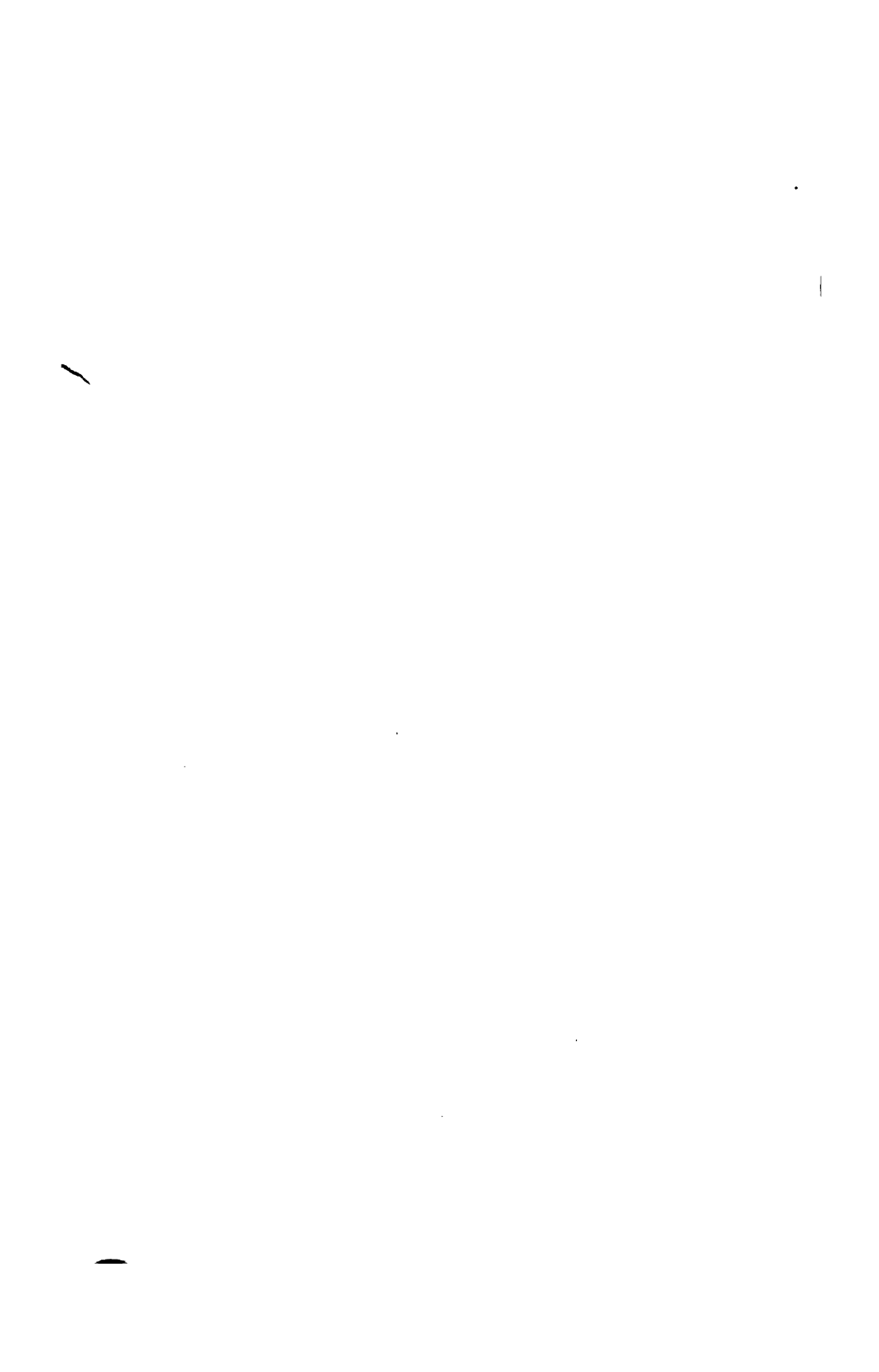
THE END.

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